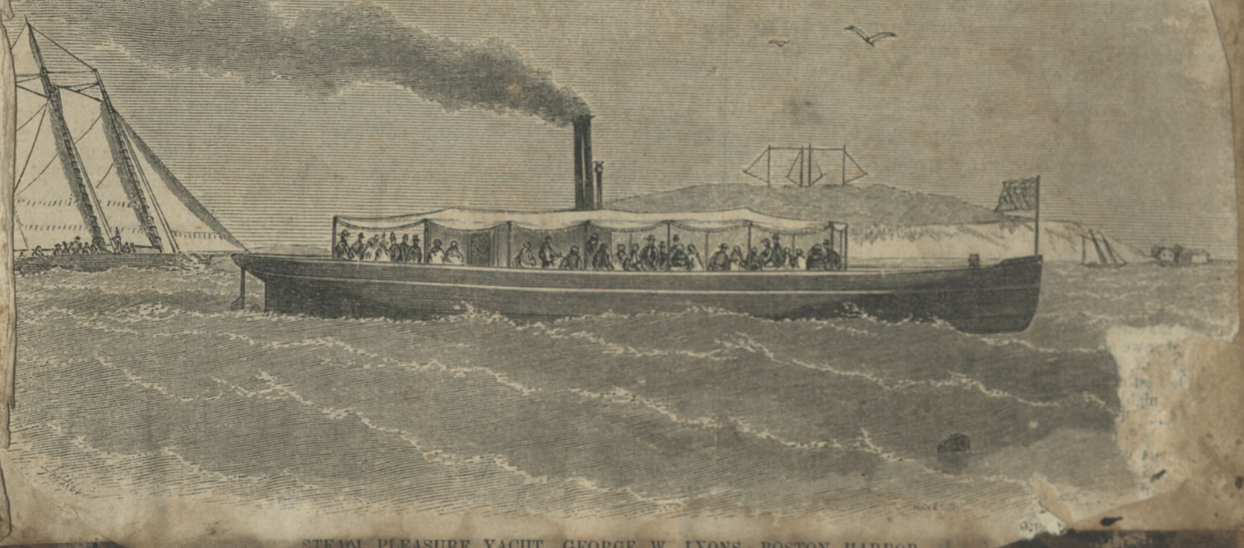


STEAM PLEASURE YACHT, GEORGE W. LYONS, BOSTON HARBOR.

David Edwards Master Bound to New Zealand

Wednesday June 20th 1837

These 24 hours commenced with Strong winds at SE. Steering E by South At 7 P.M. Reef'd the Topsails and took in the Jib. At 11 P.M. Took in Main Sail & Fore and Mizen Topsail At 8. Set Close Reef'd Fore and Mizen Topsail and Fore Sail Wind at South With heavy Showers of Rain & Squalls No Observ this day

Thursday June 22d. 1837

These 24 hours commenced with Strong Gales at South Steering E by South. Under Close Reef'd Topsails Middle part Shook out the Reefs Set the Main Top Gut Sail, Latter part Strong Breezes took in Jib Fore and Mizen Topsail and Reef'd the Fore Sail. Employed this day at Boiling Blubber So ends

Latt per Obs 41.00 Long 38.00 West.

Friday June 23d 1837

These 24 hours commenced with Strong Gales at South Steering E by S. Under double Reef'd Topsails and Fore Sail Middle part more moderate made all Sail Set the Fore top Mast Studding Sails. with the wind at WSW. So ends

Latt per Obs 40.28

Saturday June 24th 1837

These 24 hours commenced with light winds at WSW Steering S by E. Saw porpicks Middle part wind at West Steering E by S. with all Sail Set. So ends All hands employed in the Ships duty

Latt per Obs 41.20 Long 32.17

Sunday June 25th 1837

These 24 hours commenced with light winds at the West Steering E by S. Middle part Calm Latter part light Breez at NNE. So ends with all Sail Set

Latt 39.40 Lon

Ship Nantucket Daniel Edwards Master

Monday June 26th 1837

These 24 hours commenced with thick winds at the SW Steering Eby S½ South Middle part strong breze with Heavy showers of rain Under Doubled Reeft Topsails Latter Part more moderate Shook out the Reefs and set Top Gut Sails So ends Employed at getting up Coal Mast & Eby Saboon Sea

Latt Obs 40.20 Long 41.27

Tuesday June 27th 1837

These 24 hours commenced with strong breze and squally Took in Top Gut Sails Middle part more moderate Shook out the reefs and set Top Gut Sails Latter Part pleasent Steering Eby South ½ South Employed this day at getting rigging &c

Latt by Obs 39.42 Long 40.00

Wednesday June 28th 1837

These 24 hours commenced pleasent weather from the SW. Middle, and latter part thick and a ship Steering to the Eastard latter part thick Weather round at SW Nothing seen this day

Latt Obs 39.21 Long 39.22

Thursday June 29th 1837

These 24 hours commence with thick weather and Squally breze at the SW. Steering E by N. Middle and Latter part much the same Employed at getting cutting spreedmans &c

Latt Obs 39.14 Long 37.01

Friday June 30th 1837

These 24 hours commenced with moderate breze at the SW. and thick weather Under Double Reeft Topsails Latter part clear weather Nothing seen this day Towards

Latt Obs 36.01

Bound towards New Zealand

Saturday July 1st 1837

Commences with Strong breses and thick weather
At 9 AM made the Island of Flores at 10 AM
Sent in a boat for recruits Got Potatoes &c
Latter part moderate breses a brig & Barque in sight
to the S.W. Lying off and on Flores

Lat 31.26 Long 31.10

Sunday July 2. 1837

Commences with light breses from the S.W. Ship
Lying off and Flores for recruits At 11 A M
Boat Came off, stood to the N.W. to cruse
Ends with pleasent weather Under Single reef topsails

No Observation

Monday July 3d 1837

Commences with Light Breses at the S.E. and pleasent
Weather. at 12 A M. Charles W Steward and Charles Nelson
Fo. Beating the Ships Steward Capt and Officers went
Forward and Separated them and Charles Steward was
very insolent to the Captain and swore he would
Kill the Ships Steward Capt ordered him to be civil
Or he would strike him, he kept on with his
Abuse, and the Capt struck him on the head, with a
Stick he still kept on with his abuse when he was put
In irons Charles W. Nelson got the cooks ax and came
Aft with it threatning, when the Officers disarmed
Him seized him up and flogged him untill he
Begged to do his duty like a man. Charles W Steward
Swore he would do no more duty seized him up
And flogged him untill he Begged to do better
And go to his duty, — — We Left Flores and Stood
out to the North and west at 3 P M Looked to the
South and west at 4 P M took in the Main Top Gallt
Sail and Main Sail & Jib at 6 P M Bathed hook and
and Stuck to the Sand Last Flores in sight

Soundings

CLASSIC YACHT, GEORGE W. LYONS, BOSTON HARBOR.

Ship Nantucket David Edwards Master

Tuesday July 4th 1837

These 24 hours commences with strong winds from the South and West Standing to the South and East at 4 PM Packed to the Westward. Middle and latter part squally With rain Took in Fore Topsail 5 ends Latt 39.39.

Wednesday July 5th 1837

These 24 hours commences with light winds at the South Standing in to the South and West These in sights and Saw Sail to the Westward at 6 PM wind at NW and squalls of rain Shortened Sail Latter part wind at NW and squalls of rain, 5 ends steering to the SE.

Latt Obs 39.31

Thursday July 6th 1837

These 24 hours commenced with strong winds at NW and squally weather hauled weather steering to the SE under Doubled Reefd Topsails at 3 PM passed within 3 Miles of Flores Saw a ship Cutting a whale at 5 AM Reefed Sail at 7 AM made Sail and stood to the SE. Flores in sight 5 ends Latt 39.26

Friday July 7th 1837

These 24 hours commenced with strong winds at NNW Steering SE. at 5 PM took in Topsails Sails at 6 PM Saw the Island of Fayal at 9 PM at day light made Sail and stood for by the Island of Fayal 5 ends

Latt No

Saturday July 8th 1837

These 24 hours commenced with light winds at NNW. Steering for Fayal at 4 PM Capt went on Shore 3 Ships in company Latter part calm At 8 AM Capt went on shore 5 ends

Bound towards New Zealand

Sunday July 9th 1837

These 24 hours commenced with light winds at SW
Got of 100 bodys of Natives and left the Island and stood
to the North, Latter part stood to the NE. Fine
St Jorge. Graciw. Terceira in sight. So ends Latt 38.15

Monday July 10th 1837

These 24 hours commenced with light winds at SW
Steering SE. by S. Sail in sight. At 6 PM thick weather
and close reefs, Middle and latter part steering windy
steering SE by South So ends

Latt 38.49 Long 26.15

Tuesday July 11th 1837

These 24 hours commenced with steering winds and thick
Steering SE by S. At 6. PM. Saw the Island of
St. Michael Latter part light winds at Wly N.
Steering SSW made all sail So ends made all
Sail All hands employed in the Ships duty
So ends

Latt 36.58 Long

Wednesday July 12th 1837

These 24 hours commences with fine winds at Wly N
Steering SW. at 5 PM got out the spare boat
out over the stern Latter part light winds and
Calms All hands employed at various Jobs &c
So ends

Latt 35 20 Long 28 57

Thursday July 13th 1837

These 24 hours commences with light winds and calms
At WNW. Steering SW. Latter part took the
NE trades — All hands employed at the Ships duty
So ends

Latt 34.07 Long 28.15

Ship Nantucket David Edwards Master

Friday July 14th 1837

These 24 hours commenced fines NE trades Steering SSW
Middle and latter part with the same.
All hands employed at the ships duty So ends,
Latt 31 26 Long 23.46

Saturday July 15th 1837

These 24 hours commencey with steing trades from
the NE. Steering SSW Middle and latter part
With the same all hands employed at varios,
Jobs So ends Latt 28.10 Long 23.51

Sunday July 16th 1837

These 24 hours commenced with trades from the
NE. steering SW. Saw flying fish Latter
Trades and fine weather steering Sly W ½ W wind
all sail, out So ends Latt 25.36 Long 23.49

Monday July 17th 1837

These 24 hours commencey steing NE trades steering
Sly W ½ W. with all sail set saw a plenty of flyers
Fish Latter part thickish weather all hands
Employed at turning up the rigging &c So ends,
Latt 22.36 Long 24.10

Tuesday July 18th 1837

These 24 hours commencey with steing trades and thickish
weather at NE. Steering Sly W. Middle and
Latter part with the Same all hands employed
at turning up the rigging and tarring down
So ends Latt 21.11 Long 23.37

Wednesday July 19th 1837

Commences with light trades at NE steering S ½ W
saw a log steering to the Land W. saw Jumpers Latter
part light winds all hands employed at the Ships duty
Latt 18.39 Long 23.53

Bound Towards New Zealand

Thursday July 20th 1837

These 24 hours commences with light trades at the NE
Steering S by W½W Saw Porpois struck one and lost
him Latter part much the same saw 3 Sail
all hands employed at the Ships duty Soends
Latt 17. 18 Long 23. 50

Friday July 21st 1837

These 24 hours commences with light airs at 6 PM saw
the Island of St Nicholz and hauled to the N. and W.
at daylight stood to the S. and E. at 9. AM. Steering
South. So ends

Latt 16. 13 Long 24. 14

Saturday July 22d 1837

These 24 hours commenced with fine NE trades
at 10 A M. saw the Isle of St Jago
So ends

Latt 14. 39 North

Sunday July 23d 1837

These 24 hours commences with strong trades at the NE.
Steering South Latter part saw Black fish droping
the boats but did not strike So ends

Latt 12. 28 Long 23. 40

Monday July 24th 1837

These 24 hours commences with light winds at NE. Steering
South. at 3 PM. wind hauled to the SE. attended with
rain and a heavy swell from the South. Latter part
abeating winds and squalls of rain So ends Latt 12. 00

Tuesday July 25th 1837

These 24 hours commenced with light winds and squally
Wind all round the Compass saw a sail Latter part calm
Tho sail in sight So ends

Latt 11. 41 Long 23. 19

Ship Nantucket David Edwards

Wednesday July 26th 1837

These 24 hours commenced with light airs at West. Steering S.by.W. two sail in sight. Latter part wind at N.N.E. Set the lower studding sail. and S.gt sail and Studding sail sent up the main tial yard. So ends Latt 10.35 Long 23.09

Thursday July 27th 1837

These 24 hours commenced with light winds at N.E. Steering S.by W. Middle part wind at S.S.E. tacked to the S.W. at 9 A.M. tacked to the S.E. Squally spoke an English brig did not acertain Her name So ends

Latt 8.45 Long 22.57

Friday July 28th 1837

These 24 hours commences with thick winds and rainy heading to the S.E. Latter part reeft the T'Gsails. So ends with bad weather

No Observation

Saturday July 29th 1837

These 24 hours commences with light winds at S.W. Steering S.by W. Sail in sight middle part heavy squalls of rain with thunder and lightning Latter part moderate breezes from the S.W. with light squalls of rain & Sail in sight So ends employed at Various Jobs &c

Latt D.R. 7.36 Long 21.45

Sunday July 30th 1837

These 24 hours commenced with light winds at S.W Steering S.by W. middle part calm Latter part light at S.S.W standing to the S and E. So ends

Latt per Ob 6.15 Long 20.27

Master. Bound Towards New Zealand

Monday July 31st 1837

These 24 hours commenced with light winds at S.W. Steering by the wind to the Sard E. with 12 Sail in Sight Middle part strong winds. Latter part more S.E. and equally 3 Sail in sight to ends

Latt. 5.34 Long 18.03

Tuesday August 1st 1837

These 24 hours commenced with strong winds at S.E Standing to the S.E. three sail in sight Middle and Latter part the same So ends

Latt 5.40 Long 15.03

Wednesday Sixty August 2. 1837

These 24 hours commences with strong winds at the S.and E. standing to the S and E. at 3 PM tacked to the S and W. Middle and latter part the same So ends

Latt 4.16 Long 16.57

Thursday August 3d 1837

These 24 hours commences with fine winds at the S and E Heading up W.S.W. Middle and latter part with the same. So ends

Latt by Obs. 3.24 Long 18.57

Friday August 4th 1837

These 24 hours commences with strong winds at the South Steering by the wind to the S.W. Middle and Latter part with the same So ends

Latt. 2.54 Long 21.12

Saturday August 5th 1837

These 24 hours commences with strong winds at S. by E. Laying up S.W. by W. Middle and latter part the same. So ends

Latt 1.25 Long 24.16

PLEASURE YACHT, GEORGE W. LYONS, BOSTON HARBOR.

Ship Nantucket. Capt. David N. Edwards

Sunday August 6th 1837

These 24 hours commences with strong trades and fine Weather. Heading up S.W. Saw a Sail Latter Part strong trades To ends
Latt by Obs. 00.39 South Long 23.29

Monday August 7th 1837

These 24 hours commences with strong trades keping up S.W. by S. Latter part Spoke an american Barque Bound to Boston did not acertain her name To ends.
Latt 2.33. Long 26.28

Tuesday August 8th 1837

These 24 hours commences with strong trades and fine Weather Heading up S.W. with all sail set Latter part Fine trades Heading up S.W. by S. To ends all hands Employed at various Jobs
Latt 4.33 Long Lunar 27.44 Custom 28.12

Thursday August 9th 1837

These 24 hours commences with strong trades and Fine weather saw a Ship Steering to the Nord W. At 4 PM. took in the Fore and Mizen T.G. Sail and Flying Jib Middle part strong winds and Heavy squalls of rain. and Boisterous latter part more Steady. To ends
Latt 6.04 Long 29.22. Dr.

Thursday August 10th 1837

These 24 hours commences with unsteady winds and squally weather from the S.E. middle and latter part With the same took in T.G. Sail and Single Reeft the Topsails. To ends heading up S.W. by S.
Latt 7.48 Long 30.30

Bound towards New Zealand

Friday August 11th 1837

These 24 hours commences with strong trades and Squally
From the S.E. Middle and latter part with the same
Ship under single Reef T'sails heading up S.W. by S.
So ends Employed at various Jobs &c

Latt 9.34 Long 31.40

Saturday August 12th 1837

These 24 hours commenced with strong trades from
the S.E. heading up S.W. set the Main T'gt Sail
& flying Jib Middle and latter part more moderate
Made all sail Wind at S by W. heading up S.W.
So ends

Latt ~~9.35~~ 11.23 Long ~~30.17~~ 32.42 West

Sunday August 13th 1837

These 24 hours commences with strong winds to the
S. and East. Middle and latter part wind at
S by W. Steering to the S.W. Saw a Brig at 11 AM tacked
Ship to the Eastward So ends

Latt 12.5 Long 33.34

Monday August 14th 1837

These 24 hours commences with Steering to the S. and E.
Standing to the Eastward at 4 PM Tacked to the
S.W. Middle and latter part Squally, took in
T'gt Gnt. Sails So ends Latt 4.11 Long 34.50

Tuesday August 15th 1837

These 24 hours commences with strong trades and heavy
Squalls heading up S.W. Middle and latter part more
Moderate Set T'gt Gnt. Sails and flying Jib
So ends

Latt Long

Ship Nantucket David N. Edwards Master

Wednesday August 16th 1837

These 24 hours commences with strong trades heading
W.S.W. middle and latter part moderate
Heading up S by E. Saw finbacks this day. So ends
Latt 18.12 Long 36-16 W

Thursday August 17th 1837

These 24 hours commences with light trades and fine
Weather heading up S by E. Middle and latter part
Heading up S E by S. Latter part strong trades and
Squally Saw a Ship in chase of Humpbacks.
Employed at painting the masts &c. So ends
Latt 21.09 Long 34-30

Friday August 18th 1837

These 24 hours commences with strong trades and
Cloudy heading up E by S. Middle and latter part
Steering S.E. Saw finbacks So ends.
Latt 23.05 Long 32.10

Saturday August 19th 1837.

These 24 hours commences with strong winds at E.N.E.
Steering S.E. by E. three sail in sight. Latter part
Wind at N.E by N. So ends
Latt 24.19 Long 29.50

Sunday August 20th 1837

These 24 hours commences with strong winds at N.E by N
Steering S.E. by E. at 1 P.M. Spoke Ship Hesperus of
Liverpool Bound to Calcutta Latter part Winds
at N. Steering S.E by E 1/2 E. So ends
Latt per Obs. 26-46 Long 27.20

Bound Towards New Zealand

Monday August 21st 1837

These 24 hours commences with steering away at S Steering S Eby E 7 E. one Ship in sight at 6 P M took in the Main Top Gallt Studdy Sail & Steering Sail at 10 P M. took a heavy squall from the N W. Called all hands and took in Sail Latter part Heavy gales at W N W. and squally with So ends

Latt 24.03 Long 25.00

Tuesday August 22d 1837

These 24 hours commences with Heavy gales at S W. Steering S Eby E Under Double Reeft Topsails Middle part Heavy squalls of rain Latter part more moderate Set single Reeft Topsails and Top Gallt Sails. and Main Sail. took in the Waste Boat Saw 2 Ships this day So ends Latt 28.20 Long 20.50

Wednesday August 23d 1837

These 24 hours commences with fresh breses at S E Steering by the wind to the Eastward one Ship in sight Middle and latter part light winds attended with a heavy Swell from the South all hands employed at filling salt water in the Fore Hatchway So ends

Latt 27.57 Long 18.24

Thursday August 24th 1837

These 24 hours commences with light winds from the South and a heavy Swell Ship Steading to the South And East Middle and latter part calms with a heavy Swell So ends employed this day at fitting, cutting Pendnants &c

Latt 27.33 Long 16.35

Friday August 25th 1837

These 24 hours commences with light winds at the N W. and pleasant. Set Studding Sails Middle and latter part light breses and passing Clouds, Steering S E by S. So ends Employed at Ashmorship the Waste Latt 28.16 Long

Ship Nantucket David N Edwards

Saturday August 26th 1837

These 24 hours commences with fresh breze at N.W.
And passing clouds all sail set. Middle and latter
Part strong breze and squally reeft the Topsails
employed this day at variou Jobs We so ends Latt 30°04'. 13½
Sent down Main Top Gant mast & Yards. 12. 12

Sunday August 27th 1837

These 24 hours commences with strong gales from the
South took in the Fore & Main Topsail & Jib Middle
Part fresh squalls took in the Fore sail & Main Topsail
& Jib. Sent down Fore Top Gant Mast & Yards
& Flying Jib Boom Latter part ending with a heavy gale
of wind. Ship hove to bending to the Eastward
Under Storm Spencer & Main Staysl Sounds
Lats 30.57 Longs 9. 12 West

Monday August 28th 1837

These 24 hours commences with heavy gales of wind from
the Southward Hove to under Close reeft Topsail and
Storm Staysails. Shipped a number heavy seas, Middle
Part moderating some set Fore sail. Latter Part
Moderate gales Set Double Reeft Topsails and Main Course
So ends Steering to the Eastward. Latt 30.58 Long

Tuesday August 29th 1837

These 24 hours commences with strong winds and
squally at the South Middle and latter first light
Winds and calms Sent down Main Topsail and
Took out a Dock Sent him up again Ship in reefft
So ends
Latt 30.59 Long

Wednesday August 30th 1837

These 24 hours commences with light winds and
Calms from the Northward, Middle and latter part
Moderate breze and thick, Set Studding Sails
Steering to the S.E. Ship in reefft So ends Latt Long 67.11

Master Bound Towards New Zealand

Thursday August 31st 1837

These 24 hours commences with Moderate winds from the N.N.E. Steering S.E. by S. one Sail in sight. Middle and Latter part wind at N.N.W. Steering S.E. three Sail in Sight. So ends Latt 33.33 S. Long 3.50 West

Friday September 1st 1837

These 24 hours commences with strong breses at N.N.W. Steering S.E. Middle part took in Sail. Latter part Rainy wind shifted to the W.S.W. made Sail again So ends Latt 35.17 Long 0.42" West

Saturday September 2d 1837

These 24 hours commences with strong winds at W.S.W. And squally Reef't the Topsails and took in Main Sail Middle part clear weather made Sail Steering S.E. Latter part winds at W.N.W. and raining clouds So ends Latt 36.32 Long 1.42 East

Sunday September 3d 1837

These 24 hours commences with strong winds from the Westward Steering S.E. one Sail in sight. Middle and Latter part Strong winds at N.W. Steering S.E. by E. Latter Squally weather one Sail in sight. So ends Latt 37.17 Long 5.23 East

Monday September 4th 1837

These 24 hours commences with Strong winds from the North and East Steering S.E. by E. Middle and part moderate Brezes and pleasant. Latter part wind shifted to the South at 11 AM hauled back to the W.N.W. Set the Studdingsails So ends Latt 37.38 Long 9.40 East

Ship Nantucket Daird N. Edwards

Tuesday September 5th 1837

These 24 hours commences with light winds at N W Steering S E. by E. with all sail set one Ship in sight Middle part these winds at N N W. and thick weather Took in Studding Sail. Latter part more Ruged Steering E S E. saw a great many birds So ends

Latt 37.57 S Long 13. 18 East

Wednesday September 6th 1837

These 24 hours commences with Strong breezes at W N W. and thick weather Steering E S E. at 1 PM took in Main T Sail Gut Sail and kept the Mizen T Sail. Latter part Strong Gales and heavy squalls from the North. Single reeft the T Sails So ends Steering E S E. Latt 38. 10 Long 10. 10 East

Thursday September 7th 1837

These 24 hours commences with fresh gales at N N E. Steering E S E. at 9 PM closed reeft the T Sails. At 2 PM took in all sail and hove two Latter part Set the Fore Sail and put her before the wind So ends

Latt 38. 17 Long ---

Friday September 8th 1837

These 24 hours commences with heavy gales at W N W. And heavy squalls of rain & hail. Scudding under a Close reeft Main T Sail & reeft Fore sail Latter part More moderate Set Single reeft T Sails & Main Sail Brig in sight Middle part. Latt 37. 33. Long 25. 02

Saturday September 9th 1837

These 24 hours commences with light winds from the N W. Middle and Latter part heavy gales from W N W. Scudding under close reeft Fore & Main T Sail & reeft Fore Sail with a heavy sea At 5 PM. sent down the Main T Sail Gut a yard So ends

Latt 36. 31 Log Run 28. 39

Master Bound To New Zealand

Sunday September 10th. 1837

These 24 hours commences with heavy gales at W.N.W and squally Scudding under close reeft Topsails and reeft Fore Sail. Middle and latter part more moderate Set single reeft topsails and reeft Main Course. wind at W.S.W. Saw a Sail Steering to the Eastward So ends Latt 36.30 Long 32.29 East

Monday September 11th. 1837

These 24 hours commences with Strong winds from the W.S.W. Steering S.b.y.E. A Sail in sight. Middle part strong Gales at N.W. close reeft the Topsails and reeft the Foresail Latter part much the same Steering S.b.y.E.

Latt 36.28 Long 34.38 East

Tuesday September 12th. 1837

These 24 hours commences with strong gales at N.W. Steering S.b.y.E. under close reeft Topsails and reeft Foresail Middle and latter part with the same So ends

Latt 36.26 Long

Wednesday September 13th. 1837

These 24 hours commences with strong gales at W.N.W. and heavy Steering S.b.y.E. Under two close reeft Topsails and Fore Sail. Set at 2 P.M. Shot in thick Middle part wind hauled at W.N.W attended with heavy squalls of rain. Latter part wind at S.W. and fine made all Sail and set Studding Sails. at 8 A.M. Saw a Whale Ship under short Sail. So ends Latt 37.18 Long 41.49 East

Thursday September 14th. 1837

These 24 hours commences with breezes at S.W. Steering S.E. with all Sail set. Middle part fresh breezes at W.N.W. took in Studding Sails Latter part more Moderate with a heavy Swell. Set Main Top Gut Sail And Main Course. So ends

Latt 37.02 Long 4

Ship Nantucket Capt. David F. Edwards

Friday September 15th 1837

These 24 hours commences with strong winds at W.S.W And thick weather. Steering E.S.E. at 6 P.M. took in the Main Top Gast sail. and one reef in the main Topsail Middle and latter part wind at S.S.W. and done Sydy 50 ends Latt. 36 40 Long 51. 05 East

Saturday September 16th 1837

These 24 hours commences with strong breses at S.S.W. Steering E.S.E. with all sail set. Middle part calm Latter part light breses at N.N.E. and cloudy Steering E.S.E. Set Fore top mast Studding sail. 50 ends Latt 36 22 Long 52.55

Sunday Setember 17th 1837

These 24 hours commences with light breses at N.N.E. And cloudy Steering E.N.E. Middle and latter part Brisk winde at North Steering S.E by E.½E. Set Main Top Gast Studding Sail 50 ends — Latt 36. 20 De. Long 57. 00 East

Monday September 18th 1837

These 24 hours commences with strong winds at N.E. With all Sail Steering S.E by E.½E. Middle part the same Latter part. winde hauled to the W.S.W. attended Strong Squalls of rain 50 ends Latt Long 62.15 East De

Tuesday September 19th 1837

These 24 hours commences with strong winds from the W.S.W. and squally weather Steering S.E by E.½E. Middle Part Strong breses at W.N.W. Set Studding Sail 50 ends Latt 36.19 Long 63 00 East

Wednesday September 20th 1837

These 24 hours commences with light breses at N.N.E Steering S.E by E. Middle part wind at N.N.W. Set Studding Sails Latter part wind at W.S.W. Steering E.S.E. 50 ends Latt 37. 41 Long 67. 20 East

Master. Bound Towards New Zealand

Thursday September 21st 1837

These 24 hours commences with Strong breses at WSW. Steering E.S.E. Middle part squally took in Lower Studdng Sail. Latter part squally took Main Top Gut Sail. & Top Gut Studdng Sail So ends with very squally weather. Latt 38.04 Long 70.50 East.

Friday September 22d 1837

These 24 hours commences with strong breses at N.W.W. Steering E.S.E. and squally. at 6 P.M. took in one reef in the Topsails and furled the Main Sail. Middle part very Latter part wind at WSW Shook out the reefs and set Main Top Gut Sail So ends

Latt 38.07 Long 73.35 East

Saturday September 23d 1837

These 24 hours commences with fine breses at SWbyW. at 3 P.M. hauled our wind to the South at Sunset reeft the Topsails Middle part light winds. at day light made all sail. at 6 A.M. Made the Island of St. Pauls Bearing Eby N dis. 15 miles —— at 10. A.M. sent in a boat a fishing. Ship Laying off and on So ends —

Latt 38.37 Long 78.52 East

Sunday September 24th 1837

These 24 hours commences with pleasant winds from the N.W. Laying of St. Pauls Island at 2. P.M the boat returned With a load of fish at 3 P.M. cleared from the Island Steering Eby S½S. at 5. P.M. Spoke Ship Marsha. Cushman. N. Bedford 8 Months out 2000 ℔ whale oil. Latter part ending with light Winds from the N.W. Steering E. by S. So ends Latt 38.41. Long

Monday September 25th 1837

These 24 hours commences with light breses from the N.W. and clear Middle and latter part with the same Steering Eby S. employed at Ships duty &c So ends

Latt 38.34 Long 85.20 East

Ship Nantucket Capt. D. N. Edwards

Tuesday September 26th 1837

These 24 hours commences with light breses from the North Steering E by S. Middle part thing breses and equally last it Main Top Gut sails & Studding sails. Latter part moderate Breses from the N.W. set Studding sails Hove. Top Gut sail — So ends Employed at various Jobs Lat 38. 15 Long

Wednesday September 27th 1837

These 24 hours commences with strong breses from the N.W. Steering E by S. Middle and latter part light winds at N.N.E Lands calms So ends

Latt 36.06 Long 92.30 East

Thursday September 28th 1837

These 24 hours commences with light winds at N.N.E. Steering E by S. Middle and latter strong winds So ends — — Latt 35.02 Long 95.30 East

Friday September 29th 1837

These 24 hours commences with strong winds at North Steering E by S. Middle and latter part moderate winds & thick weather at 11. AM. wind hauled to the N.W. Set Studding sails So ends No Obs. Long 100.24

Saturday September 30th 1837

These 24 hours commences with strong winds at N.W. and Squally Steering East. Middle part wind hauled to W.S.W. set Lower Studding Sail Latter part wind at South Steering E by S. So ends Latt 38.00 Long 107.25 East

Sunday September October 1st

These 24 hours commences with light breses from the South & West. Steering E by S. Middle and latter part Much the same So ends

Latt 36.16 Long 107.14

Master Bound Towards New Zealand

Monday October 2d. 1837

These 24 hours commences with strong winds and heavy Clouds from the South. Steering E by S. Middle part wind at S W. set the Studding Sails Latter part cloudy with Squalls from the Westward with fine weather Soundings

Latt 36.37 Long

Tuesday October 3d. 1837

These 24 hours commences with moderate winds and fine weather from the Westward Steering E by S.— Middle and latter part strong gales from the Westward & squally took in the main Sail. Soundings

Latt 36.55 Long 113.53 East

Wednesday October 4th. 1837

These 24 hours commences with strong gales from the Westward and squally at 7 P.M. took in main Top gust Sail. Middle and latter part more moderate With a very bad Swell from the S W. Set Main Top Gun Sail & Fore top mast Studding Sail. Soundings

Latt 37.37 Long 116.00 East

Thursday October 5th. 1837

These 24 hours commences with strong winds from the Westward and squally Steering E S E. Middle and latter part with the same Soundings Latt 38.04 Long 122.04

Friday October 6th 1837

These 24 hours commences with strong westerly winds and squally Steering E S E. Middle part more Moderate Latter part strong winds and a heavy Swell from the S W. at 9 A.M. saw 2 Sperm whales Heading to the windward did not pursue them Soundings

Latt 38.40 Long

Ship Nantucket David Edwards Master

Saturday October 7th 1837

These 24 hours commences with strong winds from the S W. Steering E S E. took in Fore Topmast & Main Top Gallent Studding Sails Double Reeft the Topsails and furled the Jib Latter part thick out the reefs and set them Top Gallt sail So ends with a bad sea on Latt 39. 28 Long. 129. 35 Co. Long 130. 15

Sunday October 8th 1837

These 24 hours commences with strong breses at S W by S and Squally weather with a bad sea on Steering E S E. Middle Part wind at S W by W. Set Studding Sails Steering E by S. and Squally -- So ends Latt 40 29 Long 133. 30 East

Monday October 9th 1837

These 24 hours commences with moderate winds from the S W. Steering E by S E. Middle, and latter part light Winds from the westward with fine rain Saw right Whale. Employed at painting the Boats &c

Latt 41. 54 Long

Tuesday October 10th 1837

These 24 hours commences with light winds and thick weather from the W S W. Steering E by S 1/2 E. Middle part Squally Latter part more clear with a heavy swell from the S W. So ends Latt 42 50 Long

Wednesday October 11th 1837

These 24 hours commences with moderate winds from the Westward Steering E S E. Middle and Latter part wind at North and pleasant weather took in Studding Sails and Steered East

Latt 43. 55 Long 141. 00 East

Bound Towards New Zealand

Thursday October 12th 1837

These 24 hours commences with Strong winds from the North Steering East. at 4 P.M. Single reeft Mizen Topsail Middle part wind at N.W. Set Studding Sails at 8 A.M. Wind at S.E. took in Studding Sails and Steared by the Wind. So ends with moderate Gales and some rain

Latt by D.R. 44.40 Long by D.R. 144.40 East

Friday October 13th 1837

These 24 hours commences with Strong Gales at S.W Steering by the wind Some rain. Middle part wind at S.W. Set Studding Sails Steering E½N. Latter part Wind at West Shifted Studding Sails So ends

Latt 44.50 South Long By Chron 148.31 East

Saturday October 14th 1837

These 24 hours commences with light breezes at West Steering E.N.E. Middle part wind at N.W. and thick Weather. Latter part calms and thick weather Employed at painting the Boats. Reeving new tackle falls &c

Latt 44.18 S Long

Sunday October 15th 1837

These 24 hours commences with light winds and calms Heading to the Eastward wind at North. Middle part light breze at W.N.W set Studding Sails Latter part Shifted Studding Sails Wind at N.W by N. and Black fish Soends

Latt 43 58 Long 151.16 East

Monday October 16th 1837

These 24 hours commences with moderate breze at S.W by S. Steering N.E by E. Middle part light winds Latter part light Breses at N.N.W. Shifted Studding Sails So ends Employed at the Ships duty

Latt 42.53 Long by D.R. 154.05 East

Ship Nantucket. David N. Edwards

Tuesday October 17th 1837

These 24 hours commences with light breses and calms at 5 P.M. took in Studding Sails middle part light breses at North and thick weather Steering by the wind to the Eastward Sent up Fore and Main Royal mast So ends

Latt Long

Wednesday October 18th 1837

These 24 hours commences with Strong winds from N.N.E and rainy. at 3 P.M. Double Reeff the Topsails Middle part Took in Main Sail and Fore Topsail. Latter part wind at W.N.W. and fine weather Made all Sail, So ends Got out the waste Boat

Latt 43.05 Long

Thursday October 19th 1837

These 24 hours commences with moderate breses at N.W and pleasant Steering by the wind Middle and latter part wind at South Steering North at 7 A.M took in Main Course So ends

Latt 42.05 Long

Friday October 20th 1837

These 24 hours commences with Strong breses at N.E. Steering North Middle and latter part wind at N.E. Steering by the wind. So ends

Latt 39.14 Long 158.50 East

Saturday October 21st 1837

These 24 hours commences with fine breses at N.E by E Steering by the wind Saw right whales Despised the boats But could not strike Latter part Lowered Struck and Saw drowned So ends Latt 37.59 Long 158.42

Master Bound Towards New Zealand

Sunday October 22d 1837

These 24 hours commences with strong breezes at N N E. at 2 PM tacked Ship to the east at 3 PM Double reff the Topsails and took in the Jib. Middle part rainy Latter part wind at West made all Sail. at 9 AM saw Right whales Lowered the Boats struck and killed one and sunk, saw. but no patterns of line Soends — Latt 37.53 Long 159.35 East

Monday October 23d 1837

These 24 hours commences with strong breazes at W N W. Steering N By W Middle and Latter part fine weather saw Hermaphrodite and Finbacks. Saw a sail steering to the Westward. Employed at hunting Boats &c Soends

Latt 36 39 Long 161.33 East

Tuesday October 24th 1837

These 24 hours commences with calms let the Topsails run down on the cap at 10 PM took a breze from the North. made sail Latter part strong breazes saw finbacks &c — Soends

Latt 36 34 Long 163. 10 East

Wednesday October 25th 1837

These 24 hours commences with strong winds from the North and thick weather Steering by the wind to the Eastward Middle and Latter part with the same Soends Latt 36 01 Long 155. 16

Thursday October 26th 1837

These 24 hours commences with strong winds from the North and thick weather Steering on the wind to the westward Under Double Reefs Topsails Middle and Latter part with the same

Latt Long

Ship Nantucket David A Edwards Master

Friday October 27th 1837

These 24 hours commences with strong breezes at N. heading
to the West. at 6 P.M. Double Reefd the Topsails. Middle
Part made sail. Latter part wind Scends
Latt 35.32 Long 166.33 East

Saturday October 28th 1837

These 24 hours commences with strong breezes at N at 4 P.M.
Wind backed to the North. and quite fine Steering North
Latter part light winds and calm Scends

Latt 34.48 Long 166.26

Sunday October 29th 1837

These 24 hours commences with light winds and calm
With fine weather Steering N by E. Latter part saw
Whales Lay'd to the Boats and got one

Latt 34.20 Long 166.20

Monday October 30th 1837

These 24 hours commences with light breezes Unit.
the Whale along side and began to cut. Latter
part finished and began to Boil Scends

Latt 34.12 Long 167.14

Tuesday October 31st 1837

These 24 hours commences with light breezes Employed
at Boiling Middle and latter part light winds
Scends

Latt 34.01 Long 167.21

Wednesday November 1st 1837

These 24 hours commences light winds and pleasant
Weather Employed at Boiling Latter part finished
Boiling and washed Decks

Latt 34.12 Long 167.40

On the Coast of New Zealand

Thursday November 2d 1837

These 24 hours commences with fine breezes at North at 2 P.M. took a long sqwall from the S.W. took in the Fore and Mizen Topsail at 6 AM made sail and stood to the SEe — 5 ends Latt 34.16 Long 167.33

Friday ~~Saturday~~ November 3d 1837

These 24 hours commences with light breezes at W N W Steering to the N and E at 6 P.M. Shortened Sail tacked Ship to the NE with a strong breze at N W W at 9 A.M. set the Fit 5 ends Latt 34.16 Long 167.33 East

Saturday November 4th 1837

These 24 hours commences with strong breezes at W N W. Steering to the N E. at 2. P.M. Set the Oil down the Main Hatchway at 6 P.M. Shortned Sail and wore Ship to the Westward. Middle part round at S W and squally. Latter part strong breses and fine made all Sail and stood to the N E. Latt 34.06 Long 169. 28

Sunday November 5th 1837

These 24 hours commences with strong breses at S W Steering N E. at 6 P.M Shortned Sail and headed to the N W. Middle part moderate breses at 6 A.M made Sail and stood to the E S E Latt 33 27 Long 171.10 East

Monday November 6th 1837

These 24 hours commences with moderate breses at S W. Steering E S E at 6 P.M. set Shortned Sail at 6 A.M made Sail and steered E Saw the 3 Kings at 11 A.M. Spoke an English Whale Brig Sent up the Fore Top gut Mast & Yard 5 ends

Latt 34.14 Long 172.25

Ship Nantucket at Bay of Islands. N. Z.

Tuesday November 7th 1837

These 24 hours commences with light light winds and fine at 8 PM saw the Island of N. Zealand at 7 A.M. Bore South Latter part strong breezes at 11 AM. came to an Anchor at Bay of Islands the english Barque Jane In company So ends ——————————

Wednesday November 8th 1837

These 24 hours commences with light Winds at West Employed at Breaking up the after Hole and putting Down the Cables &c ——————

Thursday November 9th 1837

These 24 hours commences with light winds employed at Stowing the after Hole. Cutting Provisions &c So ends ——————

Friday November 10th 1837

These 24 hours commences with strong breezes at West Employed at Stowing the after Hole & Latter part the same ——————

Saturday November 11th 1837

These 24 hours commences with light winds at South Finished Stowing at 6 PM. So ends ——————

Sunday November 12th 1837

These 24 hours commences with light winds and calms the Jane got under way —— One watch on Liberty So ends

Monday November 13th 1837

These 24 hours commences with strong breezes one Watch On Liberty Latter part strong Breez at SE

Ship Nantucket on New Zealand

Tuesday November 14th 1837

These 24 hours commences with light breses at NE: at 4 AM
Left the anchor and left the Bay So ends

Wensday November 15th 1837

The 24 hours commences with strong breses at WNW. at 4 PM
Unbent the cables and stowed away the Sails Latter part
Went ashore on the Pare Knight got one hog So ends

Thursday November 16th 1837

These 24 hours commences with light winds at NW at 4 PM.
Boat came & made Sail stood to the East Saw a Schooner
Middle part calm and rain Latter wind from the South and
Strong breses Steerg NbyE under 2 Double Reeft Topsails So ends

Latt 34.47 Long 176.00

Friday November 17th 1837

These 24 hours commences with Strong breses from the South Steerg
NbyE under 2 Double Reeft Topsails. Middle and Latter part the
Same

Latt 32.39 Long 176.20 E.

Saturday November 18th 1837

These 24 hours commences with strong breses at South Steerg NbyE
Latter part Steerg EbyN. at 6 PM parted the Fore Sail Middle
Part winds at SW Latter part light winds So ends,

Latt 32.12 Long 180.42

Sunday November 19th 1837

These 24 hours commences with light breses at SW Steerg NE
byN. at 6 PM Shortned Sail at at 6 AM made sail at 9 AM
Saw French rock Bearg North light winds at WSW. Steerg
By the wind to the North So ends Latt 31.43 Long 181.06 E
178.54

Monday November 20th 1837

These 24 hours commenced with light winds at WSW. standing to
the North at 6 PM took in sail heading to the North at 6 AM
Set Double Reeft Topsails Steerg NNE. Saw a great many small
Birds caught 2 porpoises So ends Latt by DR 30.34. Long 181.53

Tuesday November 21st 1837

These 24 hours commences with strong breses at West Steerg
NNE Middle and latter light winds and rainy Spoke Barque
Diomah of London 15 mo out 300 Bolts So ends

Latt 29 30 Long 182.06

Ship Nantucket David N Edwards

Wednesday November 22d. 1837

These 24 hours commences with light breses at West Steering SSW &c
Bargue in company Latter part strong breses at NW. tacked Stood
to the NE. Double Reefd the Topsails &c ends

Latt 30 48 Long 184. 00 E

Thursday November 23d. 1837

These 24 hours commences with strong breses at NW. and thick
weather Standing to the NE. middle part heavy winds Latter
part more moderate with rain same small part courses
So ends

Latt 30 15 Long 185 30 East

Friday November 24th 1837

These 24 hours commenced with light winds at NW Steering
to the NW fine weather middle part light airs tacked to the
SW. Employed at scraping the waist and varnishing &c ends

Latt 29 46 Long 185 20

Saturday November 25th 1837

These 24 hours commenced with light breses at NW heading to the SW
Employed at varnishing at 3 PM saw a sail of the Lee Beam at 6 PM
Tacked Ship to the North Middle and Latter light breses and fine
Weather standing to the North So ends Latt 28 30 Long 186. 20

Sunday November 26th 1837

These 24 hours commenced with light Breses at NW NW standing to
the N and W. Middle part took a squall from the SE. Latter
Part fine weather wind at SE Steering NW. by W. small part wind

Latt 26 27 Long 185. 20

Monday November 27th 1837

These 24 hours commenced with strong breses at SE Steering NW
by N at 7 PM shortened Sail. saw nothing but small fish
Middle and latter fine at 6 AM made sail and steered NW
So ends

Latt 25. 12 Long 185 30 East

Tuesday November 28th 1837

These 24 hours commences with light winds at SE and a high-
swell Spoke Bargue Australien of Sidney 18 mo 850 —
and Ship Ann of London 18 mo 800 Middle and latter
Fine weather &c ends Latt 25 57 Long 186. 00

Wednesday November 29th 1837

These 24 hours commenced with light winds and fine weather
Standing to the East Spoke Ship Ann of London Capt. came
on Board middle and latter light winds and fine weather
Steering SW. Employed at rattling Up at Rigging &c ends

Latt 25 19 Long 185 25

Master On the Coast of New Zealand

Thursday November 30th 1837

Fore 24 hours commences with light wind at SE. Steering NNW Saw Blackfish at 7 PM Shortened Sail at 5 AM made sail and steered To the NNW. Employed at Painting So end Latt 24 25 Long 184 E

Friday ~~November~~ December 1st 1837

Fore 24 hours commenced with light winds at E SE. and Pleasent Employed at Painting. saw a great many Birds and Small fish Middle and Latter fine So ends

Latt 24 52 Long 184. 13

Saturday December 2d 1837

Fore 24 hours commences with light winds at E SE. and pleasent Saw a Barque supposed her a whaleing She being Meandering Middle and latter part light winds Steering to the South So ends

Latt 25 53 Long 184. 04

Sunday December 3d 1837 176. 56

Fore 24 hours commenced with light winds at East Steering to the S Saw Porpuses at 7 PM took in Sail at 5 PM. made Sail with a strong breze and steered to the South west So ends

Latt 26 37 Long 182. 37

Monday December 4th 1837

Fore 24 hours commences with stry brezes at NE Steering to the SE Saw a Sail to the windward middle and latter strong winds from the North Some rain, Heading to the NW under Short sail So ends Latt none

Tuesday December 5th 1837

Fore 24 hours begins with strong winds at NE Heading to the NW. under Short sail somerary middle part wind at South Latter part at SSE and thick heading to the SE. So ends

Latt By DR 27. 00 Long 182 40

Wednesday December 6 1837

Fore 24 hours begins with light winds at SSE. and rainy Some part calm and chopply Latter part strong Brezes at SE and fine heading to the SE. at 47 AM Looked to SW So ends Latt 26 32 Long 180 30

Ship Nantucket David N Edwards

Thursday December 7th 1837

Commences with moderate trades at the S E standing to the S W. Middle and latter part standing to the Eastward So ends Latt 26.47. Long 183.50

Friday December 8th

Commences with moderate winds at S E. Steering N N E. middle and latter part strong winds Saw nothing remarkable So ends Latt 26.33 Long 184.

Saturday December 9th 1837.

These 24 hours commences with strong winds at S E Spoke the Mount Vernon 26 months out 1800 bls. Nothing seen remarkable So ends Latt 24.35 Long 184.28

360°
184.28
175 32'

Sunday December 10th 1837

These 24 hours commences with strong winds at S E — Standing to the Eastward Middle and latter part with the same Sounds Latt 24.44 Long 185.00

Monday December 11th 1837

These 24 hours commences with light winds at S E Middle and latter part light winds at 8 A M Saw a large Whale Lowered the Boats, and struck him at 11 A M. So ends. Latt 24.50 Long 185.00

175.00

Tuesday December 12th 1837

These 24 hours commences with light winds at 2. P M. took the Whale to the Ship and commenced cutting Latter part strong gales finished cutting So ends

Latt 23.32

Wednesday December 13th 1837

These 24 hours commences with strong gales at S E Began to Boil the Whale Middle and latter part Ending with the same Sounds Latt 24.17 Long 184.00

Thursday December 14th 1837

These 24 hours commences with strong winds heading to the N E So ends Employed at Boiling &c

Latt 24.29 Long 184.00

On the Coast of New Zealand

Saturday December 30th 1837

Pres 24 hours commences with strong breses at Sun set saw Sunday Island Bearing N.N.W. Middle part & latter part strong Breses Saw Green Island So ends

Latt 30.34 Long 181.40
S 178.20

Sunday December 31st 1837

Pres 24 hours commences with strong Breses. Saw French Rock Middle and latter part with the same So ends the day & year Latt 31.44 Long
S

Monday January 1st 1838

Pres 24 hours commences with strong winds and thick Weather Spoke Ship Bodich of Bristol 8 months out 19 days Bd Latter part calms So ends

Latt 31.44 Long 181.02
S

Tuesday January 2d. 1838

Pres 24 hours commences with light winds ~~and~~ at N.E Steering to the N.W. Middle and latter Part with the same Stood to the South.
So ends Latt 32.54 Long 180.30
S

Wednesday January 3d. 1838

Pres 24 hours commences with light winds at N.N.E Steering S.W. Middle and latter part wind S.E. had some rain So ends Latt 33.33 Long 178.41
S

Thursday January 4th 1838

Pres 24 hours commences with light winds at S.E Steering S.W. Middle and latter part wind at S.S.W Employed at Breaking out for Water
So ends Latt 32.57 Long 177.34
S

Friday January 5th 1838

Pres 24 hours commences with light winds at S.W Steering W.S.W Middle and latter part light winds So ends

Latt 32.52 Long 172.52
S

At the Bay of Islands N. Ze

Saturday January 6th 1838
These 24 hours commences with light winds and
calms Middle and latter fast winds at N W
Steering S & W. So ends
Latt 33.04 Long 175.23

Sunday January 7th 1838
These 24 hours commences with light winds at N W
Steering S W. Latter part saw New Zealand
and stood in for the land So ends
Latt 34.59 Long 174.30

Monday January 8th 1838
These 24 hours commences with light winds and
pleasant matter Stood in the Bay of Islands
So ends - - - - - -

Tuesday January 9th 1838
These 24 hours commences with light winds and
pleasant came to an anchor at New Zealand
In company with an number of Ships So ends

Saturday January 13th 1838
These 24 hours commences with light winds and
Fine weather, Latter part got under way and
Steered to the N W. in company with the Many
of Nantucket So ends

Sunday January 14th 1838
These 24 hours commences light winds and calms
Latter part got clear of the land Middle part Stood
N W and got clear of the land Latter part Stood
East
Latt 34.27.

Monday January 15th 1838
These 24 hours commences with light winds steering
East saw two fortacks latter part wind to the
Eastward So ends Latt 33.55 Long 186.05

Tuesday January 16. 1838
These 24 hours light winds Set SE heading to the
SE Middle and latter part with the same
So ends - - - - - -

Ship Nantucket of Nantucket

Tuesday January 17th 1838

Here 24 hours commences with

Ship Ship

Ship M Mo Mo

Martha Martha

Martha Ship Martha

Martha

Martha H/o

Ship Martha Henry B Folger

Ship Martha in Latt 13° 20 S

Ship Martha H Henry B Folger

H H

H Henry B Folger

H. Henry B Folger

Ship Nantucket D. N. Edwards

Monday August 5th 1839.

These 24 hours commences with Strong Gales winds from the South and Squally weather Steering to the S.E. Under Doubled Reef Topsails Middle and latter part the same Employed at various Jobs Soundg

Latt per Obs 28.56 S Long

Tuesday August 6th 1839.

These 24 hours commences with strong winds from the South & Squally Under Double Reefs. & Jib Middle and latter Part Strong winds and Squally from the S.W. Steering the S.E.

Latt 28.58 Long

Wednesday August 7th 1839.

Commences with brisk Gales from the S.E. West made all Sail, at 3 A.M took in Main T.Sail Gall Sail Middle part Squally Latter part Strong winds at S.W. with all Sail Steering S.E. Nothing seen this day Soundg

Latt Long

Thursday August 8th 1839

Commences with Strong winds from the S.W. Middle and latter part Strong gales from the Northward & Squally. Steering S.S.E. Employed at mending Main T.Sail &c

Latt Long

Friday August 9th 1839

This day commences with Strong winds from the N.W. & Squally at 7 P.M. took in Fore & Mizen T.Sail & Close Reef M. T.Sail Steering S.S.E. Latter part wind at S.W. & fine made all Sail. at 11. A.M. made N. Cape & N. Zealand To ends

Latt Long

Saturday August 10th 1839.

Commences with Fresh winds at S.S.W. and Clear at 8 A.M. Stood in towards Bay of Islands Middle and latter part fine weather Laying off and on the Bay of Islands

Bound Towards Chatam Islands

Saturday 01th. 1839.

These 24 hours commences with pleasant winds from the Southward one Boat ashore at Bay of Islands, at 4 P.M. Boat Returned, cleared to the P.E. ends with fine Weather but rather cool Latt per Ch Long

Monday August 12th. 1839.

Commences with moderate weather and light Breezes from the S.E. Middle and latter part brisk Breezes and passing clouds employed this day at mending Main Topsail & Sounds

Latt Long

Tuesday August 13th. 1839.

These 24 hours commences with brisk breezes at the N.W. and passing clouds, middle and latter part Strong winds and cool weather employed at mending main topsail & Sounds

Latt Long

Wednesday August 14th 1839.

These 24 hours commences with Strong gales at the West and Squally, at 4 P.M. hove to under Spencers bending to the South, Middle and latter part Strong gales and Squally from the N.W. Steering to the N.E. under Reefd Topsails and Foresail, Latt 35.37 Long

Thursday August 15th. 1839

Commences with Strong gales and Squally from the N.W. Running to the N.E. Middle part heavy Squalls & rain attended with thunder & Lightning, Latter part Wind at S.W. more moderate Running to the N.E

Latt 34.13 Long

Friday August 16th. 1839.

Commences with brisk Breezes from the S.W. and Squally Middle and latter part more moderate Made all Sail Steering N. by E. Saw a number of Right Whales this day Latt 32.00 Long

Saturday August 17th. 1839

Ship Nantucket D. N Edwards

Saturday August 17th 1839
Commences moderate breses at S W. at 2 P M.
Saw a Sperm whale and got him Latter part
Fine weather employed at cutting the whale
Spoke Ship Falcon of New Bedford. So ends
Sundoy Island Bearing N N W. Distance 20 miles
Latt 29. 18 Long

Sunday August 18th 1839.
Commences with moderate breses at N E. and clear
Middle part Very squally & rain from the N W.
Latter part fresh wind at W S W. Saw a Sail
Employed at Boiling the whale &c So ends
Latt 29. 28 Long

Monday August 19th 1839.
Commences with strong winds at S S W. and
clear weather Middle and latter the same
Employed at Boiling the whale &c So ends
Latt 29. 10 Long

Tuesday August 20th 1839
Commences with brisk winds and clear weather
Middle and latter part the same Saw Sundry
Island Employed at Setting up Spars &c
Latt 29. 17 Long

Wednesday August 21. st 1839
Commences with fresh Breses at S W. and fine
middle and latter part the same Employed at
Various Jobs So ends Latt. 29. 18 Long

Thursday August 22 d 1839.
Commences with fine weather wind at
S S W. Laying of and on Sunday Island
Boats in after wood, at 6 P M. Boats returned
With wood stood to the N N E. So ends
Latt 29. 14 Long

Coast of New Zealand Bound a right Whaling

Friday August 23d. 1839.

Commences with fine weather and brisk breses at S.S.W. Steering to the N.N.E. Saw finbacks middle and latter part with the same took in Fore and Mizen Topsail at Sun set.

Monday October 14th. 1839

These 24 hours commences with moderate breses at N.W. Middle and latter part very fine, got out Fore Top mast Studdings sails. Sent up Fore top gallant mast Hoysing Jboom &c Saw finbacks nothing more Remarkable

Latt per Ds 35. 48 S Long. 181.50

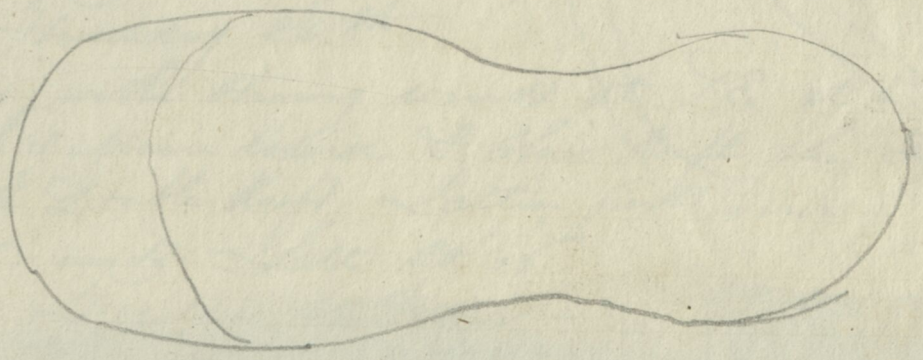
Tuesday October 15th. 1839

Commences with fine weather Steering N.E. middle part calm Latter part a brisk Sprug up at N.E Steering to the Northward nothing seen this day

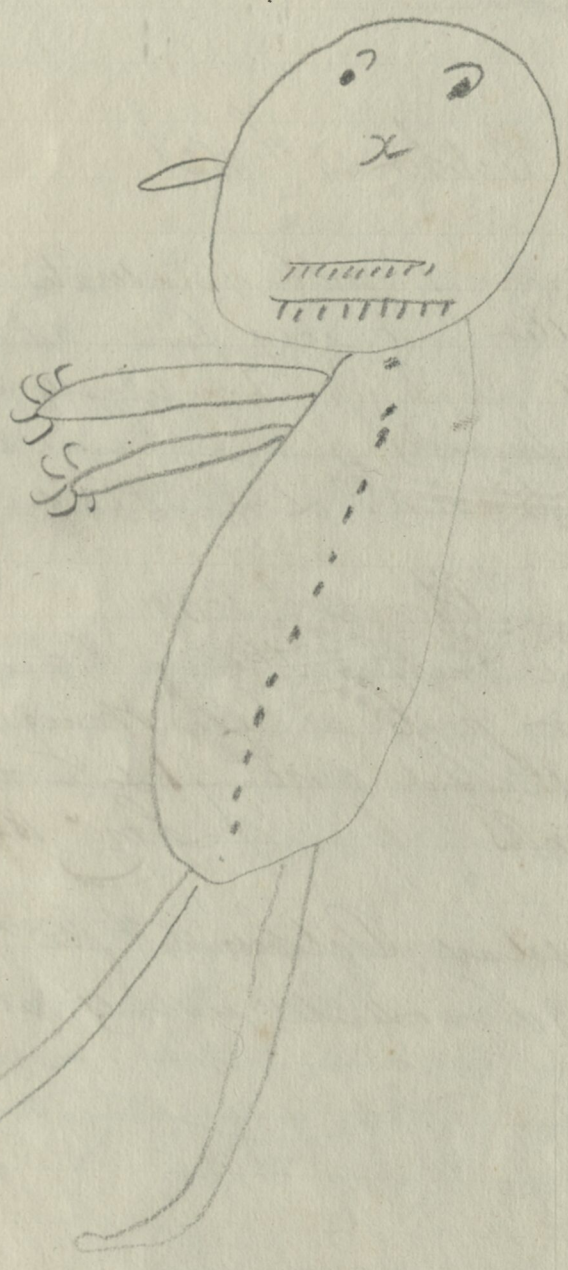
Latt per Ds Long. 182.50

Wednesday October 16th. 1839.

Commences with moderate winds, at N.E. middle part



Ship Nantucket at N Zealand
Joner J. Dolman



Homeward Bound

Sunday September 20th 1840

Commences with moderate winds from the S E — Laying up S by E. Middle and latter part with much the same Lg up S S W. nothing remarkable this day So ends Latt 23.40 S Long per Lunar 183.30 East

Monday 21st.

Commences with light winds from the S S E — Laying up S W. Middle part calm clued down all Sail Latter part light breez from the South made Sail he up East & Saw a large Sperm whale at sun set lowered but see no more of him So ends Latt 23.55 Long 184.10 East 175.50

Tuesday 22d.

Commences with brisk breez from the S W set Studding Sails Middle part Strong breez from the South took in Studding Sails & T.gallant sails Latter part much the same Bent the spanker & Main Sail nothing more remarkable So ends

Latt per Obs 24.02 Long 185.27

Wednesday 23d 1840

Commences with Strong winds at South Laying up East Middle and latter Strong S E winds at 3 A.M. tacked to the S W at 10 A.M. Double Reeft the T.sails & unbent Main T.sail To repair So ends Latt per Obs 24.34 S

Thursday 24th

Commences with strong winds at S E at 4 P.M. took in Jib & Main topsail & close Reeft the T.sails at 7 A.M. set Double Reefs. Latter part more moderate So ends Latt 25.06

Friday 25th 1840

First part commences with strong S E winds & Squally & Cloudy at 3 P.M. Saw a Ship standing to the Southward heading up South Middle and latter part more moderate made all sail & split Main T.gallant sail unbent it and bent a new one nothing more remarkable So ends

Latt per Obs 27.01 S Long 184.47 E

25

Ship Nantucket Bound Towards

Saturday September 26th 1840

These 24 hours commences Moderate breses from the S.E. Ship heading up South Middle and Latter part strong Brises from the N.E. Steering S.E. at 2 A.M. Got Studding sails Saw finbacks Sounds Latt 28.30 S Long 185.40 E

Sunday September 27th 1840

These 24 hours commences with winds from the N.E. Steering S.E. with all sail Middle and latter part strong breses at N.E. Steering S.E½ S Saw finbacks So ends

Latt per O 30.57 S Long 186.22 E

Monday 28th 1840

These 24 hours commences with strong winds at N.E. Steering S.E½ E. Middle and latter part Strong winds and thick weather at the N.E with all sail set going 8 knots Latter part steered E.S.E employed this day at various Jobs S.E.

Latt per O 33.04 Long 186.01 East

Tuesday 29th 1840

These 24 hours commences with strong winds from the N.E and thick weather Steering E.S.E. under all sail. Middle and latter part light winds and calms Spoke Ship Ann Maria of New London 17 mo 180 dys Blackoil Latter part wind at West So ends

Latt 33.40 Long 171.20 W

Wednesday 30th

These 24 hours commences with brisk winds at West with all sail Steering S.E by S. Middle and latter part with the Sand Saw a Ship standing to the West. Employed this day at various Jobs. Sent down Mizen Royal mast

Thursday 1st October

These 24 hours commences with fresh Westerly winds at 7 P.M. wind at South and rain Steering E by S. took in Jib Got Studding sails Latter part fresh winds at S.E. and squally Nothing more remarkable Sounds

Latt 34.01 Long 170.00 W

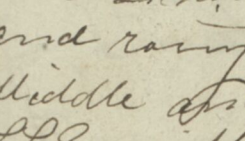
Cape Horn

Friday October 2d. 1840

These 24 hours commences with brisk windy at S.S.E. and squally weather at 4 P.M. took in Mizt Stay Sails and Main Top Gallt Sail in Middle and latter part moderate windy at S.S.E. under all Sail laying up East Employed this day at setting up rigging &c Lott 55. 0 S. Long

Saturday October 3d. 1840

These 24 hours commences with moderate windy at S.S.E by up East under all Sail Middle part wind at S.S.W. Steering S.E. At 8 A.M. saw a right bowered and got hand to the waist Boat latter part fresh breezes at West all hands employed at cutting the Whale &c Do ends Lott 57. 10 S. Long 162. 00 West



Saturday October 3d. 1840

These 24 hours commences with strong breezes at West at 4 P.M. finished cutting the Whales and steered of S.E. Middle and latter part strong breezes at N.W. Employed at Boiling the Whale &c

Lott per Alg 57. 40 S. Long. 161. 00 W

Sunday October 4th. 1840

These 24 hours Commences with strong gales at N.W. Steering E.S.E. finished boiling at 7 P.M. and Stowed the oil down in the main hachway latter part strong gales at N.W. and rainy steering E.S.E. Set Main Sail Lott per Alg 58. 47 S. Long 16. 0. 24 West

Monday October 5th 1840

These 24 hours commences with strong winds at N.W. and squally under whole Topsails & M. Topgallt Steering E.S.E. at 5 P.M. handed Main Top Gallt sail wind hauled to the N.E. Middle part strong winds at N.E. and rainy latter part much the same Set Main Top Gallant Sail nothing more remarkable Saw Lott per Alg 40. 8 S. Long 159. 10 W

Tuesday October 6th 1840

These 24 hours commences with moderate winds N.E. and rainy weather steering E.S.E. under all sail Middle and latter part round at East lay up S.S.E with thick rainy weather watch employed at various Jobs took in waist boat &c &c

Lott per Alg 42. 09 S. Long 158. 42 W

Ship Nantucket From Tongatabo

Wednesday October 7th 1840

These 24 hours commences with moderate winds and Calms with a thick rainy wond Ship heading up S.S.E. Middle part Calm and thick weather Latter light winds at West Steering E by S. Caught a Porpoise & So ends Latt per Obs 42.35 South

Thursday October 8th 1840

These 24 hours commences with light winds at West and cloudy employed at coopering and Stowing oil &c Middle and latter moderate winds at S by W Steering E by S under all sail nothing more remarkable So ends, No Observation this day

Friday October 9th 1840

These 24 hours commences with brisk winds at S.S.W. and Squally at 10 P.M. took in T.G. Sail & reef the Topsails Middle and latter part more moderate Shook out the reefs and made all sail Steering E by S wind at S.W. and Squally Employed this day at Scraping Done &c

Latt per Obs 43.45 Long 150.35 West

Saturday October 10th 1840

These 24 hours commences with brisk winds at S.W. under all sail middle part wind at South and Squally Steering East Latter part more moderate Shook out the reefs employed at Ships duty

Latt per Obs 43.28 S Long 147.31 West

Sunday October 11th 1840

These 24 hours commences with brisk winds at S.S.E steering East at 5 P.M. bent a new Main Topsail Middle and latter part more moderate wind at S.S.W. Made all sail Steering E by S bent new Jib & Fore Sail &c So ends

Latt per Obs 43 20 S Long 146.52 West

Monday October 12th 1840

Commences with moderate winds at W.S.W and thick weather Steering E by South Middle part light winds at west. Latter part moderate winds at North and thick weather Steering E by S under all sail employed this day at Sundrys

Latt per Obs 44.00 S Long 145.32 W

Tuesday October 13th 1840

These 24 hours commences with moderate winds North and squally Middle part wind at South and squally Latter part brisk winds at West Steering E S E Employed this day at the Ships duty &c

Latt per Obs 44.40 S Long 140.20 West

Wednesday October 14th 1840 118

These 24 hours commences with light variable winds from South to East Latter part brisk winds at West Steering E S E. under all Sail nothing more remarkable Soundgs

Latt per Obs. Long 138.27 W

Thursday 15th

Begins with brisk winds at W.N.W and thick weather Steering E S E. middle part rainy Latter part moderate weather & clear Steering E S E under all sail nothing more remarkable Soundgs

Latt per Obs 46.08 Long 136.52 West

Friday 16th

Begins with moderate winds at West and fine weather. Middle and latter part moderate winds from North to west and thick weather Steering east under all sail nothing more remarkable Soundgs

Latt per Obs 46.19 Long 135.22

Saturday 17th

Begins with moderate winds at North and thick weather Latter part strong brises Steering East Same rain got a Lunar Observation Nothing more remarkable Soundgs Latt per Obs 46.25 Long 130.17.15

Sunday 18th

Begins with strong brises at N E took in Studding Sails and Sprit Gallant Sails keeping up E by South Middle and Latter part much the same Soundgs

Latt per Obs 47.19 S Long 127.10 West

Monday October 19th

Begins with strong brises at N E at 5 P M Double Reef the topsails at 11. took in Jib & Main Course keeping up E S E Middle and Latter part heavy gales from the N E took in Mizen Topsail & close Reef Fore & Main turned up the Boats &c Soundgs

Latt per Obs 48.10 Long 126.28 West

Ship Nantucket

Tuesday 20th.

Begins with heavy gales from the N E under close Reeft Topsails and Fore sail Laying up East by South Middle part more moderate winds at N N E. Steering E by N. Shook out a reef out the Topsails and set main sail Latter part wind at North moderating set whole Topsails and Top Gallnt sails Nothing more remarkable So ends —.

Latt per Obs 48.15 S Long 125.15 West

Wednesday 21st.

Begins with moderating winds from the North Steering E by N. under Tall sail Middle and Latter part moderate winds and Squally at N E Lay up East nothing more Remarkable So ends.

Latt per Obs 49.07 S Long 117.32

Thursday 22d.

Begins with moderate winds at N E by up East Middle and latter part much the same wind at E N E nothing more Remarkable So ends

Latt per Obs 49.25 Lon 115.54 W

Friday 23d.

Begins with moderate winds at E N E and Squally weather lay up S E by E Middle and Latter part rainy weather took in Top Gallt sails nothing more Remarkable So ends

Latt none Lon 114.00

Saturday 24th.

Begins with light airs at N East and thick weather Middle part calm Latter part moderate winds at East heavy Swell and foggy weather Nothing more remarkable So ends

No Observation this day

Sunday 25th.

Begins with light west winds and thick weather set the Studding Sails Middle part fresh breez at S West and thick weather Latter part moderate winds at West and thick weather furled Jib & Main Sail nothing more remarkable So ends

Latt per Obs 51.05 S Long 109.42 West

From Tongatabo towards Cape Horn

Monday 26th.

Begins with moderate winds at west Steering E by N Middle and latter part winds at N N E and Squally weather Employed this day at making Lower Studding sail & Gaff, saw Waggins

Latt per Obs 51.27 Long 100.27

Tuesday 27th.

Begins with brisk winds at N N E and thick weather Middle part winds at North and N W. with heavy Squalls of rain took in D.R. Gallat sails Steering Sails & Latter brisk winds at W N W made all sail. Nothing more remarkable Saw

Latt per Obs 51.33 Long 104.39 W

Wednesday 28th.

Begins with moderating winds at west Steering E by North under all Sail got out Lower Studd Sail Middle and latter part stiff west winds and thick weather going 9 knots Steering E by N p N nothing more remarkable Saw Gulls Latt per Obs 51.37 Long 98.00 W

Thursday 29th.

Begins with stiff west winds and thick weather Steering E by N p N going 9 knots per hour Middle part much the same with rain Steering E by N Latter part heavy gales at west and Squally at 1 A.M. carried away Fore Top mast Studding Sail boom took in Studding sails & Fore Top Gallat sail at Meridian took in Main Top Gallat sail ends with heavy squalls at west Steering E by N p N Latt per Obs 51.32 Long 86.05 West

Friday ~~Thursday~~ 30th.

Begins with heavy gales at west Steering E by N p N Middle and latter part much the same Saw Blackfish & porpoises nothing more remarkable So ends Latt per 52.02 Long 84.15 W

Saturday 31st

Begins with stiff west winds and thick weather Steering East Middle and latter part much the same Nothing more remarkable Saw

Latt per Obs 52.04 Long 82.10 W

Sunday 1st November

Begins with stiff winds at E by S and fine weather Steering East Middle and latter part much the same at 9 PM Steered E S E So ends

Latt per Obs 52.29 Long 81.13 W

Sept. Nantucket Bound

Monday 2d

Begins with stong winds at W by S Steering E S E
Middle part all round at W S W. and rainy weather
Latter part long winds attended with squalls at S W
Set Mainsail and Jib Nothing more remarkable
Latt 54.02 Long per Lunar 78.27.45
per Geo 78.26.00

Tuesday 3d

Begins with long gales at S W. attended with
long squalls 2 PM Double Reeft the Topsails and
furled Jib & Main Sail Middle and Latter part much
the same took in Main Topsail Steering E S E
Soends Ice Latt per Obs 56.30 Long 74.30
Wednesday 4th

Begins with long gales at S W and squally weather
Steering E S E took in Double Reefs at 4 A M Strong gales
at West Steered East at 7 A M saw a Ship
Steering East Middle and latter part long gales
at West attended with fierce squalls under
Double Reefs Main Topsail at Aberdeen saw an
Ice Berg 2 miles off Nothing more remarkable
No Observation this day Long 69.40 West

Thursday 5th

Begins with Long gales at west and squally
Steering East Under close Reefs at 7 P M Hove
the Ship too under close reeft Main Topsail it
Blowing a heavy gale of wind, at 7 P M. we met with
a serious accident. our cook Thomas Jones fell overboard
and drowned, Latter part strong west winds and
rainy weather steering E & E Nothing more remarkable
Soends Birds &c No Observation this day Long by D R 68.30 West
saw Seals & Porpoises Friday 6th
Begins with strong winds at west Steering E N E.
under Topsails & Jib Gallut sails. at 3 P M took in Jib Gutta Sails
and Double Reeft the topsails, at 7 P M. close Reeft the
Fore and Main Topsail and took in Mizen Topsail Middle part
Latter part heavy gales from the west and rainy weather Steering N E
all sail fine weather saw Porpoises and many birds.
Nothing more Remarkable Soends Latt per Obs 58.30 Long 60.10

Towards Cape Horn off Cape Horn

Saturday 7th

Begins with brisk winds at W.S.W and clear weather Steering N.N.E. under all sail Middle part moderate winds at S.W. and clear weather at 11 PM saw a small Ice Berg Latter part light airs and calm weather got out flying Jibboom &c at Meridian saw an ice Berg Nothing more remarkable Seconds Latt per Obs 54. 18 Long 64. 00

Sunday 8th

Begins with light winds and pleasant weather from the N.W. middle part winds at N.N.W. and clear weather Latter part moderate winds at N.E and thick weather took in the light sails. Ship lying up E by S nothing more remarkable Seconds Latt per Obs 53. 22 Long 60. 20 W

Monday 9th

Begins with moderate winds from the N.E and thick weather Ships lay up E.S.E. Middle and Latter part thick fog with light variable winds saw porpoises and waggins. Nothing more remarkable No Obs this day Long 60. 00

Tuesday 10th

Begins with light Northerly winds and thick weather Middle part wind at N.E. heading up N.N.W. Latter part wind at S.E Steering N.E by N this day got Mizen T.G. Gallnt yard and mast Nothing more remarkable Seconds No Obs this day Long 59. 30 W

Wednesday 11th

Begins with light winds at S.E. and rainy weather got up Main Mid mast & yard at main Mast Middle part wind at South and thick weather Steering N.E by N Latter part moderate winds at South and thick foggy weather Steering N by E. under all sail saw porpoises this day caught an nothing more remarkable Seconds No Observation this day Long 59. 18 W

Thursday 12th

Begins with moderate winds at South and thick weather Steering N by E. under all sail Middle part wind at S.W and clear weather Steering North Latter part light winds at west Steering N by West Nothing more remarkable Seconds

Latt per Obs 49. 42 S Long 56. 20 W

Falkland Islands

Bound home

Ship Nantucket from Cape Horn

Friday 13th

Begins with light winds and pleasant weather from the west at 3 PM. took in Studding sails Steering N by West Middle part light airs and calms from the NEe. Latter part brisk winds from the North and thick weather at Meridian veered ship to the NEe Nothing more remarkable this day so ends Latt per Alg 48.56 Long 56.10

Saturday 14th

Begins with brisk winds and thick weather from the North Ship heading NE by Ee. Middle part winds at NNW Steering N by W Latter part winds at North Nothing more remarkable so ends Latt per Alg 47.38 S Long 55.08 W

Sunday 15th

Begins with strong NNW winds heading NEe by N at Meridian took in Top gallant sails at 7 PM. wind at west Steering N by W. Middle part moderate winds at WNW made all sail Steering N by W. Latter part moderate winds at North Steering by the wind to the NEe saw part of water this day a little greenish colour nothing more remarkable

Latt per Alg 46.11 Long 53.35 West

Monday 16th.

Begins with brisk winds at North and cloudy weather Steering by the wind to the NEe. Middle part strong winds from the North and rainy weather ship laby up and saw many Birds & Porpoises water greenish colour Nothing more remarkable so ends

Latt per Alg 45.05 S Long 52.48 W

Tuesday 17th "

Begins with brisk winds from the NW and rainy weather at 8 PM. saw a ship Steering to the North at 6 PM. wind hauled to the SW. Set Studding Sails Latter part ends with brisk breezes. nothing more remarkable so ends Latt per Alg 43.02 S Long 48.57

Wednesday 18th

Begins with moderate winds from the westward Steering NNEe. at 7 PM. strong winds from the SW. Set all drowing sail. Middle part much the same Latter part moderate winds at SSW. Steering NEe by N. nothing more remarkable so ends

Latt per Alg 40.24 S Long 47.52 W

Towards Nantucket

Thursday 19th

Begins with light winds the S S W Steering N E by N under all sail middle part wind at S middle part calm Latter part strong winds at North and thick weather Ship heading up East saw Porpoises and Finbacks nothing more remarkable Ends Latt per Obs 39.56 Long 46.38

Friday 20th

Begins with strong winds from the North and Passing clouds steering on the wind to the East middle part heavy seas and clear weather at 5 A.M. handed T.G. Gallt sails and single Reeft the topsails Latter part more moderate shook out the reefs and set top gallt sails saw many porpoises and finbacks saw whale but Nothing more remarkable to ends Latt per Obs 39.45 Long 43.57 West

Saturday 21st

Begins with light north winds and thick Ship heading E N E. under all sail middle part thick rainy weather at 4 A M. wind veered to the S W suddenly set the Studding sails Steering N E 1/2 N saw finbacks and porpoises nothing more remarkable Ends, Latt per Obs 39.31 S Long 43.10 W.

Sunday 22d

Begins with brisk winds at S W. and clear weather Steering N E 1/2 N Middle part calm at midnight wind veered to the west took in the Studding sails Latter part brisk winds at West Steering N E 1/2 N the crack employed at the ships duty nothing more remarkable Do ends Latt per Obs 38.40 Long 40.27 W

Monday 23d

Begins with strong winds at West and thick weather under all sail Steering N E 1/2 N at midnight wind veered suddenly to the S W set the Studding sails and all drawing sail Latter part ends with moderate gales at S W. and passing clouds Sent down mizen topgallant yard and bent a new sail &c nothing more remarkable ends Latt per Obs 36.46 S Long 39.50 W

Tuesday 24th 39.50

Y Begins with moderate gales from the S W and fine weather Steering N E 1/2 N all drawing sail set middle part light winds and calms at south saw a Black whale 7 A.M. Lowered But did not strike Latter part light N E winds and calms Steering by the wind to the east Latt 35 56 S. Long 38.10 West

Ship Nantucket from Cape Horn

Wednesday 25th

Begins with light winds and calms from the NE and fine weather at 8 PM Lowered for Blackwhales but did not strike at 6 PM a ship in sight steering SW. at 11 PM. veered ship to the Westward moderate breezes at North and cloudy weather latter part light NNW winds and cloudy Veered ship to the E & N E saw finbacks killers and Grampuses nothing more remarkable to end Latt per Obs 35.55 Long 37.51

Thursday 26th

Begins with light NW by W winds and cloudy weather heading E & N E by the wind middle part light airs and calm weather from the Northward at 10 PM veered ship to the West Latter part light winds and fine veered ship to the East. saw killers this day employed at repairing old Main Topsail &c nothing more remarkable Latt per Obs 35.57 Long 37.30

Friday 27th

Begins with moderate gales at N N E and clear weather by the wind heading East all sail set Middle part fresh breezes at N N W and thick weather Latter part wind at N W. heading N E by E under all sail Nothing more remarkable to ends the day Latt per Obs 35.21 Long 36.27 West

Saturday 28th

Begins with brisk breezes at N W and thick weather heading up N E by E under all sail Middle and latter part light N W winds and fine weather heading up N E. under all sail nothing more remarkable to ends the day Long 34.17 Long 33.23

Sunday 29th

Begins with light winds and calms at N W. at 3 PM veered to E by N got the Studding sails steering N by E. middle part light N N W winds and thick weather. took in Studding sails heading N W by N Latter part brisk N W winds Under all sail heading N N W. nothing more remarkable to ends Latt per Obs 33.13 Long 33.47 W

Monday 30th

Begins with moderate gales from the N E and thick weather heading N N W all sail set Middle and latter part light N E winds and thick weather under all sail heading up E N E. nothing more remarkable to ends the day Latt per Obs 32.37 Long 33.18

Towards Nantucket

Tuesday 29th December 1st

Begins with moderate N'ly winds and thick weather heading up E.N.E. under all sail middle and latter part light winds at N.N.W. heading up N.E by E. with fine weather at 7 A.M. saw a Barque steering N.E by E. nothing more remarkable towards the day Latt per Obs 32.07 Long 32.41 W

Wednesday December 2nd 1840

Begins with light N.N.W winds and fine weather under all sail heading to the N.E. middle and latter part light airs and calm weather at North nothing more remarkable towards the day employed at various jobs — Latt per Obs 31.57 Long per Chron 31.28

Thursday 3d

Begins with light airs at North and calm weather middle and latter part all the same Barque in sight to the northward, unbent Main Topsail & Fore sail and bent the old ones &c nothing more remarkable towards Latt per Obs 31.39 Long 31.29 West

Friday 4th

Begins with light airs at S'th and calm unbent the Steering N by E middle and latter part light winds at N.E and fine steering by the winds heading up N.N.E under all sail employed this day at painting and varnishing the waist &c towards Latt per Obs 31.39 Long 31.37 W

Saturday 5th

Begins N.E winds and fine weather heading N by W middle and latter part moderate breezes at N.N.E under all sail heading up N.W by N employed this day at painting varnishing &c nothing more remarkable towards Latt per Obs 31.00 Long 32 26 per Chron

Sunday 6th

Begins with moderate N.N.E winds and fine weather under all sail at 7 P.M. Spoke Barque Samuel of Scarboro 7 weeks from London bound to Sidney N.S.W. middle and latter part much the same heading N.W by N under all sail nothing more remarkable towards this day Latt per Obs 30.08 Long 33.04 W

Monday 7th

Begins with moderate winds at N.N.E and fine weather heading up N.N.W. under all sail middle and latter part moderate winds at N.N.E and fine weather heading N by N under all sail employed this day at various jobs

Latt per Obs 29.41 Long 33.02 W

Ship Nantucket from Cape Horn

Tuesday 8th

Begins with fresh winds from the N N E and fine weather heading up E by N under all sail middle and latter part much the same employed this day at various jobs nothing more remarkable to Remark

Latt per Obs 29.37 Lonc 32.27

Wednesday 9th

Begins with fresh winds at N N E and fine weather heading east. middle and latter part fresh winds and cloudy weather at meridian hove ship to to the N Ward employed at various jobs &c &c, sent the hole — Latt per Obs 29.42 Lonc 31.39 W

Thursday 10th

Begins with fresh N N E winds and squally weather took in T Sl Gallat sails. at 10 A M bore away Ship steering to the eastward Middle and latter part fresh gales and rainy weather at North nothing more remarkable to Remark

No Obs this day

Friday 11th

Begins with strong winds at North and squally weather at 1 A M keeped the Ship Spirit at 7 A M. took in Fore and Mizen T Sl sail & close reef main Ship bore too heading N W. Blowing heavy with rain and Lightning took in Fore sail at 10 A M. and set the Spencers blowing a heavy gale from the North nothing more remarkable to Remark

Saturday 12th

Begins with heavy gales from the North and attended with rain hove too under close reef main T Sl and Spencers at 12 P M. more moderate set Fore sail at 6 A M. wind at N N W and moderating veered Ship to the N E. and set Double Reefs Jib & Main Sail Latter part ending with fresh gales at N N W and clear weather Latt per Obs 28.53 Lond

Sunday 13th

Begins with fresh gales at N N W and passing clouds heading E N E under double Reefs and course Jib at at 3 P M. veered Ship to the E N E took in Jib. middle part strong winds at North Latter part more moderate set Jib and Spanker wind at N N W and squally heading N E nothing more remarkable

Latt per Obs 28.36 Lond 30.29 W

Towards Nantucket

Monday 14th

Begins with Strong breezes and squally weather from the N N W under double Reefs steering N E middle part wind from North to N W with part squally of rain. Latter part more moderate made all sail heading up N N E. with fine weather Sounds

Lat per Obs 27. 16 Long per Lunar 27. 49 West

Tuesday 15th

Begins with fresh breezes at N by N and fine weather middle and latter part light winds from North to West and rainy weather, nothing more remarkable Sounds

Lat per Obs 26. 26 Long 27. 27 West

Wednesday 16th

Begins with light winds and calms with rain Latter part light winds from South to N E & E Set Studding sails Latter part took them in Steering North Employed this day at fitting rigging &c Sounds

Lat per Obs Long 27. 24 West

Thursday 17th

Begins with light variable winds from E to N E with rain Steering N by E part under all sail middle and latter moderate winds at N E, and N N E Steering North at 7 A.M. Saw an american Schooner Standing to the North Employed this day at fitting rigging &c Sounds

Lat per Obs 25. 06 Long 26 12 W

Friday 18th

Begins with moderate winds at N E and fine weather Steering North under all sail middle and latter part wind at N N E and squally took in Mizzen topgallant sail. all hands employed at fitting rigging &c, nothing more remarkable Sounds Lat per Obs 24. 14 Long 29. 27

Saturday 19th

Begins with Stong winds at N by W and squally weather middle part heavy squalls of wind took in topgallant sails & flying jib at 1 A.M. veered Ship to the East latter part more moderate made all sail. employed this day at various jobs, Set up Mizzen rigging &c &c Sounds Lat per Obs 23. 39 Long 29. 31

Sunday 20th

Begins with Strong winds at N N W and passing clouds under all sail lay up E by N middle part middle part Strong Breezes breezes and passing clouds veered Ship to the N W Latter part veered Ship to eastward lay up E by N under all sail nothing more remarkable to ends

Lat per Obs 23. 12 Long 28. 34

Ship Nantucket from Cape Horn

Monday 21st 1840

Begins with strong N N E winds and passing clouds under all sail lay up E by N middle and latter part the same at 8 AM. Passed Ship to the N W at 9 AM wind back heading up E N E under all sail at 7 AM saw an English Bayne steering S E nothing more remarkable Sundays Thursday all hands employed at various jobs &c Latt per Obs 22.35 S Long 29.05 W

Tuesday 22d

Begins with strong winds at North and fine weather heading up E N E under all sail middle and latter part wind at N N E wind ship to the N W at 7 AM. nothing more remarkable Sundays the day employed at various jobs making mats &c

Latt per Obs 22.19 Long 29.15 W

Wednesday 23d

Begins with strong winds at N N E and cloudy weather heading up N W under all sail at meridian saw a Bayne steering E S E Latter part moderate winds at N E lay up N N E under all sail employed this day at various jobs &c

Latt per Obs 21.25 S Long 29.20

Thursday 24th

These 24 hours commences with moderate winds at N E and fine weather at 3 PM. saw Trinidad Island Bearing North distance 16 Leagues middle part Steered N N W Latter part steered North under all sail employed at various jobs Latt per ~~Obs 21.11~~ Long 29.21 W

Friday 25

Begins with brisk winds from N E to East under all sail steering North Spoke Brig Pochahontas of New Port Barker 5 months out 60 Days Latter part brisk winds and squally weather saw an american Ship steering S S E nothing more remarkable Latt per Obs 18.10 Long 30.07

Saturday 26th

Begins with moderate winds at N E and squally weather under all sail steering N by E middle part squally took in the sails Latter part fine made all sail lay up North nothing more remarkable Sundays

Latt per Obs 16.30 Long 31.27 W

Towards Nantucket.

Sunday 27th

Begins with moderate winds at N E and squally weather under all sail middle and latter part fine by up North all sail set at 10 A M saw a Ship steering N W.
nothing more remarkable Lat per Obs 11.42 Long 32.10

Monday 28th

Begins with light east winds and squally weather weather Ship heading up N by E middle and latter part strong winds and squally weather all hands employed this day at fitting rigging &c nothing more remarkable,
Latt per Obs 12.40 Long 32.15 W

Tuesday 29th

Begins with moderate with moderate winds East and fine weather middle part Spoke Brig Bruno Lawrence of Nantucket Two out 100 Bbls Latter part fine weather steering N W E under all sail Lat per Obs 10.31 Long

Wednesday 30th

Begins with light winds at East and fine weather under all sail steering N W by W Latter part strong trades and squally all hands employed this day at fitting rigging &c
Latt per Obs 9.21 Long 33.50 W

Thursday 31st

Begins with fresh winds at east and squally steering N W by W middle part steered N W by W. until 2 A M then hove too for day light at 7 A M Anchored at Pernambuca outer roads in 7 fathom water nothing more remarkable

Laying at Pernambuca

Friday January 1st 1841

Begins fresh trades and rainy weather middle part strong Breezes and squally attended with thunder & Lightning at 7 A M sent down Fore & Mizzen T'gt Gallent yard and let go Starboard anchor Latter part more more moderate took on board 20 Bbls of water Beef &c Do ends this day

Laying at Pernambuca outer Roads

Saturday January 2d 1841

Begins with fresh winds at S E and thick weather middle part middle part more clear at 9 A M. weighed anchor and cleared from Pernambuca at 7 A M. passed Ship Franklin Rider of Nantucket 1750 Bbls Bound home, Do ends Beating out clear of the Land

Latt per Obs [illegible]

Ship Nantucket from Kowaiheea

Sunday 3d.

Begins with strong trades and passing clouds from the S E under all all sail steering North - land in sight. Latter part much the same going 8 knots unbent chains stowed anchors &c Sounds

Latt per Obs 5. 43 S Long 32. 10 W

Monday 4th

Begins with strong trades from the S E and passing clouds steering N by E - under all sail middle and latter part much the same. Squalls of rain Employed this day at fitting rigging &c all hands nothing more remarkable Sounds Latt per Obs 3. 05 S Long

Tuesday 5th

Begins with moderate trades and cloudy weather under all sail steering N N W. under all sail middle and latter part fresh breezes and fine weather under all sail steering N W by N all hands employed at various jobs &c

Latt per Obs 1. 03 S Long 37. 20 W

Wednesday 6th

Begins with fresh S E trades and passing clouds under all sail steering N W by N middle and latter part the same all hands employed at fitting ship &c Latt per Obs 0. 45 N Long 39 26

Thursday 7th

Begins with strong trades steering N W by N under all sail middle and latter part the same all hands employed at painting ship &c

Latt per Obs 2. 29 Long 41. 37 W.

Friday 8th

Begins with strong N E trades and fine weather under all sail steering N W. by N middle and latter part the same all hands employed at painting ship &c Latt per Obs 4. 29. Long 42. 10 W

Saturday 9th

Begins with strong N E trades all sail set steering N W by N. middle and latter part the same all hands employed at painting ship, inside &c

Latt per Obs 6. 58 Long 42. 57 W

Sunday 10th

All these 24 hours strong N E trades and hazy weather steering N W. under all sail at 5 PM saw a shoal of Sperm whales.

Latt per Obs 8. 28 Long 43. 27 W.

Journal of Nantucket

Monday 11th

all these 24 hours stony N E trades and squally
wether under all sail steering N W.
nothing more remarkable to note this day
Lon. 49. 16 W

Tuesday 12th

Begins with moderate N E trades and thick wether
under all sail steering N W. at 8 A.M. spoke the
Portuguese Barque Felicadade Capt Jose Miguel Ribera
from Para. Bound to Lisbon. with loss of Foretopmast
supplied her with a spar for jury mast. Latter part
ending with brisk trades and squally wether nothing
more remarkable to note, No Obs. Lon. 50. 15 W

Wednesday 13th

Begins with fresh N E trades and rainy wether
steering N W. under all sail middle and latter
part strong trades and fine, employed this day at jurying
& at 4 P.M. saw La 2 sail steering S S W.

Latt per Obs 13. 45 N Lon. 51. 27 W

Thursday 14th

Begins with strong N E trades and jurring clouds
under all sail steering N W. middle and latter
part all the same. people employed at jurying the
ships mast &c Latt per Obs 16. 00 Lon. 53. 06 W

Friday 15th

Begins with fresh trades and N E and jurring clouds
under all sail steering N W Latter part wind
hauled to the North at 6 A.M. saw a Brig steering
S W but nothing more remarkable to note

Latt per Obs 18. 04 Lon. 55. 29

Saturday 16th

Begins with fresh winds at N by E and fine wether
under all sail steering N W. middle and latter
part much the same people employed at various
jobs, saw small quantity of Gulph weed this day

Latt per Obs 19. 54 Lon. 56. 39

Sunday 17th

Begins with brisk winds at N N E and fine wether
middle and latter part much the same
saw a plenty of Gulph weed nothing more remarkable

Latt per Obs 21. 30 Lon. 60. 49 West

per Log
60. 55 per Con

Ship Nantucket from Pernambuca

Monday 18th

Begins with stiff winds at NNE and fine
weather middle and latter stiff winds at NE
and equally weather took 3 boys pilot & mason left ours
sail. Bent the Fore Spencer &c

Latt per Obs 28° 35' - Long 61° 40' W

Tuesday 19th

Begins with stiff winds at NE by E and
fresh gales steering NW by N under all sail
middle and latter part wind from east
to NE and cloudy Steering NW by N under
all sail all hands employed this day at
painting ship inside &c

No Obs this day Long 63.22

Wednesday 20th

Begins with fresh winds at ENE and cloudy
weather under all sail steering NW by N at 1 PM.
saw 2 sail steering West. middle and latter
part moderate winds at NE and fine at
meridian saw a Brig steering NE by E employed
this day at painting &c 4 hands

Latt per Obs 27.22 Long 65.51

Thursday 21st

Begins with moderate winds at ENE and fine
weather under all sail steering NW by N middle
part light Baffling winds from South to east
Latter part wind at W S W and fine weather
saw a number of vessels steering to the S E
all hands at bending sails mending Jib &
Main sail &c 2 hands

Latt per Obs 28.44 Long 68.37

Friday 22d 1841

Begins with light winds at W S W and fine weather
under all sail steering NW by N saw two Brigs
steering S E Latter part much the same all
hands employed at various jobs &c Latt per Obs 30.37 Long 69.14

Saturday 23d

Begins with moderate winds at W N W and
thick weather Latter part light winds and fine
weather all hands employed at various jobs &c
Hove by work over board &c sent down main T Gallant
mast & yard Taking the boom &c

No Obs this day

Towards Nantucket —

Sunday 24th

Begins with light baffling winds at N W by W and rainy weather at 2 P.M. took a very heavy squall from the N W attended with heavy claps of thunder & sharp lightning took in all but close reefd Main Topsail and hove two heading N N E Latter part moderate N W winds and fine made all sail steering west at 2 P.M. saw a schooner steering S E towards Nantucket Lott per Obs. 39. 03 N Long 70. 04

Monday 25th

Begins with light airs at N W and fine weather steering W by S middle and latter part fresh gales and squally weather wind from S W to N W steered N W by W saw two Ships steering S E nothing more remarkable towards this day

Long 69. 04 W

Tuesday 26th

Begins with strong gales and squally weather from the W'ward heading N N W. under close reefd Topsails & Spencer middle part wind veered to N W. clear weather passed Ship at 7. P.M. to the Westward. Latter part light winds at N W and calm steering up West saw a Brig steering S W towards Nantucket employed at Sunday up or aft &c

Latt per Obs 38. 01 N Long 69. 27 W

Wednesday 27th

Begins with light airs and calm weather at N W unbent the Main Sail and repaired hove to hove again middle part moderate winds from South to east under all sail steering N W by W 1/2 W Latter part strong winds and squally weather from the S W sent down Fore top gallt yard & mast. saw 2 sail steering to the S E nothing more remarkable

Latt per Obs 38. 19 Long 71. 26 W

Thursday 28th

Begins with strong gales at S W under Double Reefs steering N W by W 1/2 W made part squally weather wind from S W. to N W Latter light winds at N N W and cloudy lay up N W by N. under all sail

Latt per Obs 34. 27 Long 72. 28

Ship Nantucket from Pernambuco

Friday 29th

Begins with moderate winds at NE and squally weather steering NNE under all sail middle and latter part wind at from East to South with fast heavy squalls and rain midnight crossed the gulph Stream saw a sail nothing remarkable

Saturday 30th

Begins with strong winds at WNW and squally steering NNW under all sail middle part strong gales at NW Double Reft T'sails and reefed the main sail. Latter part wind at NNW and clear made all sail head up NNE saw a Brig steering SW nothing remarkable Lott per Lg 38.23 Lond 72.55 W

Sunday 31st

Begins with strong NW winds steering NbyE at 6 PM double Reft the topsails middle part strong gales at NW with squalls took in fore and main sail steering NbyE ½ E at 3 AM made all sail Latter part strong NW winds steering NNE at Meridian saw East end of Long Island Bearing NbyE dist 10 Leagues Lott 40.35 Lond 72.30

Monday February 1st 1841

Begins with strong West winds under all said steering for the land at 2 PM saw Block Island Bearing NNE dist 25 miles at 6 PM took a Pilot and steered for Jarjandin cove — at 11 PM came to anchor at Jarjandin cove at 7 AM got under way & and steered down Sound. Latter part calm in the Sound

Pilot aboard

Tuesday Feby 2d —

Begins with calms at 2 PM a breeze up at East NE commenced beating towards Woody Hole at 7 PM came to anchor at ~~Jarjandin Cove~~ Woody Hole being NE. Had a Storm let go 2d anchor at 1 AM — Latter part moderate winds at North West —

Towards Nantucket

Mr. Peter S Foyer

Henry B Folger Mr. Charles H Bunker

Mr Peter S Folger Henry B Folger

Ship Nantucket of Nantucket

On her 2d Voyage round

Cape Horn

George Washington Gardner

Master

Sailed from the Vineyard Sound

June 16th 1841

I Ship Martha

I





Ship Nantucket Laying at Edgartown

Wednesday June 2d 1841

Arrived at Edgartown to fit for Pacific Ocean on a whaling voyage

Thursday June 3d 1841

Commences with pleasant SW winds and clear weather all hands employed at stowing the ground tier, getting up Main Topmast &c

Friday June 4th

Commences with moderate winds at SW and clear weather middle and latter part strong winds at W & W employed at taking in cargo &c &c

Saturday June 5th

Commences with strong winds and clear weather from the S.West Latter part wind at N E all hands employed at taking in cargo &c c

Sunday June 6th

Commences with moderate winds from the NE and fine. nothing more remarkable so ends

Monday June 7th

Commences with moderate winds and pleasant weather from the W & SW all hands employed at taking in cargo &c

Tuesday June 8th

Commences with light winds at SW and fine all employed at taking in cargo &c Sundry

Wednesday June 9th

Commences with moderate winds at SE and thick weather all hands employed at stowing Between decks &c

Thursday June 10th

Commences strong breze and thick weather from the South and east all hands employed at taking in cargo &c

Friday June 11th

Saturday 12

Commences with moderate SW winds and fine weather all hands employed at taking in cargo

~~Saturday June 11th~~

~~Commences with strong winds from the SW and fine weather all hands employed taking in cargo~~

Sunday June 13th

Commences with thick weather and South winds at 11 A M got under weigh from the wharf and came to an anchor below the flats 5 fathoms

Ship Nantucket

Monday June 14th

Commences with moderate winds from the S & and fine weather all hands employed at Setting up rigging &c

Tuesday June 15th

Commences with light winds at S & and fine weather Middle part rainy weather at 5 A.M. got under weigh and Stood out of the Sounds at 5. P.M. Came too at Jocpoutin Cove.

Wednesday June 16th

at 4 A.M. got under weigh and stood out of the Sound with the wind at N.N.W. at 7 A.M. discharged our pilot and Steered to the S.S.W. all hands employed at Stowing anchors &c at Meridian Nomans Land S.Island bea by Compass N.N.E 8 Leagues from which I take my departure so ends

Thursday June 17th

Begins with light winds at South and fine weather Steering to the S.W. under all Sail middle and latter part moderate breezes at South Steering E.S.E under all Sail Saw four Ships Saw Black fish & Sword fish at Meridian Picked up a Plank nothing more remarkable so ends

Latt per Observation 40°.20 Long 69°.58

Friday June 18th

Begins with light winds at South Steering by the wind to the Eastward, under all Sail, middle part light winds and calms Latter part Strong breezes at E.N.E at 6 P.M. took in the light Sails Saw four Ships all hands employed at Setting the boats &c

Latt per Observation 39°.50 N Long 69°.

Saturday June 19th

Begins with fresh breezes at E.N.E and thick weather heading to the N.E at 6 P.M. took in the light Sails middle part moderate breezes and rainy weather from the eastward Latter part much the same, Couble Reeft the topsails, and veered to the N.E ending with rainy weather, Saw a brig so ends

Latt per D.R. 39°.47 Long 68°.59

Ship Nantucket of Nantucket

Sunday June 20th

Begins with moderate winds at E by E and rainy weather under double Reeft Topsails heading up N E by E middle part moderate winds and rainy weather Latter part strong winds at N N W and squally Steering E S E at 9 A.M. Set Fore topmast Studding sail saw a Ship Steering N W. So ends Latt per Obs 40.14 Long 67.09

Monday June 21st

Begins with strong winds at N N W and thick weather Steering E S E middle part heavy squalls from the North double Reeft the topsails Latter part heavy gales at North tack in Fore and Mizzen topsails & hove to heading East under close Reeft Main topsail & Spencer, at 5 A.M. saw a Brig Steering S E at 8 A.M. saw a brig Steering S E nothing more remarkable so ends

Latt per Obs 39.30 Long 64.11 W

Tuesday June 22d

Begins with heavy gales at North lying too under Spencer at 4 P.M. set Fore Sail and steered E & S E, at 8 o'clock hove to again took in Fore Sail Stove a boat. middle and latter part being gales and a bad sea at 6 A.M. Ship poked away Jibboom & Fore Top Gallt mast all hands employed clearing the wreck and sending down royal yards &c Latt 39.01 Long 63.2

Wednesday June 23d

Begins with strong winds at North Lying too under Spencer heading up E by N middle part moderate wind at N N W Set close Reeft Topsails & Main Sail steering E by N Latter part strong N N W winds and rainy weather Steering E by S all hands employed at Sewing Jibs making Fore top Gallt mast &c so ends

Latt per Obs 38.53 Long per Chro 59.47

Thursday June 24th

Begins with strong winds at N N W and rainy weather Steering E by S. under close reeft Topsails and courses middle and latter part more moderate made sail Steering East wind at North employed at fitting Jibs Main & mizzen Starbd Boat &c Latt 38.40 Long 55.54

Pilot

G. W. Gardner Master. Bound to coast

Friday June 25th

Begins with moderate winds at North and
Squally weather, steering East middle part more
moderate made all sail wind from North to West
steering East Latter part pleasant, all hands
employed at fitting rigging & getting out Jibboom &c
Latt per Obs 38°.54 N Long per Chr 33°.19
W

Saturday June 26th

Begins with moderate N W winds and pleasant
under all sail steering East middle and latter
part wind at North fine breezes steering East
all hands employed at getting off Fore Top Gallt
mast & yard Main Royal yard &c saw a brig
steering East nothing more remarkable to ends
Latt per Obs 39°.06' Long 50°.36' West

Sunday June 27th

Begins with moderate winds at North and
fine weather, steering East under all sail
middle part having winds from North to
East and rainy heading S E Latter part
steady breezes at N N E steering E S E seven ships
in sight nothing more remarkable to ends.
Latt per D R. 38°.06 Long 48°.01
W

Monday June 28th

Begins with brisk winds from the N N E and passing
clouds heading up E S E. under all sail middle
and latter part brisk winds at North and Squally
weather Steering East at 5. A.M. took in the
Top gallant sail, at meridian set them again
at 12. A.M. thirteen sail in sight, nothing
more remarkable to ends Latt per D R 39°.06'
Long per Chr 45°.22' W

Tuesday June 29th

Begins with winds at North and Squally steering
E by N. under all sail middle part fine weather
Latter part wind at W S W steering E by S under
all sail, employed this day at mending old
Boat &c so ends Latt per Obs 40°.10 Long 52°.58 W

Wednesday June 30th

Begins with moderate W S W winds at pleasant
steering E by S middle part shortened sail and
have two Latter part made sail steering E by S
saw a White Ship Latt per Obs 40°.11 Long 60°.34 W

Ship Nantucket Bound towards

Thursday July 1st

Begins with stiff W S W winds and rainy
Steered E S E under all sail, at sunset shortned
sail and hove too heading to the South, at
daylight made all sail and steered E S E
Latter part fine weather all hands employed at
fitting cutting gear &c nothing seen this day
remarkable so ends Latt per Obs 40° 04' N Long per D R 39° 47'

Friday July 2d

Begins with moderate W S W winds and fine weather
steering E S E under all sail, at Sunset shortned
sail and hove the ship to heading to the South
at daylight made all sail and steered E S E
Latter part fine weather saw a finback & porpoises
Cooteh employed this day at fitting rigging &c,
so ends the day Latt per Obs 39° 47' N Long 37° 36' W

Saturday July 3d

Begens with moderate S W winds and fine
weather steering E by S under all sail, at sunset
shortned sail and hove the ship too heading
to the south at daylight made all sail steering
E by S at 10. A.M. saw a shoal of Spermchalls
lowered the boats and chased them. Latter
part fine weather boats a after whales,
Latt 39° 37' N Long 36° 37' W

Sunday July 4th

Begens with moderate S W winds and fine
weather, at 2. P.M. boats came on board but
did not strike at 4 lowered again but did
not strike, at Sunset took in Jib Gallant sails
and Stood to the N W at daylight made
all sail and steered E by S Latter part ends
with fine weather wind at South nothing more
remarkable so ends Latt per Obs 39° 56 Long per Chro

Monday July 5th

Begins with small winds from the S W and
fine weather middle part hove too. Latter
part made sail, wind at South lay up E by N
so ends the day Latt per Obs 40° 20' N
Long per Chro 35° 16' W

Cape Horn. Geo. W. Gardner Master

Tuesday July 6th

Begins with small winds at South lay up E by N under all sail at 7 PM. veered ship to the Westward, took in Jib Gaff sails at daylight made all sail heading E N E Latter part moderate winds from the S E. and fine saw two Brigs standing to the Eastward, watch employed this day at various jobs sent up Fore Royal and at 8 ends the day

Latt per Obs 46.08 N Long 36.24

Wednesday July 7th

Begins with light winds at S E and fine weather heading N E. Middle part veered Ship to the Southward and took in Jib Gaff sails, at daylight made all sail, veered Ship to the S S E- wind at East Latter part brisk winds and squally clouds saw three ships, watch employed this day at getting aloft Fore Royal Yard & Mizzen Royal mast &c Ends Latt per Obs 46.57 N

Long per Chro 33.47

Thursday July 8th

Begins with brisk east winds and squally clouds at sunset shortned sail heading up S S E- at 7 A M made all sail middle part brisk winds at E S E latter part fresh breezes took in the B Mizzen Jib Gaff sails. heading up S by E. watch employed this day at various jobs, &c ends Latt per Obs 39 37 Long 33.00

Friday July 9th

Begins with brisk winds at E S E and fine weather at 2. P M saw a large whale lowered the boats but did not strike, my head back but I cant help it. middle part shortned sail Latter part fine weather standing to the N E. a number of whales heavily in sight all hands employed this day at various jobs &c

Latt per Obs 39.07 N

Long per Chro 33.18

Saturday July 10th

Begins with moderate winds at E S E. and fine. middle part took in Jib Gaff Sails and veered Ship to the South. at 4 P M. spoke Brig John R Doddy of Providence town 5 months out 50 Bbls at 7 P M. veered Ship to the South and took in Jib, Gaff sails, at 4. A M. saw a shoal of Sperm whales lowered the boats and got two to hauld whales at dien took the whales along side and commenced cutting

Latt 40-00 Long 33-00

Ship Nantucket Geo. W. Gardner master

Sunday July 11th

Begins with light east winds and fine at 6. P.M finished cutting one whale. latter part moderate breezes at S.E and fine at S.E all hands employed at cutting in the other whale saw a Barque take a whale saw a Brig and Schooner nothing more remarkable to ends Latt per Obs 39° 56' Lond 33° 27'

Monday July 12th

Begins with light east winds and fine at S.E at 5 P.M. finished cutting middle and latter part moderate winds at S.E and fine employed at boiling at the whales nothing more remarkable to ends Latt per Obs 39° 51' Lond 33° 32'

Tuesday July 13th

Begins with moderate S.E winds and fine heading to the South. Spoke Barque Hope of N. Bedford 4 mo out 80 bbls middle and latter part moderate winds at E.S.E. and fine steered Ship to the N.E. all hands employed at Boiling nothing more remarkable to ends

Latt per Obs 39° 49' Lond mine

Wednesday July 14th

Begins with moderate winds at E.N.E and fine heading to the N.E. middle and latter part moderate winds at S.E. heading E.S.E. at 10 A.M. shook out the reefs and set M. Top Gallant sail employed this day at Boiling nothing more remarkable to ends Latt per Obs 40° 29' Lond 32° 39'

Thursday July 15th

Begins with moderate winds at S.E and fine weather heading East. at 5. P.M. finished boiling at 7. A.M made all sail and steered Ship to the S.W. latter part ends with light S.E winds and fine weather. saw a number of whales all hands employed this day at coopering oil &c to ends Latt per Obs 40° 40' Lond 33° 22' W

Friday July 16th

Begins with light airs at S.E and fine heading S.W. middle and latter part calm with hot weather all hands employed at coopering nothing more remarkable to ends saw Black Fish to ends 40° 29' Lond 32° 29'

Bound towards Cape Horn

Saturday July 17th

Begins with calm weather at 5. P.M. finished boating coopering and hoisted the oil on deck a bulge at 6. P.M. a light breeze at N.E. made all sail steering S.E. middle and latter part moderate winds at N.W. at 10 A.M. saw the Island of Fyhers bearing S.E. by E. distance 12 leagues

Latt per Obs 39. 51 N

Sunday July 18th

Begins with moderate winds from the N.W. and fine at 5. P.M. saw a shoal of Sperm whales lowered the boats struck one and the Iron drawed, saw two brigs cutting at sunset shortned sail headed to the South at day light made all sail steering S.E. latter part ends with light west winds and fine saw a brig cutting and one boiling at anchor the Island Fyhers bore E by N. distance 10. leagues

Latt per Obs 39. 25' Long 38° 30 West

Monday July 19th

Begins with moderate winds at west and fine Fyhers in sight at 3 P.M. saw Sperm whales lowered but the whales went quick to the leward middle and latter part light N.E. winds and fine weather Steering S.E. under all sail at 7. A.M. Fyhers we supposed them to be the same we saw yesterday watch employed this day at varnishing the waist &c at Meridian Fyhers bore N.E. by N. distance 10 Leagues

Latt per Obs 38° 55 Long per Obs 39. 12

Tuesday July 20th

Begins with light winds from the N.E with fine weather steering S.E by E. under all, middle and latter part with the same, at Meridian Fayal bore East distance 4 leagues running down the west side of Fayal towards the harbour Island of Pico. and St George in sight watch employed this day at various Jobs &c &c No Observation this day

Wednesday July 21st

Begins with moderate N.E winds and fine weather standing in towards the harbour of Fayal at 3. P.M. Captain went in with the boat, at 6. P.M. boat returned some few recruits Latter part Laying off and on Fayal Landed 130 bls Sperm oil and got of our recruits at 10. A.M. the Ship Portland of Saybrook ran into us while we lay there two discharging our oil, she did but little damage one boat on shore, the Ship Laying off and on Fayal to ends

Latt more

Ship Nantucket Geo. W. Gardner

Thursday July 22d

Begins with brisk winds at NE. and fine weather at 5. PM the boat returned from on shore, made all sail Steering SSW from the Island of Fayal. the middle and latter part moderate winds at E SE. under all sail Steering S by W. watch employed this day at clearing the decks and stowing down between decks &c ends Latt per Obs 36 30 Long

Friday July 23d

Begins with moderate winds at E SE. under all drawing sail Steering S by W. middle part strong breezes and squally at 1. AM. took in Fore & Mizzen Top gallant sails. Latter part more moderate made all sail Steering S by W. saw a Ship Steering South watch employed this day at various Jobs &c

Saturday July 24th Latt per Obs 30. 52 N

Long per Obs ---

Begins with brisk wind at E SE. and fine weather Steering S by W. at 4. PM. spoke Ship Levi Starbuck Nye. 50 days out clean. at 6. PM. veered Ship to NE. at 12. veered Ship Steering S by W. middle part squally wind from East to SE. Latter part wind at E SE. Steering S by E watch employed this day at various Jobs &c Latt per Obs 32.27 Long ---

Sunday July 25th

Begins with brisk winds at E SE Steering SSE. under all drawing sail at 3. PM. took in Fore & Mizzen Top gall sails & Flying Jibb middle part squally steering South Latter part brisk winds at E SE. steering SSE nothing more remarkable to end Latt per Obs 31.00. Long 26. 01 W

Monday July 26th

Begins with fresh winds at E SE. and squally steering S by E. under all sail middle part squally took in Fore & Mizzen Top Gallt sails Latter part steady winds at E SE. at Top gallant sails & Studding sails. this day. found our Jibboom Sprung. watch employed at various Jobs to end Steering S by W.

Latt per Obs 27. 16 North

Nantucket Ships W. A. Folger

Ship Masters 32 Mariners &c

Master Bound towards Cape Horn

Tuesday July 27th

Begins with steing Lizzes at E S E and squally steering S by W. at 5. P.M. took in Fore & Mizzen T.G.S. gallant sails & Studding sails middle part squally weather Latter part moderate Lizzes from the E Eastward with passing clouds. steering S by W. set T.G.S. gallant sails, and studding sails, watch employed this day at fitting rigging &c &c ends Latt per Obs 25.02 Long 25.42 W

Wednesday July 28th

Begins with moderate winds at east & cloudy steering S.S.W. under all sail middle and latter part fresh N E trades and passing clouds all sail set steering S.S.W. watch employed this day at fitting rigging &c &c ends ~~this day~~

Latt per Obs 22.24 N Long per Obs. 25.40

Thursday July 29th

Begins with fresh N E trades and passing clouds steering S.S.W under all sail at 7. P.M. steered S by W with fresh N E trades and smoaky weather Latter part strong trades steering S by W. watch employed this day at fitting rigging &c &c ends, all well on board ---

Latt per Obs 19.25 Long 25.42 W

Friday July 30th

Begins with fresh trades and smoaky weather under all sail steering S by W. at 6 P.M. took in the Studding sails & T.G.S. gallant sails, at 3 A.M. saw a Ship steering S.E. made all sail Sail steering S.S.E at 10. A.M. made the Island St. Antonia bearing S E distance 6 Leagues watch employed this day at various jobs &c ends

Latt per Obs 17.05 N

Saturday July 31st

Begins with moderate N E trades and passing clouds St. Antino in sight, Ship Caledonia in sight steering S.S.E under all sail middle part light baffling winds Latter part strong trades at N E. and smoaky weather steering S.S.E under all sail watch employed this day at Sundry jobs &c ends

Latt per Obs 15.27 Long 24.12 W

Sunday ~~July~~ August 1st.

Begins with strong N E trades and passing clouds steering towards Brava Island at Bearing S by W distance 7. Leagues at 7. A.M. Capt went on shore one boat, Latter part strong N E trades Laying off & on Brava ------ &c ends

Latt per Obs 14.53 N Long per Obs.

Ship Nantucket Outward Bound

Monday August 2d

Begins with strong N E & hazy and fine at 4 P.M. Boat returned to the Ship with recruits Capt. Jones. Pumped Ship & made all sail and cleared from the Island steering S by E. ½ E Ship Henry of Sagharbour in sight 2d Latter part Stood S S E under all sail watch employed this day at regulating the between decks &c Do ends Latt per Obs 13.10 Lond 24.00 W

Tuesday August 3d

Begins with light N E winds and fine weather steering S S E under all drawing sail saw an English Ship steering to the North middle part light airs at 6 P.M. and fine Latter part light breezes at N N E and very hot steering S S E under all drawing sail watch employed this day at setting Rigging &c Do ends Ship Henry of Sagharbour in sight Do ends Latt per Obs 12.25 Long 23.48

Wednesday August 4th

Begins with light airs at N N E and fine weather steering S S E under all drawing sail middle and Latter part moderate breezes at N N W. steering S S E Ship Henry in sight. watch employed this day at setting the lower rigging &c Do ends Latt per Obs 11.10 Lond 22.57 W.

Thursday August 5th

Begins with moderate breezes at N N W. and cloudy under all drawing sail steering S S E. Ship Henry in sight middle and latter part strong breezes at S W. and squally steering S S E under all sail. watch employed this day at setting rigging &c Do ends Latt per Obs 9.29 Lond 21.21

Friday August 6th

Begins strong S W winds and squally weather steering South middle and Latter part rainy winds & lifting steering South - watch employed this day at various Jobs

No Obs this day

Towards Cape Horn

Saturday August 7th

Begins with moderate winds and squally at S.W. Steering South middle and latter part much the same watch employed this day at sunday Jdy &c so ends the day No Ob. Long 19.50'

Sunday August 8th

Begins with strong winds and squally at S.W. steering S by W. at 5 P.M. took a reef in Fore & Mizzen T'gsails middle and latter part more moderate made all sail wind at S.S.W. tacked Ship occasionaly so ends nothing more remarkable

Latt per Ob 6.51' Long 18.47' West

Monday August 9th

Begins with fresh winds at S.S.W. under all sail heading up W. by N at 12. veered Ship again to S.E. Middle and latter part fresh winds at South with passing clouds. saw three Sail steering to the S.E. watch employed this day at setting Rygging &c

Latt per Ob 6.20 N Long 17.34 W

Tuesday August 10th

Begins with fresh winds at South and passing clouds heading up S.E under all sail at 6. P.M. veered Ship to the westward middle and latter part much the same watch employed this day at fitting rygging &c so ends 5-41- Long per Lunar 19.04 W

Wednesday August 11th

Begins with fresh South winds and fine under all sail heading West. at 5. P.M. veered Ship to the S.E middle and Latter part much the same watch employed this day at fitting rygging &c

Latt per Ob 5.22 N Long 19.08 West

Thursday August 12th

Begins with fresh South winds and thickish weather under all sail heading up W by S. at 6. P.M. veered Ship to S.E. saw a Bogue working to the South middle and latter part much the same tacked Ship occasionally to get to the South. saw many Porbacks, watch employed this day at fitting rygging &c

Latt per Ob 6.47 N Long 19.00 W

Ship Nantucket Outward Bound

Friday August 13th

Begins with fresh South winds under all sail heading to the SE. middle and latter part much the same tacking ship often to get to the South watch employed this day at various Jobs I have had quite an ill turn this last day or two but thanks the Lord I feel better now

Latt per Obs 3° 50' N Long 19° 20' W

Saturday August 14th

Begins with gentle winds at South all sail set heading WNW. middle and latter part much the same. tacking ship occasionally to get to the windward watch employed this day at sundry Jobs.

Latt 3° 50' Long 19° 20'

Sunday August 15th

Begins with moderate winds at South and equally heading up SW. at 5. PM. saw a ship heading SE. middle and latter part much the same tacking occasionally to get to the South. saw a sail working to the South. nothing more remarkable to ends Latt per Obs 2° 08' N Long

Monday August 16th

Begins with Gentle breezes at South and fine weather heading up WSW. all sail set. middle and latter part much the same tacking occasionally to get South. at meridian headed up SWbyW. all sail set. nothing more, remarkable to ends

Latt per Obs 1° 20' N Long 22° 20' W

Tuesday August 17th

Begins with fresh winds at South by E under all sail heading up SWbyW. middle and latter part came up SW by S. weather very smoaky saw a sail heading to the South watch employed this day at Stowing over head Boats &c

Latt per Obs 00° 06' N Long 24° 00' W

Wednesday August 18th

Begins with strong breezes at SbyE heading up SWbyS all sail set. middle part headed up SSW Latter part ft SWbyS. ending with fresh SSE winds and cloudy. saw Black fish, watch employed this day at fitting Rigging &c

Latt per Obs 1° 39' S Long 24° 56' W

From the Equator towards Cape Horn

Thursday August 19th

Begins with fresh S.E. winds and cloudy heading S.W by S all sail set. middle and latter part gentle breezes heading up S.S.W. watch employed this day at sunday Jobs so ends Latt per Obs 3.17 S Long

Friday August 20th

Begins with moderate S.E winds and smoaky weather heading S.S.W all sail set, middle and latter part fresh breezes heading up S by W. all sail set. watch employed this day at sunday Jobs. so ends the day Latt per Obs 5.03 S Long 26.18 W

Saturday August 21st

Begins with fresh winds at S.E by S. under all sail steering S by W. middle and latter part much the same. heading up S.S.W. nothing more remarkable so ends watch employed this day at various Jobs so ends. saw many boobys this day

Latt per Obs 6.30 S Long 26.17 West

Sunday August 22d

Begins with gentle breezes at S.E by S under all sail heading up S.S.W. middle and latter part strong trades at S.E steering S.S.W. short by. at 7. A.M. took in fore & mizzen T.gallant sails. & T.stay jibb. nothing more remarkable

Latt per Obs. 8.15 S Long per Lunar 25.00

Monday August 23d.

Begins with strong S.E trades and squally weather steering S.S.W. under whole T.sails & M. T.gallant sails. middle and latter part more moderate made all sail, course S.S.W. watch employed this day at sundry Jobs so ends Latt per Obs 10.15 S Long per Lunar 26.09

Tuesday August 24th

Begins with strong S.E trades and passing cloudy steering S.S.W. under all sail middle and latter part moderate with pleasant weather. watch employed this day at sunday Jobs &c &c

Latt per Obs 13.14 S Long per Lunar 26.56

Wednesday August 25th

Begins with moderate S.E trades and fine weather steering S.W. under all sail middle and latter part wind at S by W heading up S.W by S ending with cloudy weather and a heavy swell from the South nothing more remarkable so ends

Latt per Obs 14.56 S Long 27.07 W

Ship Nantucket Outward Bound

Thursday August 26th

Begins with strong breezes and cloudy from the South heading up S.W. all sail set, middle part strong South winds & squally weather at 9 P.M. Double Reeft the Topsails. at 12. took in Jibb & Main Sail Latter part moderating Some set Jibb & Main Sail, Ship heading up S.W. nothing more remarkable so ends

Latt per Obs 16' 16' S Long Pas D.K. 28 22

Friday August 27th

Begins with strong South winds and cloudy weather heading up S.W. under Double Reefs. middle and latter part moderating breezes Shook out the Reefs and Set Topgallant sails at 1. A.M. saw a Brig Steering to the North watch employed this day at making mats &c so ends the day Latt per Obs 17' 36' S Long 28' 40' West

Saturday August 28th

Begins with gentle winds from the S.E under all sail Steering South. middle part light Bafling winds from South to East Latter part light steady breezes at S.E all sail set heading S. by W. at Meridian saw the Island of Trinidad Bearing S. by W. distance 15 Leagues all hands employed this day at fitting Bobstay Varnishing the waist &c &c So ends the day Latt 19' 31' Long 29' 23'

Sunday August 29th

Begins with moderate winds at S.E and fine weather Steering S. by W. middle and latter part light winds at South Steering S.W. under all drawing sail Saw two Barques steering to the South, nothing more remarkable so ends the day Latt per Obs 20' 43' Long 30' 07' W

Monday August 30th

Begins with moderate winds at South and fine Steering S.W. all sail set. at 6. P.M. saw two Barques and a Ship all steering to the South. at 2. P.M. we lost sight of Trinidad, middle and latter with moderate winds at S.E and fine, set the Standing sails & royals course S.W. watch employed this day at making new Bowsprit Shrouds &c &c So ends the day Latt per Obs 22' 06' S Long 32' 08'

Tuesday August 31st

all these 24 hours moderate winds at S.E and fine Steering S.W all sail set, watch employed at fetting rigging &c &c ends

Latt 23' 36' S Long 33' 10' W.

Near Trinidad Islands 1841

Wednesday September 1st

Begins with with Gentle bizzes at SE and pleasant weather Steering SW. under all drawing Sail at Meridian Saw a Brig Steering NE. Latter part wind at NE cloudy weather watch employed this day at fitting new Sails to bend Latt per De. 21.32 Lon 34.18

Thursday September 2d

Begins with gentle winds at North and fine Steering SW. all Sail Set middle and latter part fresh bizzes at North course SW. at 10. A.M. Saw a Brig Steering to the Northward, this day unbent the Fore Topsail and bent another, nothing more remarkable to ends

Latt per Obs 27.55 Lon 37.10 West

Friday September 3d

Begins with moderate winds at NW. and cloudy weather Steering SWest. all Sail Set. middle part wind veered suddenly to SE. took in the Studding Sails and Top gallant Sails, Latter part fresh gales at SE and rainy, took in Main Top Gallant Sails, course SWbyW.

Latt per D.R. 29.09 S Lon 39.31 West

Saturday September 4th

Begins with fresh gales at SE and rainy weather Steering ~~SE~~ SWbyW. under Double Reefs. middle part wind at East and rainy Latter part moderating bizzes at SSE made all Sail Steering SW. at 9. A.M. Saw a Brig Steering to the North employed this day at various Jobs &c

Latt per Obs ~~40~~ 30.42 Lon 40.55

Sunday September 5th

Begins with moderating winds at SbyE and clear all Sail Steering SW. middle part light South winds and clear weather heading SW. all Sail Set Latter part much the same Saw a Sail steering to the North, Saw Grimbacks & Killers nothing more Remarkable to ends the day

Latt per Obs 31.10 S Lon 42.45 West

Monday September 6th

Begins with moderate Bizzes at South all Sail set heading SW. at 2. P.M. Saw a Brig Steering to the NE. middle part wind at East Steering SSW. all drawing Sail Set Latter part wind at North and cloudy weather at 1. P.M. Saw a Sail steering to the NW. all hands employed this day at bending our new Sails for Cape Horn &c &c ends the day Latt per Obs ~~44 0~~ 32.47 S Lon 44.04 W

Coast of Brazil

Tuesday September 7th

Begins with strong winds at North and cloudy Steering S S W all drawing Sail set, middle part rainy weather Latter part strong gales at North and Squally Sent down Main Royal yard & mast Bent the Fore Spencer. course S S W. nothing more remarkable to ends the day No Ds this day Lon 45° 07' W

Wednesday September 8th

Begins with strong gales at N N E and heavy Squalls Steering S S W. at 2 P.M. double Reeft took in the mizzen Sail. Sent up the quarter Boats at 6. P.M. close Reeft the T Sails & reeft the Fore Sail, Latter part moderate winds at W N W and cloudy made all Sail heading up South employed this day at sundry Jobs &c

Latt per Obs 37° 14" S Lon 46° 11' W

Thursday September 9th

Begins with fresh winds at W S W. and cloudy weather Steering S S W. at 8. P.M. took in the Fore & Mizzen T gallant Sails. middle part moderating winds at South Latter part light airs at S E and clear veered Ship to the S S W. watch employed this day at various Jobs & ends Latt per Obs 38° 26 S. Long 45° 43' W

Friday September 10th

Begins with light airs and calms at S E heading S S W middle and latter part Gentle Breezes at W S W and fine steering S W. by S Latter part all hands employed at filling Salt water in the Fore Hole, &c

Saw many Porpises this day caught one, the water of a greenish colour. nothing more remarkable to ends

Latt per Obs 39° 26' S. Long 46° 25' 15" W

Saturday September 11th

Begins with Gentle breezes at W S W and clear weather Steering S W by S. all drawing Sail set. middle part strong winds at west under close reefs Steering S W Latter part strong gales at west and a bad Sea heading S W. nothing more remarkable to ends

Latt per Obs 40° 26 S Lon 47° 02

Sunday September 12th

Begins with strong west winds and cloudy under close Reeft T Sails & Courses Steering S W. middle part moderating took out the reefs & set Main T S Gallant Latter part found unsteady took in the Main T S Gallant and Double Reeft the T Sails Ship heading S S W

Lat 41° 28 Long 48° 35' W

Nears Cape Horn

Monday Septem 13th

Begins with light airs at S W and thick hazy weather Ship heading South under Double Reefs middle part light airs from the Southward Steering S W by W saw large beds of Kelp nothing more remarkable to ends

Latt per Obs 62° 0' S Long 69° 30' W

Tuesday September 14th

Begins with light airs and calms from the S W all Sail set middle part light airs and calms the wind all round the Compass Latter part much the same. watch employed this day at Sundry Jobs So ends Latt per Obs 62° 11' S Long 69° 30' W

Wednesday September 15th

Begins with light airs and calms from the S W with fine weather heading W S W all Sail Set middle part Smalls Breezes at S W Latter part calm weather heading to the S W the watch employed this day at scraping and Blacking the Chains &c So ends Latt per Obs 61° 55' S Long 67° 30' W

Thursday September 16th

Begins with calm weather middle part brisk winds at W N W. Latter part Strong winds at N W. and Squally Steering S W by W. watch employed this day at various Jobs So ends

Latt per Obs 62° 07' S Long 65° 00'

Friday September 17th

Begins with strong winds at N W and Squally Steering S W by W middle part moderate Breezes at W N W and thick foggy weather took in the Lee Gaff Sails Latter part wind at W by N made all Sail clear weather watch employed this day variously So ends

Latt per Obs 64° 27' S Long 58° 09' West

Saturday September 18th

Begins with moderate winds at W by N and fine weather all drawing Sail Set heading up S S W middle part much the same Latter part wind at N W by W Steered S W by W all Sail Set saw many Finbacks & Blackfish So ends all hands employed variously So ends

Latt per Obs 65° 30' S Long 60° 07' 30" West

Sunday September 19th

Begins with fresh breezes at N W by W and clear Steering S W by W all Sail Set middle and latter part gentle breezes at S W heading S by E under all Sail saw many Finbacks this day, at Meridian Sounded in 85 Fathoms So ends Latt 66° 30' S Long 60° 14' W

Off the Falkland Islands

Monday September 20th

Begins with Gentle Breezes at N.W. and fine weather all Sail set. Steering S.W. By W. middle and latter part Strong Breezes and Clear at N.W. Steering S.W. By W water of a light greenish colour nothing more Remarkable Do ends Lat per Obs 47° 38' S Long per Lunar 64° 00' W

Tuesday September 21st

Begins with Fresh Breezes at N.W. and fine weather at 6. P.M. Sounded in 35 Fathoms water Mud & Shells. we then kept off S.S.E. all drawing Sail set middle and latter Steady Breezes from North to N.W. all drawing Sail set, Steering S.S.E. watches employed this day at setting croft &c Do ends

Lat per Obs 49° 56' S Long 65° 04' West

Wednesday September 22d

Begins with light winds at N.N.W. and hazy weather all drawing Sail set Steering S By E middle part Fresh Breezes from N.N.E to E.N.E Steered S.E. Latter part ends Fresh Breezes at E.S.E. and thick Foggy weather Steering S.E. nothing more remarkable so ends

Lat per Obs 51° 50' S Long 65° 15' W.

Thursday September 23d

Begins with moderate breezes at E.S.E and thick Foggy weather Steering S.E all drawing Sail set Sounded at 2. P.M. in 75 Fathoms sand & ~~Shells~~ Stones middle part Strong winds at S.E with thick rainy weather took in the Main T.G.Sail & Double Reeft the T.G.Sails at 2. A.M. close reeft the T.Sails & reeft the Courses Steering to the S.E. Latter part moderating some, Steered Ship to the ~~westward~~ and set double Reefs &c ends Lat per Obs 52° 18' Long 64° 52' W
S 65-12

Friday September 24th

Begins with light South winds Steering to the S.E middle part moderate Breezes at N.W. Steering S.E By E Latter part brisk winds at North Steering S.E By E all drawing Sail set watch employed this day at setting croft &c ends

Lat per Obs 53° 05' S Long 63° 30' W

Saturday September 25th

Begins with thick winds at North and fine weather Steering S.E By E all drawing Sail set middle part heavy winds at North & thick weather Steering S.E at Midnight took in the T.G.Sail and double Reeft the T.Sails, Latter part more moderate with rain Steering South &c ends

Lat per Obs 55° 48' S Long 63° 05' West

Staten Land, & Cape Horn

Sunday September 26th

Begins with moderating winds from South to West heading S E By E at 4. P.M. veered Ship to the S W. middle part fresh Breezes at W S W. heading up S S W Latter part Strong gales at West heading up S W. under close Reeft Topsails & Courses do ends with Squalls of Snow hail & rain nothing remarkable so ends the day Latt per Obs 56 30 S Long 64 30 West

Monday September 27th

Begins with strong gales at S W. with Squalls of Snow hail & rain heading to the South. under close reeft Topsails & Courses at 3. P.M. veered Ship to the N W middle part heavy gales at S W. Latter part wind veered ~~Ship to the~~ to the N W. S W. Latter part steered S W. under Double Reeft Topsails & Courses thick rainy weather & Squalls

Latt per Obs 56 06 S Long 66 49 W

Tuesday September 28th

Begins with fresh gales at N W. and rainy weather Steering S W. under Double Reeft Topsails & Courses. at 6. P.M. Saw a Ship to the windward steering to the S W. middle part strong winds at N W. and clear weather steered S W. at 7. P.M. Saw the Island of Diego Ramarez Bearing per Compass N N W distance 5 Leagues, saw the above mentioned Ship to the North. Latter part of these 24 hours heavy gales & west took in all but close Reeft Main Topsail & Spenker and have the Ship to heading S S W. Saw Kelph and many Birds this day so ends Latt per Obs 56 58 S Long 67 30 W.

Wednesday September 29th

Begins with heavy gales at S W. with hard Squalls of hail rain Sleet and Snow. Ship hove too heading S S E under Close reeft Main Topsail & Spenker at 3. P.M. Saw a Ship to the North, middle part strong gales at S W. with heavy Squalls of hail Sleet and Snow heading S E. under Close reeft Topsails & reeft Foresail at 6. P.M. veered Ship to the westward and set the Main sail the Latter part ending with moderating winds at S S W. shook out one reef out of each Topsail & Set the Fore sail. — Ship heading W By N. . So ends the day

Latt per Obs 57 20 S. Long per Chro. 67 02 W.

our true Long is 68 07 our Chronometer being 121 miles to far east

Past Cape Horn once more

Off Cape Horn

Thursday September 30th

Begins with light moderating winds at S S W heading to the west, at 3 P M made all sail middle part fresh breezes at North steering S W. Latter part hick N W winds with thick foggy weather Steered S W By W all sail set nothing more remarkable to ends the day Latt per Obs 57° 53 S. Long 72 00 West

Friday September 31st

Begins with fresh winds at west and cloudy heading S W By S. all sail set, at 5 P M. took in the Topgallant sails, at 7 P M. single reef the Topsails. the middle and latter part Strong S W. winds and squally heading N W By W. wored Ship at 10 P M nothing more remarkable to ends Latt per Obs 57 40 S Long 73 12 W

Saturday October 2d

Begins with Strong S W winds and squally heading N W By W. under Double Reef Topsails & Courses. middle part moderating breezes at S W. with thick hazy weather the latter ends with light S W. winds and calms all sail set heading South, unbent the Mizzen. top gallant sail repaired him nothing more remarkable to ends Latt per Obs 57 55 S Long 74 11 W

Sunday October 3d

Begins with light winds at W. By S heading S S W all sail set middle part Strong breezes Sat N W and raing, took in the light sails and double reef the Topsails the latter part ends with moderating Breezes and a high swell from the S W. made all sail steering W S W. to ends.

Latt per Obs 57° 9 Long 77 11 W

Monday October 4th

Begins with strong gales at W N W. and raing weather under Double Reef Topsails & Courses heading W S W. middle and latter part much the same with a heavy sea from the west nothing more remarkable to ends Latt per Obs 57 30 Long 79 20 W

Outward Bound

Tuesday October 5th

Begins with strong winds at N.W. under Double reefs and Courses heading to the W.S.W. middle part heavy gales at N.W. took in all but Close reef Main Topsail & Spencer and hove the Ship to heading West it blowing a heavy gale with a high Sea on Latter part moderating breezes at W.N.W. bared Ship to the North & set close reef Topsails and reef Courses Shipped a heavy Sea over the bows and Split Fore top mast Stay sail unbent same and repaired him so ends the day

Latt per Obs 57° 58 S. Long 80° 15 West

Wednesday October 6th

Begins with strong gales at W.N.W. heading N By E. under Close reefs & reef Courses middle and latter part with much the same tacked Ship occasionally, nothing more remarkable so ends Latt 57° 48' S Long 80° 51 West

Thursday October 7th

Begins with strong gales at W.N.W. and cloudy under Close reefs & reef Courses heading North middle part strong gales at North west. at 3. P.M. bared Ship to W.N.W. & got all ready in the Fore & Mizzen Topsail and hove the Ship too under a close reef Main Topsail and reef Fore sail, it blowing a heavy gale at North so ends

Latt per Obs 57° 03' S Long 80° 35' W

Friday October 8th

Begins with a heavy gale at North Ship hove too under close reef Main Topsail and Spencer at midnight wind shifted to west bared Ship to N.N.W. middle and latter part of these 24 hours Blowing a very heavy gale at west Ship hove too heading N.N.W under a close reef Main Topsail & Spencer Shipped many seas so ends

Latt per D R 57° 07' Long 80° 47' W

Saturday October 9th

Begins with heavy gales at N.W. middle part moderating same set Double reef Topsails & Courses heading S.W. Latter part much the same with some squalls of hail snow & rain, so ends.

Latt per Obs 56° 56' S Long 80° 58' West

Ship Nantucket From Cape Horn

Sunday October 10th

Begins with moderate winds at N.W. and cloudy weather under Double reeft Topsails, & Courses middle part light winds and calms, Latter part a gentle breze at South made all sail Steering South nothing more remarkable so ends Latt per Obs 56° 43' S Long per Lerror 79° 45' West

Monday October 11th

Begins with moderate winds at S.S.W. all sail set Steering N.W. middle and latter part brisk winds at S.W. with squalls of Snow and hail Steering N.W all drowing sail set Saw porpoises struck one and broke the Iron so ends Latt per Obs 54° 00' S Long 81° 10' West

Tuesday October 12th

Begins with strong winds at S.W. and squally steering N.W.By N. at 4 P.M. took in the Fore & Mizzen Topgallant Sails and studding sails and Double reeft the Topsails the middle and latter part ends with strong W.S.W. winds and cloudy weather under Double reeft Topsails fibe and reeft main Sail steering N.W By N. so ends Latt per Obs 50° 58' S Long 82° 20' West

Wednesday October 13th

Begins with strong winds at W.S.W. and cloudy weather middle and latter part moderating breze at West made all sail steering N.N.W. watch employed this day at fitting whaling gear &c so ends the day

Latt per Obs 48° 53' S Long 82° 12' West

Thursday October 14th

Begins with calm weather at 4 P.M. a breze at East all sail set steering N.N.W. middle and latter part brisk winds from E.S.E to South, with thick rainy weather steering N.N.W. all drowing sail set so ends the day

Latt per D.R. 46° 33' S Long 82° 12' W

Friday October 15th

Begins with brisk winds at South and rainy weather all drowing sail set steering N.N.W. middle and latter part brisk winds from W.N.W. to N.W. all sail set heading North so ends watch employed this day at various Jobs so ends the day

Latt per Obs 44° 19' S Long 82° 00' West

Down the Coast of Chili

Saturday October 16th

Begins with fresh breezes at N W. and cloudy heading up North middle and latter part Stiff winds at West and Equally steering N N E. under all Sail, Saw many birds this day &c ends

Latt per Obs 42° 23' S Long 79. 35' West

Sunday October 17th

Begins with stong winds at West and Equally steering N N E under all Sail middle and latter part Fresh Gales at W By N and fine steering North all Sail set nothing more remarkable

Latt per Obs 39° 44' S Long 76. 30 West

Monday October 18th

Begins with Steng winds at W. By N and flying clouds all Sail out. Steering North By West middle part much the Same the latter part ends with moderating winds at west and fine Steering N E By E under all Sail got out the twist Boat all hands employed variously fitting Boats &c &c ends, the water of a light green Latt per Obs 36° 49 Long 77° 36 West

Tuesday October 19th

Begins with moderate winds at West and fine weather Steering E By N all Sail set at Sunset Shortned Sail and Sett Boats crew watches at 6 P M Saw a Sail to the eastward Latter part made all Sail wind at west Steering East with fine weather Saw many Finbacks and Birds the water of a light greenish colour all hands employed this day at getting up royal masts and Main royal yard &c &c ends the day Latt per Obs 36° 49' S Long per Lunar 74° 24 West

Wednesday October 20th

Begins with small winds at west and fine weather Steering East under all drawing Sail at 2 P M. Saw a Brig steering to the N E. at 6 P M. Saw St Marias bearing E S E distance 13 leagues at Sunset Shortned Sail heading to the N W. Latter part made all Sail and stood in for Talcahuana at 10 A M. Spoke Ship Macen of Tisbury, at Meridian the Maidens Paps bearing E S E distance 20 miles, Standing in for Talcahuano Port &c ends

Latt 36° 40 S Long

Thursday October 21st

Begins with moderate winds at west and cloudy weather at 3 P M the Capt went in with one boat, we stood off & on the N W. middle part light winds and baffling from west to South, Latter part moderate winds at S S W. Standing for Talcahuana, Saw many humpbacks and seal

Latt per Obs 36° 25 S

Ship Nantucket

October 22d

Begins with moderate winds at W N W. with light squalls of rain steering in towards the land at 3 P.M. the boat came off from made all sail and stood off from the land to the W S W. middle part light breezes at N W. by W. at 4 A.M. veered Ship to the N W. the latter part light and baffling winds from South to west steering W N W. at Meridian the nearest land bearing E by S distance 12 Leagues all hands employed this day variously Ends

No Observation

Saturday October 23d

Begins with light and baffling winds from South to west all sail set steering W N W. at Sunset Shortned to Double reefs at daylight made all Sail steering by the wind to the N N W at 10 A.M. saw Sperm Whales Dropped the boats and gave chase the Latter part ending with fine South winds and clear the boats off " Land 20 Leagues

Sunday October 24th

Begins with moderate winds at South and clear at 6 P.M. struck a whale and parted the line at Sunset came on board Shortned Sail & lay headed to the East for the night. Latter part made all Sail tacking occasionally at 7 A.M. saw a Ship & Barque steering to the North Latter part ending with moderate South winds and fine weather I saw humpbacks & Blackfish the land in sight 15 Leagues

Latt per Obs 35° 30 S

Monday October 25th

Begins with moderate South winds and clear Standing to the west at 5 P.M. saw a large whale dropped the Boats but did not strike at Sunset Shortned Sail Latter part made all Sail tacking occasionally Employed this day at repairing and Bending our old Sails &c saw many Blackfish and humpbacks this day &c ends

Latt per Obs 35° 14 N Long 74 30 W

Tuesday October 26th

Begins with moderate winds at South and cloudy heading to the E S E. at Sunset Shortned Sail to Double Reefs and veered Ship to the westward at midnight veered Ship to the E S E. at daylight made all Sail Latter part ending with brisk winds at South and cloudy tacked, occasionally Employed at mending the M. Sail &c

Latt per Obs 35° 20 N

Off Mataguero Cruising

Wednesday ~~Monday~~ October 27th

Begins with brisk winds at South and cloudy heading to the west at Sunset Double reft the Topsails & took in the Jibb Latter part Strong winds from the South made and shortned sail occasionally saw nothing this day remarkable Sounded Employed this day at mending the Fore Sail

Latt per Ob^s 35° 02' Long 76° 14' West

Thursday ~~Tuesday~~ October 28th

Begins with strong South winds and cloudy weather under Double reefs & Jibb heading SW. at daylight made sail steering west By N. the Latter part fresh winds at South and cloudy with a high Swell saw many Sinnacks at Employed this day at repairing the Main Sail &c,

Latt per Ob^s 34 42 Long 78° 10 West.

Friday October 29th

Begins with fresh winds at SSE and cloudy steering W By N. at Sunset shortned sail and came two heading SSW. Latter part made all sail & kept off NW. at 9 A.M made the Island of Mataguero Bearing per Compass WNW. wind at South and cloudy steering towards the Island, Employed this day at repairing the old Sails and bending them & ends

Latt per Ob^s 34° 17' Long per Obs. 79° 40' W

Saturday October 30th

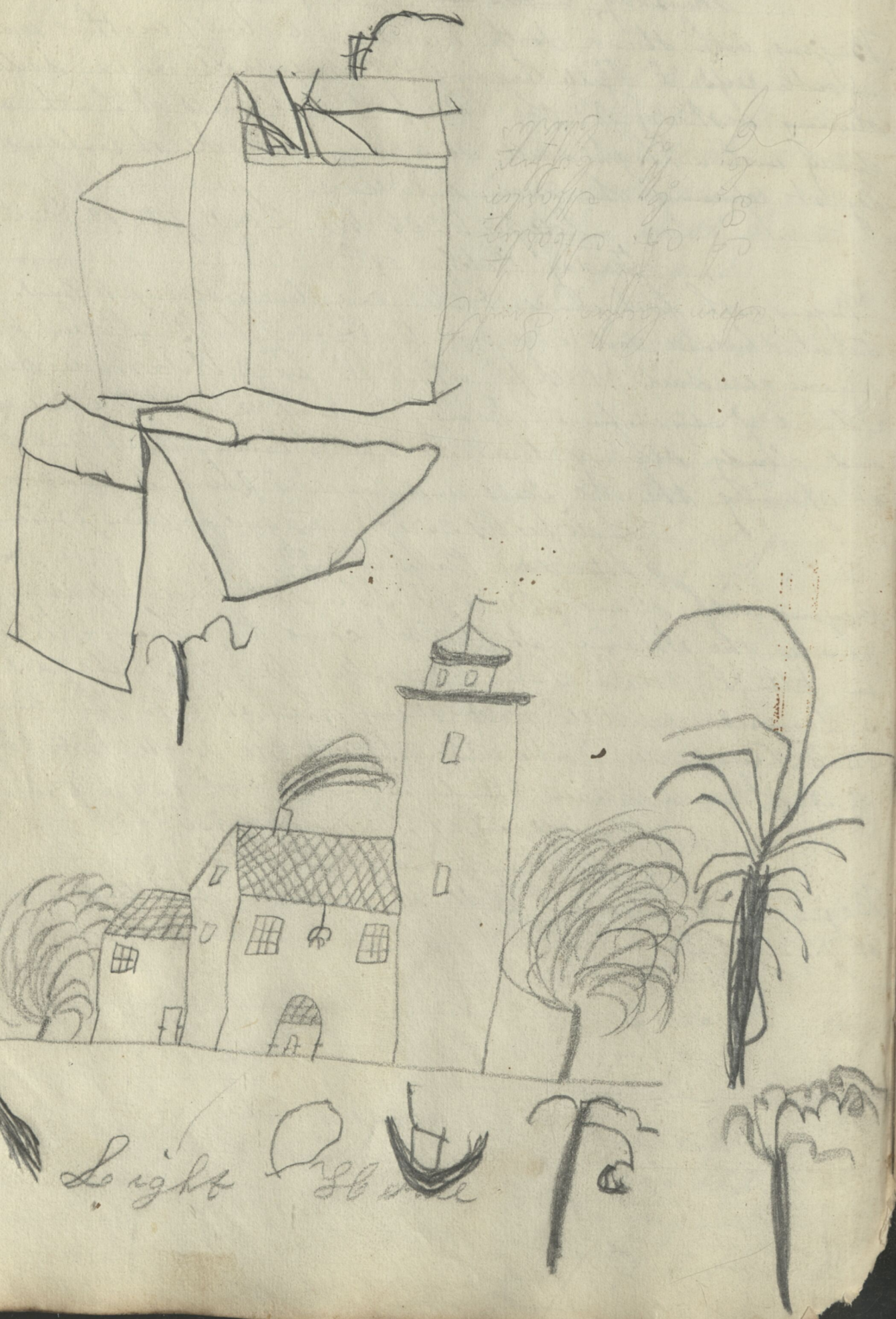
Begins with strong winds at SSE and cloudy steering off towards the Island at Sunset came two heading E N E in Jibb & Main Sail & Double reft. the Island west 3 Leagues. middle part Strong gales at SE heading to the E N E- under Double reefs Courses & Jibb at 10 A.M kept off North and made Sail & ends with rugged weather

Latt 33° 07' S Long 79° 36' W

Sunday November 1st

Begins with strong SE winds and cloudy Steering North at 7 P.M. Double reft

Ship Nantucket Geo. W. Gardner Master



Remarks on Chronometer &c

Journal of a Sperm Whaling
Voyage on board of Ship Mo!

Journal of a Whaling
Voyage on Board of
The Ship Martha of
Sandwich Dan the
Capt Commanded
By Henry B Folger
Kept By
William A Folger

Ship Martha working down the Line

Remarks on Board Ship Martha June 9th 1847

All these 24 hours moderate trades at E.S.E. and fine weather, the first part we steered S.S.W. the middle part our course South, under easy sail, the latter part we hove to and steered S. by W. with all drawing sail on, saw many porpoises, but no Sperm whales, Employed this day [illegible] nothing as you can think of

[illegible] these 24 hours the first part [illegible] gentle at E.S.E. and fine weather, Course all sail abroad, first part saw a great many porpoises about 5 P.M. saw a Larger Breach middle part steering S.S.W. under easy sail abuck latter part of the night steering by the wind to the S.E. 6 P.M. course S.W. under all raise a shole of sperm whales lowered the L. Boats struck and kill a small whale the west Boat and parted about 10 took him alongside commence Cutting at 12 P.M. got him cut in and so ends this day Lat 1.56 Long 156-10 W.

L. Boat

Friday June 11th 1847

commenced with light S.E. breezes and fine weather first part steered S.S.W. middle part S.W. by W. and W.S.W. the latter part employed in cutting up whale [illegible] P.M. veered Ship and steered [illegible] at 5 P.M. commenced boiling latter course [illegible] so ends this day Lat 2-27 South Long [illegible]

Saturday June 12th 1847

commenced with light breezes and [illegible] N.W. by W. under all drawing sail [illegible] 24 hours employed in boiling about [illegible] got through the latter part of the middle part steering by the wind to the S.E. with all drawing sails set latter part variously and so ends these 24 hours

Lat by Obs 1-14 Long 127-1

Cruising to the Eastward of Jarvis Island

Sunday June 13 1847

Three 24 hours commenced with light trades and fine
wather first part steering W W by W with all drawing sail set
middle part steering W by N & W Winder easy sail
latter part course W by W with all drawing sail set
and so ends these 24 hours Latt by Obs 2° 47 south Long 157.50 west

Monday June 14th A D 1847

commenced
commences with strong SE trades and fine weather first
part of these 24 hours course W by W with all drawing sail
set middle part steering by the wind to the southward
latter part course S W west under easy sail this
day employed variously and so ends Latt per Obs 1° 46 Long 158.27 west

Tuesday June 15th 1847

commenced
these 24 hours commences with strong trade course S W by W
under easy sail about 6 P M single reefed the topsails
middle part steering by the to the S latter part course
S W by W under easy sail so ends Latt per Obs 2° 22 Long 158.55 west

Wednesday June 16th 1847

these 24 hours commences with strong trades and fine weather
first part of these 24 hours course W under easy sail middle
part lying aback latter part course W by S about 11 P M
made Jarvis Island and so ends. Latt per Obs 2° 22 Long 159.59

Thursday June 17th 1847

These 24 hours commenced with light trades and fine weather
about 2 A M the boat went on shore for eggs at 6 came off
with plenty of eggs and a few fish middle part lying
with the main topsail aback heading off shore
latter part course W by W under easy sail this day
employed variously and so ends the day

Latt per Obs 2° 27 Long 160-38 west

...ournful Occurrence.

...mingled feelings of sadness ...at ... take our pen in han... ...death of our beloved ...nsman, M... ...nes ... little tim... ...ived ... ...con... I... ...non ... ...by mov ha... ...so lau... ...f ... ...bud... ...dgm...

FAMILY BANNER.—An eminen... ...rth and Home, tells the ... ...nt story for the benefit of ... ...ys: An ... ...nt y... ...ne d...

MARRIED.

In this town, on Tuesday evening last, by Rev. Thomas Dawes, Mr. George L. Marvin, Jr., to Miss Helen A., daughter of Capt. John Luce, of this town.

In this town, on Wednesday evening last, by Rev. S. D. Hosmer, Mr. William J. Hussey, of East Boston, to Mrs. Mary A. Mitchell, daughter of Mr. Asa Coffin, of this town.

At the North Congregational Church, on Thursday morning last, by Rev. S. D. Hosmer, Mr. William S. Wakeman, of New York city, to Miss Mary Abbie, daughter of Mr. John W. Hallett, of this town; and Mr. Samuel S. Mattocks, of Lyndon, Vt., to Miss Mary Lizzie, daughter of Capt. William H. Skinner, of this town.

In this town, on Thursday morning, by Rev. J. J. Bronson, Mr. Roland Bunker, of Middleboro', to Miss Emma Paddack, of this town.

DIED.

In this town, on Sunday morning last, Capt. William H. Swain, aged 51 years.

In Philadelphia, 28th ult., Mr. George C. Hussey, of this town, aged 54 years. His remains were brought to this place on Tuesday, for interment. [Barnstable papers please copy.

PLUMS...
TURE.—...
mys... ...
age... ...
sion f... ...
pictu... ...
Some of th... ...
to look at for ... ...
fore I like th...

"I could d... ...
When a mere chi... ...
load of raw turnip... ...
The people of the ... ...
their attention. ... ...
fore me. Up to the ... ...
was behind me.

"Time passed on. It always ... ...
way. You may possibly have ... ...
Time passes on.—It is a kind of way Time has.

"It was in my schoolboy days that I failed as an actor.—The play was the 'Ruins of Pompeii.'—I played the Ruins. It was not a very successful performance but it was better than the 'Burning Mountain.' He was not good. He was a bad Vesuvius.

"The remembrance often makes me ask—'Where are the boys of my youth?'—I assure you this is not a conundrum.—Some are amongst you here—some in America—some are in gaol.

"Hence arises a most touching question—'Where are the girls of my youth?' Some are married—some would like to be.

"Oh my Maria! Alas! she married another. They frequently do. I hope she is happy—because I am.—Some people are not happy. I have noticed that.

Concerning music, Artemus spoke tersely and well:—

"I like music.—I can't sing. As a singist I am not a success. I am saddest when I sing. So are those who hear me. They are sadder even than I am.

"The other night some silver-voiced young men came under my window and sang, 'Come where my love lies dreaming.'—I didn't go. I didn't think it would be correct."

His Mormon Lecture, it will be remembered, was illustrated by a panorama. That work of art he alluded to thus:—

"This picture is a great work of art.—It is an oil painting—done in petroleum. It is by the Old Masters. It was the last thing they did before dying. They did this and then they died.

"The most celebrated artists of London are so delighted with this picture that they come to the hall every day to gaze at it. I wish you were nearer to it—so you could see it better. I wish I could take it to your residences and let you see it by daylight. Some of the greatest artists in London come here every morning before daylight with lanterns to look at it. They say they never saw anything like it before—and they hope they never shall again."

This picture Artemus threatened to bequeath to the Prince of Wales, for use on board the American yacht offered to him as a gift.

"Brigham Young has two hundred wives. Just think of that! Oblige me by thinking of that. That is—he has eighty actual wives, and he is spiritually married to one hundred and twenty more. These spiritual marriages—as the Mormon call them—are contracted with aged widows—who think it a great honor to be sealed—the Mormoms call it being sealed—to the Prophet.

...ay say he has two hundred wives. ...but two hundred well. ... He's the most mar... ...my life. ...er-in-law while I was there. ...l you how many there is of ... It strikes me that ...nough to have in ...ery fond of excite...

NEW YORK.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE BOST...

The Five Points House of Industr... Burleigh's Letter—Prayer Meetings in the Army—Chaplain Fuller.

JERSEY CITY (HIGHTS), Sept. 10, 1874.

On the last Sabbath in August, this year, it was my privilege to visit the Five Points House of Industry in New York and to converse with its efficient and ...lent Superintendent, Wm. F. Barnard. A mistake in reference to this gentleman, in an o... interesting letter of "Burleigh" to *The Journal*, ... me to speak of this Institution and of the recen... which has brought it so ... unpleasantly the public. "Burleigh" ... being the person who ... so badly as to aggravate ... is a mistake, which I ... cheerfully rectify wh... intendent was o... thither by the ... the whipping occa... mable young ma... brother and not t... falsely accused, ... after a proper i... to be an unfitn... for the position ... as pla... brief period, while the ... tenti... the funeral of his little son. Had the ... cal jealousy and personal spite on the ... sers there would have been no trouble at all.

The Superintendent is a man of integrity and Christian excellence. I have known him from boyhood—in fact from babyhood—for he is my relative; and I have watched the fatherless boy under the wise training of a Christian mother grow to the spiritual stature that prepared him for the place of trust and philanthropic effort he now occupies. I am sure "Burleigh," if he knew him as I do, would regret his mistake in connecting him with that malicious arrest. And as for the brother, Charles, I have known only good of him, and a young man who could write such a note as the following cannot be willfully cruel to little children. While I sat talking with the Superintendent that Sabbath afternoon this note was brought in from the Tombs. It was written in pencil on the back of a religious handbill, No. 9, published by the American Tract Society, entitled "Hell." Evidently the young man was not in that place mentally, though under arrest and maliciously refused bail:

"SUNDAY, Aug. 30.

Dear Brother: If mother comes to-day, tell her not to fret about this sad affair. I feel more for her sake and yours than mine. I am afraid it will make her sick. It is the first time that I was ever locked up, but I will tell you and mother the same that Mr. Jessup ...me yesterday: Keep a good heart and trust in ...nd it will come out all right. CHARLIE."

...gged the letter, because it pleased me so much, ...unstudied utterance of innocence and Christian ...d I give it to you, knowing that many of your ...n the dear island of our birth will be glad to ...

...ords more of that noble institution—the Five ...se of Industry. I went thither from the ... pomp of the historic Trinity Church, ...sse, I was sufficiently impressed by the ...ests, the white-robed boys of the choir, ...t music, the lighted candles on the high ...ed glass windows, the *tout ensemble* ... one of a Romish cathedral in foreign ... of an Episcopal church in Republican ...s the evening shadows came I went ... to show the lady who accom... rooms of the admirably ar... into pleasant play rooms... and work, and came sud... ...er a hundred little boys ... neat, single beds, arranged ...spital room. The teacher ...ad just given the order to ... little boy turned toward his ...e whole band knelt. "Our ... teacher, in a reverent, gentle, ... and in concert, without haste, ... prayer was spoken by the youth... ...wed the familiar lines we all ... childhood, and which John ... to say till his head was silvery ...ed in death:

... me down to sleep."

...s finished all rose and quietly ...sed sleep of childhood. I buried ... nightly petition with far more of ... felt beneath the arches of old ... ritual impressiveness, for I felt ... ...ng who it was that said, "In ... always see the face of my ..." And I cannot but thank ...aifs of humanity have fallen ... hands.

... meetings among our soldier ...eldom does anything in the ... escape my view, and I ...ing letter a... ... writer says:

...

Ship Martha Working down the Line

Wednesday June 23rd 1847

commences with strong breezes and squally kind of weather
first part course NW at 6 A.M. double reefed the Topsails
and took in the Jib and mainsail middle part
squally steering by the to the NE under easy sail latter
part course SW by W the watch employed in sundry
jobs and so ends this day Latt per obs 1-11 Long 163-59 West

Thursday June 24th 1847

These 24 hours commences with strong breezes first part
steering SW by S under whole Topsails courses and jib middle part
part steering by the wind to the Southward under
double reefed Topsails latter part course W by W with the
main topgallant sail set the watch employed in
various jobs and so ends Latt per obs 2-10 Long 164-55 West

Friday June 25th 1847

These 24 hours commences with strong breezes first part
course W by W with the main topgallant sail set middle
part steering by the wind to the NE under easy sail
latter part course W by W under all sail this day employed
in various jobs as before and ends Latt per obs 2nd 55. Long 164-48

Saturday June 26th 1847

commences with light breezes and squally kind of weather
first part course NW by N under all sail at 6 A.M. single reefed
the Topsails and hauled up the Mainsail middle part
steering by the wind to the NE latter part course W by W
with all drawing sails set this day employed variously
Latt 14 Long 163-18 West

Sunday June 27th 1847

This 24 hours commenced with strong breezes from the eastward
the first part course SW by W with the main topgallant sail
set middle part lying set the mizzen topsail aback
latter part course SW by S with all drawing sail set
so ends this day Latt per obs 1-28 Long 166-23 West

Monday June 28th 1847

These 24 hours commences with light breezes and fair
weather first part course SW middle part steering by
the wind to the S with single reef Topsails latter part
SW by W and so ends this day Latt 1-39 Long 163-09

Ship Martha Working Down the Line

Tuesday June 29th 1847

these 24 hours commenced with fine breze from the SE
first part of these 24 hours course NW by W with all
drawing sail set middle part steering by the wind to
the N under easy sail latter part course NW with all
drawing sails set the watch employd variously Latt 17 South
Long 167 - 25 -

Wednesday June 30th 1847

commenced with strong breezes and fine weather first
part course NW by W with all drawing sails set middle
part steering by the wind to the SE under double reefed
topsails raw mizzen spritsails latter part course S with
drawing sail set the watch employed variously Latt 4 4 Long 167 53

Thursday July 1st 1847

these 24 hours commenced with strong breze from NE by E
the first part course W with all drawing sail set middle
part steering by the wind to the SE under single reefed
topsails latter part course S the watch employed variously
Latt 2 16 Long 168 41 meas

Friday July 2nd 1847

commences with light breze from the Eastward first
part course S with all drawing sail set middle part
steering by the wind under easy sail middle part course
by the wind under easy sail latter part course S by E with
all drawing sail set the watch employed variously
Latt 4 11 Long 168 22

Saturday July 3rd 1847

these 24 hours commenced with strong trades first
part course S by E with all drawing sail set middle
part steering SE with easy sail latter part by the
wind to the S the watch employed variously and so ends
Latt 5 50 Long 168 58 d
west

Sunday July 4th 1847

commences with Light breze from the SE first
part course S by E with all drawing sail set
middle part steering by the wind to the S E with
all sail set latter part steering the same
nothing remarkable that day and so ends

Latt per Obs 7 - 18 Long 169 - 05 - west

Ship Martha Working Down the Line

Monday July 5th 1847

These 24 commences with light Easterly winds and fine weather the first part of the day steering by the wind to the S & with all sail set Bermudelle steering by the wind to the Southward under all sail latter part steering by the wind to the Eastward under all sail the watch employed variously Latt 7-58 Long 169-05 west

Tuesday July 6th 1847

These 24 hours commenced with light winds from the Southward first part steering by the wind to the Eastward under all sail middle and latter part light baffling winds and squally weather steering by the wind to the Southward the watch employed in Sunday Jobs and so ends this day Latt 8-36 Long 169-53

Wednesday July 7th 1847

These 24 commenced with light baffling winds and squally weather first part steering by the wind to the southward middle and latter part steering by the wind to the Northward with fine breze from the East the watch employed variously and so ends this day Latt 7-40 Long 169,40

Thursday July 8th 1847

This day commenced with strong breze from the N E first part steering by the wind to Nt N middle part baffling wind and rainy weather latter part strong breze from the Eastward and rainy weather steering by the wind to the S E under single reefed Topsails nothing remarkable These 24 hours Latt 7-00 Long 168-55 west

Friday July 9th 1847

These 24 hours commences with strong breze from the Eastward and squally rainy weather first part steering by the wind to the S E under single reefed Topsails middle part hoved ship and stood on the wind to the Northward at daylight tack and steered by the latter part steered by the wind to S E under all sail the watch employed in standing Rod saw nothing remarkable these 24 hours Latt 7-35 Long 169-25 west

Saw three sea whales

...aters."

...ILLE.

...arging tide
...iting bride
...unseen sho-e
...'ve gone befo
...'ve faded aw
...e rushing
...d dowr
...crow
...s o
...h

...home;
...he tide.

k

I sta...
...irit ba...
...re my
...ning. s
...m in th
...e waves
...ice that g
...ray
...and
...nd th
...the bar
...he sound
...ll enter th
...oatman er
...glide away
...e angry r...
...that beauti...
...reshed by
...ds eternal
...aled from
...that beautiful
...ld the roar an...
...hro' the murk
...That flows 'twi...
Over the sea in...
Where lov'd one...

BEAUTIFUL CHILD.

BY MAJOR WM. A. H.
Author of "Beauti...

...utiful child by thy mot...
...he mystic fu...e what
...mo...f sin,

Written for the Waverley Magazine.

CHANGES.

FROM things decayed the brightest flowers spring,
And o'er the mourning heart their fragrance fling;
And they that live may nurse the infant tree
To shade a nation yet to be!
While friends still weep beside the moss-grown grave,
The weeping willows may above them wave,
And leaf, and limb, that droop in grief's attire,
Enshrine the dust of buried friend or lyre;
The spirit, disembodied, winged earth's storm
And left the clay to take another form!
And so with hopes, that once reigned in my breast,
That made the future brightest and the best;
Upon their graves I see bright flowers rise,
Whose whispers say, "existence never dies."
On each bright leaf I seem to see the smile
That lit those hopes that moulder now the while;
And from their odors catch the mellow breath
That now is hushed fore'er by chilling death;
In evening, when the balmy winds breathe low,
I hear that voice in the rippling flow;
Though years have flown since Hope her anchor lost,
It comes, like Fancy's echo, on the blast.

GEO. G. SMALL.

...ation's over,
...again!
thirteen weeks my r... b... e crazed their mother's brain,
For thirteen weeks I've counted the sultry days away;
I'm glad vacation's over and school begins, to-day!

They say that teachers cannot teach—that scholars cannot learn—
Through all the days of summer—the days that fairly burn;
I wonder if they ever ask how mothers get along
With romping boys who find their joys in doing something wrong?

There's John, and Joe, and Jimmy, their clothes were nearly new
When they came home from school, that day, and said the term was through;
Now John, and Joe, and Jimmie, with sun-brown hands and feet,
Come in at night in about the plight of beggars on the street!

There is no order in the house; I cannot find a thing;
The drawers are tumbled upside down with six hands hunting string;
The ...airs are always in a row—the whole house fairly ...s
...immy jumping off and on to run his train of car...
...ld-new carving-knife I found out in ...e Joe
...t making arrows for Jimmy's little bow...
And John came home from fishing—came whist...in... the gate—
With father's best tobacco-box filled up w... bait.

The hens have had a frightful time, the ... through;
They could not hide a nest away, the b... do,
I heard the rooster crow, this morn, to... say,
"I'm glad vacation's over, and school b...

"All work," they say, "without some p... stupid boy;"
Well, that's a good old adage, and g...
But if the man who wrote it lived no...
He'd sit up late and scratch his pate ... one.

There, there, I'm not cor...ming! T... noise,
I love, as only mothers ...
And I shall watch for 4 o...
When I can see my darling...

I've one dear boy now sleeping
He took a long vacation when ...
When life's rough school is ove...
Where graves ne'er hide our tr...
never die.

THE SONG THE ANGELS SUNG.

BY REV. E. H. SEARS.

It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold:
Peace to the earth, good-will to men
From Heaven's all gracious King.
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven sky they come
With peaceful song unfurled;
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world:
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on heavenly wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.

Yet with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long;
Beneath the angel strain has rolled
Two thousand years of wrong:
And men, at war with men, hear not
The love-song which they bring;
O hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing.

And ye, beneath life's crushing load
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow,
Look now! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing;
O rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing.

For lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophet bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold;
When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendors fling,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing.

A FORESHADOWING

BY CHARLES E. HURD.

If the dread shadow which now lies
Across the path my feet must tread,
Shuts out the sunshine overhead
And makes me dark to others' eyes—

If doors that opened at my knock
Stand closed against me; if, thus lorn,
Lips that have kissed me, in loud scorn
Make me a byword and a mock—

If where I put trust overmuch
The weight falls; if old friends and tried
With shut lips turn their heads aside,
Or draw their garments from my touch—

Be thou unchanged. Keep the old faith
That builded up a trust in me;
Let not my eyes, tear-blinded, see
The shadow of a bitterer death

Than my lost hour brings! Say, in thought
"We two have trodden the same ways,
I, who know all his yesterdays,
Believe his honor hath no spot!"

Say this, and let thy quiet eyes
Brighten with proud light at my nam...
Albeit clothed with ...est shame,
And give indigna...m to lies.

Whatever taunt ... hall make
However deep its ...
Believe they woun...
The broad light ...

Then, rising up ...
Baring my forehe...
I can pray, "God, ...
Take back the ...

I have wrough...
And they whos...
Have gone ...
My work ...

Then, haply, ...
And a dead silence ...
Love may arise from ...
The emptied urn ma...

GEORGE W. LYONS, BOSTON HARBOR.

Ships Cruising on the Line in the Long 169 west

Thursday 15th " 1847

these 24 commenced with strong breezes from the Eastward first part steering by the wind to the SE with all sail set middle and latter part the same the watch employed in sundry jobs nothing remarkable this day Lat pr Obs 1-12 Long 169-05 west

Friday July 16th 1847

These 24 hours commenced with strong Easterly winds and fine weather first part steering by the wind to the Northward with all sail set middle part with double Reefs at 7 PM took one reef in the mizzen Topsail latter strong breezes the watch employed in mending the ship Lat 00-2 Long 169-00 w

24 hours

Saturday July 17th " 1847

These 24 hours commences with strong breezes from the Eastward first part steering by the wind to Northward with single reefed Topsails about 7 A M shook reefs the Topsails and and veered Ship stood on the wind to the SE middle part the same latter part with all sail set the watch employed in sundry jobs and so ends Lat 4-2 m Long 168-46 west

Sunday July 18th 1847

commences with strong breezes from the SE first part steering by the wind to the Southward with all sail set at 6 A M double reefed the Topsails about 10 A M had a heavy squall of wind and rain called all hands and took in the Mizzen Topsail Lub and Spanker and reefed the Main brace about 9 P M raised a breeze and run for it did not make out what it was so ends this day Lat 1-38 Long 169-16 west.

Monday July 19th 1847

commences with strong breezes and hazy kind of weather steering by the wind to the Southward middle part the same latter part steering the same about 11 P M raised a sail the watch employed in doing various jobs

Lat 5-5 m S

ye for the departed? Look up! [illegible] a land of never failing joy and gladness, behold them resting from their "Golden Harps" awhile, to listen to the joyous tale of him who died their souls to rescue from a bondage worse than Death, that they might sing the song of "Moses and the Lamb," and dwell in Paradise forever.

Why will ye mourn? Ye hapless wanderers o'er the earth! Why will ye strive? ye seekers for a worldly gain. While 'neath your opened hands are countless riches; diamonds of the purest water, which ye only need to clasp your hands to take possession of, is it not enough that He whose word has never failed, whose arm has never yet been shortened, and whose ears has ne'er refused to hear the humble cry of those who, truly contrite, come to beg his mercy, has said that, when all around the horizon of your life dark murky clouds have gathered blackness, and your hearts within you nearly have consumed with fear, and your feeble knees have smote together beneath the weight of your still feebler body, thou mightest then pour out thy cry to Him, and he would hear thee!

Why will ye mourn? Ye who have received your birth and education in a land of Gospel light and privilege. Behold! your ears are never shocked with shrieks and groans of victims offered up to quench the insatiate thirst of an imaginary god for blood; ye can at least perform the last, kind office toward the dying friend; ye can at least consign the "dust to dust," in peace and decent order, and, while listening to the voice of him whose office 't is to speak the few brief words of consolation, look for a moment through the veil that hides the "Great Eternal" from our common vision, and feel "There is a land more glorious far than ere the human heart conceived of." Then, in the dim and shadowy twilight of the eve, ye can retrace your footsteps to the grave, and read the passages of holy writ, or hum the sacred airs that used to please them most on earth, who sleep beneath the sod on which ye stand, their last, and most refreshing slumber. And there, while holding sweet communion with the Deity, thou wilt also feel the kindly influence of the dear departed resting on thee.

Who has not lost a friend? Who has not felt the voice within the heart, which hours like this, alone could fill! When memory, sharpened by the association, rolled up to view the life and character of ourselves, and friend deceased; and we have seen our faults stand out in bold relief, and formed our best and strongest resolutions there, that such should, from that hour, dwell within us no longer.

IN A GARRET.

BY NATHAN D. URNER.

She sits in her cheerless garret-room,
A young girl, faded and worn.
Sewing away in the faint-lit gloom
Till the hours draw on to the morn;
And only then does she cease, with a sigh,
And fall to her troubled sleep;
For rent must be paid and something laid by,
And the chill days onward creep.

Another night and another still,
And still the pale worker toils on
By the candle aflare on the window-sill,
Till the darkness hints of the dawn.
Weaker the fingers, sadder the eyes,
And paler and thinner the face;
But the beggar-wind at the casement sighs,
And the days grow colder apace.

The torch of October in ashes is gray,
The bleak November is come,
But still she sits sewing and sewing away,
Though heart and fingers are numb.
She starts from her late-sought rest to hear
The glad Thanksgiving bells;
But her work is behind and food is dear,
And the hunger of winter tells.

Again she sits by the flickering light,
Which scatters but dimly the gloom,
But the fingers waver, her aching sight
Wanders vacantly over the room—
Over fireless hearth and meager bed,
And the whole dark, wretched place;
But she falters still at needle and thread,
For the winter sweeps on apace.

At the garret-window the sunbeams lurk
And then peep timidly in,
But they only fall on some needle-work
In the lap of a figure thin—
A moveless figure, with face death-white,
But with lips by a sad smile crowned.
And over the earth the snow shines bright
The sewing-girl's sleep is profound.

LAST HYMN.

[illegible] was ending, in a village by the sea,
[illegible]-benediction touched the people tenderly,
[illegible] rose to face the sun-set in the glowing, lighted west,
And then hastened to their dwellings for God's blessed boon of rest.

But they looked across the waters, and a storm was raging there;
A fierce spirit moved above them—the wild spirit of the air—
And it lashed and shook, and tore them, till they thundered, groaned and boomed,
And, alas! for any vessel in their yawning gulfs entombed.

Very anxious were the people on that rocky coast of Wales,
Lest the dawns of coming morrow should be telling awful tales,
When the sea had spent its passion, and should cast upon the shore
Bits of wreck, and swollen victims, as it had done heretofore.

With the rough winds blowing round her, a brave woman strained her eyes,
And she saw along the billows a large vessel fall and rise.
Oh! it did not need a prophet to tell what the end must be,
For no ship could ride in safety near that shore on such a sea.

Then the pitying people hurried from their homes and thronged the beach,
Oh! for power to cross the waters and the perishing to reach!
Helpless hands were rung for sorrow, tender hearts grew cold with dread,
And the ship, urged by the tempest, to the fatal rock shore sped.

"She has parted in the middle! Oh! the half of her goes down!
God have mercy! is His Heaven far to seek for those who drown?"
Lo! when next the white, shocked faces looked with terror on the sea,
Only one last clinging figure on a spar was seen to be.

Nearer the trembling watchers came the wreck tossed by the wave,
And the man still clung and floated, though no power on earth could save.
"Could we send him a short message? Here's a trumpet! Shout away!"
'Twas the preacher's hand that took it, and he wondered what to say.

Any memory of his sermon? Firstly? Secondly? Ah, no.
There was but one thing to utter in the awful hour of woe;
So he shouted through the trumpet, "Look to Jesus! Can you hear?"
And "Aye, aye, sir!" rang the answer o'er the waters loud and clear.

Then they listened, "He is singing! 'Jesus lover of my soul;'"
And the winds brought back the echo, "while the nearer waters roll;"
Strange, indeed, it was to hear him, "till the storm of life was past,"
Singing bravely from the waters, "Oh, receive my soul at last."

He could have no other refuge! "Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, oh leave me not"—The singer dropped at last into the sea.
And the watchers looking homeward, through their eyes by tears made dim,
Said "He passed to be with Jesus in the singing of that hymn.

Marianne Farningham.

Trial of a Banco Case—The Experience of a Nantucket Sea Captain.

In the Superior Criminal Court, yesterday, Timothy Parker was put on trial upon a charge of swindling an old man out of $625 by the "banco" game, so prevalent among the sharpers. The victim was a retired whaling captain from Nantucket named Charles E. Allen, and his story of the affair was, in substance, that on the 29th of July he came to Boston for the purpose of going to Bangor to engage in the lumber business; soon after leaving the bank, where he drew the $625 he was accosted by a man who addressed him with, "How are you, Mr. Thurber?" His name was not Thurber, nor did he know the stranger, and so told him; nothing more was said between them, but in a few minutes he was again approached by another man, whom he swears was Parker, who said, "Ah, Capt. Allen, how are you and all the folks at Nantucket?" Capt. Allen didn't recall him to his memory, when the man continued, "Why, you know me, or ought to; I keep a clothing store on Main street, Nantucket." The captain thought a moment, when it occurred to him there was a store kept by some one on Main street, where clothing was sold. The defendant encouraged him further by saying that he was here for the purpose of buying clothing to sell again. Mutual confidence sprang up between the two, when Allen asked Parker if he could direct him to Congress square, to the Lumber Exchange, concluding to go there instead of Bangor to do his business. Parker was only too willing, and they started off, walking round through two or three streets. They finally came to a doorway (143 Court street,) when Parker said he had drawn a prize in a lottery, and wanted Allen to go with him to get it cashed, when he would accompany him to the Exchange. Allen consented, first to wait for him at the doorway, and finally to go up several flights of stairs and into a room where there was a man writing. This man and Parker had some talk about the lottery ticket's drawing $400, the tickets' being a "quarter," and other things, when they proceeded to a table and put down some money. Allen says he was then put, he knew not how, into a semi-unconscious state, the influence being described as that resembling a mesmeric sleep. He remembers paying out his money, knowing he was doing wrong, but being unable to help himself or resist the power over him. His money was all put on the table and all taken up by Parker and his confederate, and he was afterwards led down stairs into the air when, consciousness was fully restored. He was then minus the $625 which he carried into the place. The defence relied upon the weakness of the government case, and went to the jury without evidence or argument. Judge Lord made a very clear charge to the jury, explaining the law and telling them that if they found the man had been deprived of his money by any trick, artifice or game, a verdict of guilty must be returned. A verdict of guilty was given.

ETTA [illegible]
15 years, 5 months
JOSEPHINE R. HOL[illegible]
aged 10 years, 3 mon[illegible]

Stricken ones, in [illegible]
God, in time, th[illegible]
Give these clouds [illegible]
For he doeth all [illegible]
Though thy darling [illegible]
And thy home is [illegible]
He has but a while b[illegible]
In submission striv[illegible]

Ah! thy home is d[illegible]
And your hearts grow faint and sore,
That the forms you loved so dearly,
Come to cheer thy hearts no more.
Oft, in moments sad, you listen
For those voices soft and sweet,
In thine eyes the tear-drops glisten,
That no tones thy sad hearts greet.

Etta, birdling, ever winging,
Light and joyous, ne'er at rest;
Crumbs of hope and comfort bringing
Proudly to her parents' nest:
Though on earth her notes may never
Greet thy tender yearnings more,
Thou shalt meet, where naught can sever,
On a brighter, fairer shore.

Mild and gentle, loving Josie,
Bud of promise rich and rare,
Sweet and tender little posy,
For this world too pure and fair;
Grieve not, that the angels bore her
From this world of care and pain,
God, in Eden will restore her
To thy yearning hearts again.

Deem not death love's ties has broken,
For true love can never die;
Oft, some purer thoughts betoken
That our loved and lost are nigh;
Near, perchance, endowed with power,
O'er life's path some light to throw;
Nearer yet, in sorrows' hour,
Sacred blessings to bestow.

Though thy hopes seem all receding,
And life's clouds dark shadows fling
O'er thy hearts in anguish bleeding,
To the cross more firmly cling.
As life fades, a brighter morning
Glows, and melts the clouds away;
At that pure celestial dawning
Peace and joy thy soul shall sway,—

Peace! that all thy woes are ended,
All life's griefs and tears are o'er;
Joy! that love with mercy blended
Thy lost darlings shall restore.
There to meet where death can never
Part affection's golden chain;
Where our blessed Lord forever
More in love supreme shall reign.

C. H. Farnham.

ON THE STAIRWAY.

The little children on the stairway
Cased in a slippery glare of sleet,
By post and railing vainly clamber—
Slight hold is there for baby feet.
High in the cold air swings the school bell,
"Come up! come up!" its clang commands
A quick thought flies from lip to fingers;—
"'Tis easier, taking hold of hands."

Now laughter lights their rosy faces;
Stout arms the faltering strugglers lift;
Now all at last have won the threshold,
And out of sight within they drift,
Flinging back bloom upon the snow-wreaths,
The blank, white world reflects their smile;
Their word has cleared for us a pathway,
Though Alps of ice the high road pile.

We all are children on a stairway,
Weary of vain attempts to climb,
Or, strong ourselves, forgetting others—
While silver peals of Duty chime
High in the echoing heaven above us;
And, welcome we, or dread the call,
Upon the steps we may not linger—
Ascend we must, slide back, or fall.

Whose is the fault if this one stumbles?
If that laments a hopeless bruise?
Or if another sits despairing?
Yours — mine — who timely aid refuse.
Small honor, to go up unhindered
While a tired brother by us stands.
The little children, they shall teach us
"'Tis easier, taking hold of hands."

Still up and down, on virtue's ladder,
Unnumbered beings come and go,
With faces turned to nether darkness,
Or sunned with a celestial glow.
The truants out of Duty's heaven,
The white and dazzling seraph-bands,
Are brethren still; and, struggling upward,
"'Tis easier, taking hold of hands."

Not in the church yard shall he sleep,
Amid the silent gloom—
His home was on the mighty deep,
And that shall be his tomb.

He loved his own bright, deep, blue sea,
O'er it he loved to roam;
And now his winding sheet shall be
That same bri[illegible]'s foam.

No village bell
Its mournf[illegible]
The winds sh[illegible]
To him ber[illegible]

For him, bre[illegible]
Nor tur[illegible]
'is dust [illegible]

[illegible], GEORGE W. LYONS, BOSTON HARBOR.

Ship Martha Bound to Upolo Navigators

Monday July 26th 1847

commences with light breze from the Eastward first part course S.E by S under all sail middle part steering by the wind heading up S S E middle part course S E by S the latter part employed in coopering the oil wee have taken this season about 30 bbls the latter light winds and calm weather course S E by S 20 ends

Lat 9-22 Long 169-13

Tuesday July 27th 1847

commence with light winds to the Eastward and fine weather first part course S S E with all sail set middle part course S E by E latter part employed in stowing and 20 ends these 24 hours Lat 10-10 Long 169-13 west

Wednesday July 28th 1847

These 24 hours commences with light winds from the S E first part course S with all sail set employed part part in stowing down got through at 6 A M middle part light baffling winds course S latter part S by E & S S W the watch employed in cleaning a old cable 20 ends these 24 hours Lat 11-24

Thursday July 29th 1847

commences with strong squally from the S E course S S W about 1 A M took in the Topgallant sails and double reefed the Topsails middle part course S with easy sail latter part course S S W the watch employed in cleaning the old cable about 12 got through

Friday July 30th 1847

These 24 hours commences with strong breze from the S E first part course S S W with the main Topgallant sail set middle part course S W about 10 A M made the land about 11 P M came to an anchor at Apure 20 ends these 24 hours

Saturday July 31st 1847

These 24 hours commenced fine breze from the E about 6 A M a large French ship came to an anchor this day all hands went on shore to meeting 20 ends

MAKE HOME BEAUTIFUL.

Make your home beautiful- -bring to it flowers;
Plant them around you to bud and to bloom;
Let them give life to your loneliest hours—
Let them bring life to enliven your gloom;
Make your one world—one that ne'er has sorrowed;
Of music and sunshine, and gold summer air;
A home-world, whose forehead care never has sorrowed,
And whose cheek of bright beauty shall ever be fair.

Make your home beautiful—weave round its portal
Wreaths of the jessemine, and delicate sprays
Of red-fruited woodbine, with gay immortelle,
That blesses and brightens wherever it strays.
Gather the blossoms, too—one little flower,
Varied verbena, or sweet mignonnettee,
Still may bring bloom to your desolate bower,
Still may be something to love and to pet.

Make your home beautiful—gather the roses
That hoard up the sunshine with exquisite art;
Perchance they may pour as your darkness closes
That summer sunshine down into your heart!
If you can do so, make it an Eden
Of beauty and gladness! remember, 'tis wise;
'Twill teach you to long for that home you are needing,
That heaven of beauty beyond the blue skies.

Make your home beautiful—sure 'tis a duty;
Call up your little ones—teach them to walk
Hand in hand with the angel of beauty,
Encourage their spirits with nature to talk;
Gather them round you, and let them be learning
Lessons that drop from the delicate wings
Of the bird and the butterfly—ever returning
To Him who has made all these beautiful things.

Make home a hive, where all beautiful feelings
Cluster like bees, and their honey-dew bring;
Make it a temple of holy revealings.
And Love its bright angel with "shadowing wings,"
Then shall it ever be, when afar on life's billows,
Wherever your tempest-tossed children are flung,
They will long for the shades of the home weeping willow,
And for the sweet song which their mother had sung.

Poetry.

LITTLE THINGS.

We call him strong who stands unmoved—
Calm as some tempest beaten rock—
When some great trouble hurls its shocks;
We say of him, his strength is proved;
But when the spent storm folds its wings,
How bears he then life's little things?

About his brow we twine our wreath
Who seeks the battle's thickest smoke,
Braves flashing gun and saber-stroke,
And scoffs at danger, laughs at death;
We praise him till the whole land rings;
But—is he brave in little things?

We call him great who does some deed
That echo bears from shore to shore,
Does that, and then does nothing more;
Yet would his work earn richer meed,
When brought before the king of kings,
Were he but great in little things?

We closely guard our castle gates
When great temptations loudly knock,
Draw every bolt, clinch every lock,
And sternly fold our bars and gates;
Yet some small door wide open swings
At the sly touch of little things.

I can forgive—'tis worth my while—
The treacherous blow, the cruel thrust;
Can bless my foe as Christian must,
While patience smiles her royal smile;
Yet quick resentment fiercely slings
Its shots of ire at little things.

And I can tread beneath my feet
The hills of passion's heaving sea,
When wind tossed waves roll stormily;
Yet scarce resist the siren sweet
That at my heart's door softly sings
"Forget, forget life's little things."

But what is life? Drops make the sea;
And petty cares and small events;
Small causes and small consequents,
Make up the sum for you and me:
Then, oh, for strength to meet the stings
That arm the points of little things!

Selected.

Hours on hours will roll around,
And days and weeks their records keep;
And months to months be joined again,
And years with years together sleep;
And forms of friends will fade away,
And looks of love grow cold and chill,
And wake no song within the heart,
Or move one chord to passion's will.

And Summer days will come and go,
And Winter storms their revels keep;
And light and song will roll along,
And grief in mournful measures weep;
And change and death will write their names
On everything on earth below—
On pomp, and power, and pride—array—
On earth and seas, and heart and brow.

And places now our steps have known,
Will own no echo of them then;
And strangers fill the place of old,
Where kindred feet of yore have been.
And when these forms are in the dust,
And all that weep us, all that wept
Have folded up their hands to rest,
And, too, have with their sleepers slept.

What matters all this toil and strife,
And all this ceaseless care
That's making up this changing life
And writing impress there?
What matters that this path was drear,
To gloom and sadness given,
If we but safely reach a port,
And gain at last a Heaven?

The Quarrelsome Kittens.

Two kittens found a ball of yarn
While they were playing in the barn,
With which they had a jolly play
Until they lost it in the hay.

"*You* lost the ball," said Kitty White;
"I saw you toss it out of sight."
"No, no! 'twas *you*," said Kitty Gray;
"I *saw* you throw the ball away."

And now they both began to fight,
To growl, and kick, and scratch, and bite;
They cuffed each other's ears in vain,
Until both kittens mewed with pain.

Old Pussy heard the dreadful din,
And to the barn came hurrying in;
She heard their story in a trice,
Then gave them both some good advice:

"I'm mortified," said Pussy Gray,
"To find you quarrelling to-day
About a thing so very small,
That's hardly worth the name of *ball*.

"*But here it is upon the floor!*
You cannot have it any more.
Now both this moment go to bed
Upon the hay-mow overhead.

"Hush! hush this moment, both of you!
Don't let me hear another *mew!*
When next you lose a thing, don't mind it,
But hunt about until you find it."

—*Christian Register.*

POETRY.

From the Christian Guardian.

PASSING AWAY.

Passing away! so whispers the wind,
As it treads its trackless course;
And passing away doth the bright rill say,
As it leaps from its crystal source.
All passing away on the stream of time,
To oblivion's vale in a far-off clime;
Matter and man, we make no delay,
To eternity's gulf we are passing away.

Passing away! mark the furrowed brow,
And the head with its silvery hair,
And the furrowed cheek, how they plainly speak,
That they're leaving a world of care.
Yes, passing away, even beauty's flower
Is fading fast 'neath the spoiler's power,
And fair and frail to their bed of clay,
Adown in the tomb they are passing away.

Passing away! shrieks the ocean's wave,
As it breaks on the beaten shore,
And the tortured tide is left to chide
The cliffs with their hollow roar.
Ay, passing away! both from palace and cot,
The places which know us will soon know us not,
Whether peasant or prince, nature's last debt to pay,
At the fiat of God, we are passing away.

Passing away, for their hour is past—
Earth's things; they're a motley pyre;
The monarch's throne, and his sword and crown,
And the pen and the poet's lyre;
All passing away, e'en the pomp of art,
And the pride of the despot must all depart,
And the relics of realms must each decay,
And the names of the nations be passing away.

Passing away! even time himself
Bends under his load of years;
His limbs are frail and his cheek grows pale
With the furrows of sorrowing tears;
With his broken scythe, with a silent tread,
He is passing on to the home of the dead;
With a bending form, and with locks grown gray,
Old Time himself is passing away.

Passing away! all but God's bright throne,
And his servant's home above,
And his grace divine, and the boundless mine,
Of God's eternal love;
And his will to save thro' a Saviour's blood,
The child of faith who hath washed in the flood;
Even earth to its framework doth all decay,
But God in his love shall ne'er pass away.

THE UNFINISHED PRAYER.

"Now I lay—say it, darling;"
"Lay me," lisped the tiny lips
Of my daughter, kneeling, bending
O'er her folded finger-tips.

"Down to sleep"—"To sleep," she murmured,
And the curly head dropped low;
"I pray the Lord"—I gently added,
"You can say it all, I know."

"Pray the Lord"—the words came faintly,
Fainter still—"My soul to keep;"
Then the tired head fairly nodded
And the child was fast asleep.

But the dewy eyes half opened,
When I clasped her to my breast,
And the dear voice softly whispered,
"Mamma, God knows all the rest."

O, the trusting, sweet confiding
Of the child heart! Would that I
Thus might trust my Heavenly Father,
Him who hears my feeblest cry.

SAVE THE BOY.

BY L. F. COLE.

Once he sat upon my knee,
Looked from sweet eyes into mine;
Questioned me so wondrously
Of the mysteries divine:
Once he fondly clasped my neck;
Pressed my cheek with kisses sweet.
O my heart! we little reck
Where may rove the precious feet.

Once his laugh with merry ring,
Filled the house with music rare;
And his loving hands would bring
Wreaths of blossom for my hair.
O, the merry, happy sprite!
Constant, ceaseless source of joy;
But to-night, O God! to-night,
Where, O! where's my wandering boy?

'Midst the glitter and the glare
Of the room where death is dealt,
Scarce you'd know him; but, he's there;
He, who once so reverent knelt
At my knee and softly spoke
Words into the ear of God.
O, my heart! 'tis smitten, broke;
Crushed, I bend beneath the rod.

O! this curse that spoiled my boy;
Led him down and down to death;
Robbed me of my rarest joy;
Made a pang of every breath.
Mothers, fathers, hear my plea;
Let your pleadings pierce the sky;
Pray and work most earnestly:
Save, O! save them ere they die.

—*From the Banner.*

TO MY MOTHER.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BY GEORGE L. HALL.

Mother, dear mother, I'm thinking of thee,
I'm thinking of days that are gone,
When clasped to your heart as I sat on your knee,
You would sing that sweet lullaby song;
That voice with its music still rings on my ears,
Tho' long since I heard its sweet tone,
And memory flies back o'er the lapse of long years
Oft while I've sat thinking alone.

I'm thinking, dear mother, as from thee I roam,
Of days when in innocent mirth,
When all seemed a heaven in our once happy home,
As we'd crowd 'round the old family hearth;
But changes, sad changes have over us swept,
And gone are some dear to the heart,
While oft I've sat thinking I've bitterly wept
To think how fate dooms us to part.

Yet one thought, dear mother, gives ease to my pain,
Such joy 'tis a pleasure to know,
To think there's a heaven where we can meet again,
If ne'er we shall meet here below;
Then mother, dear mother, as oft as you pray
To the giver of all earthly joy,
Remember there's one that is far, far away,
And that one is your wandering boy.

GIVE WHILE YOU LIVE.

Give while you live, if give you would,
Nor bestow from behind death's curtain,
Though gifts from the tomb be fair and good,
From life they are far more certain;
For dead men's wills are oft cause of wrath
And wrangle to make one shiver,
And the blessed fruit which a good gift hath
Should be known to the kindly giver.

The gratitude for a boon bestowed
Of heavenly incense savors,
And the wayside blossoms on bounty's road
Are the thanks of his scattered favors;
Then give while you live, that your brows be wreathed
With the knowledge of noble action,
The almoners of a gen. bequeathed
Oft feed on the benediction.

The hand should build what the heart conceives,
Endowment, devised or votive,
When hung with crape at a grave's door, leaves
A doubt of the donor's motive.
And trusts are brittle, and friendships shift,
And legacies breed dissensions;
Then give while you live, and the hand's own gift
Shall monumentize intention.

The wills of the dead oft rouse a wrath
And wrangle that make one shiver;
The flowers and fruits which a good gift hath
Should be known to the kindly giver,
Then give while you live, if give you would,
Nor bestow from behind death's curtain;
Though gifts from the tomb be fair and good,
From life they are far more certain.

—*Nathan D. Uuner.*

GEORGE W. LYONS, BOSTON HARBOR.

Ship Martha Bound from Upolu to the Line

Monday August 9th 1847

commences with light breezes from the Eastward first part of these 24 hours steering by the wind to the N under all sail middle part the same latter part course NE by N with doubled reefed Topsails Latt per obs 12-36 Long 170.46 W

Tuesday August 10th 1847

commences with strong blasts first part course NE by N under doubled reefed Topsails middle and latter part the same the watch employed variously Latt 11-17 Long 170-15

Wednesday August 11th 1847

commences with strong gales from the SE first part course NE by N with doubled reefed Topsails at 6 A.M took in all sail close reefed the Mainsail and steered NNE middle part heavy squalls of wind and rain latter part the same and so ends Latt 10-11 S Long 170.00 W

Thursday August 12th 1847

These 24 hours commences with strong gales from the E SE first part course NE by N with doubled reefed Topsails latter part strong gales the about 10 PM hove to under close reefed Main Topsail & Foresail Latt Long 9-09 S 169-5-5 W

Friday August 13th 1847

These 24 hours commences with strong Gales from the SE and heavy squalls of rain lying to under close reefed mainsail and foresail middle part the same latter part moderated but the wind from the Eastward steering by the wind to the Northward with single reefed Topsails set the watch employed variously Latt 8-12 S Long 169-47

Saturday August 14th 1847

These 24 hours commences with strong breezes from the SSE and squally weather first part steering by the wind the N under single reefed Topsails at sunset doubled the Tops took in the J.S & Spanker about 11 o'clock A.M. we had a heavy squall the N lost all three Topsails Foresail & Main Sail Foretopmast Staysail & Mizzen Staysail latter part of these 24 hours light winds and squally weather all hands employed in clearing the wreck and bending New Sails in course this day Latt per obs 7-46 S Long 169-50 W

THE WIDOW'S PRAYER.

BY MRS. C. N. EAKIN.

There was a widow with her little ones who dwelt
On the remotest edges of a busy town;
Her cot her own, and, with industrious hand,
The wants of her two small children she supplied,
And daily added to the silver store laid by
For sickness, unexpected wants, and charities.
Her prayers as morning praise and evening incense rose,
At each day's dawn and close, you might have heard
(As one did hear), expressed in touching words,
Her faith, her childlike trust, her love to God.

'Twas evening, and the new moon faintly shone—
A thief stole noiselessly along the path,
And closely to th' uncurtained window drew.
The firelight on the hearth was burning low.
Before it they were kneeling, and he heard
The widow's voice in prayer.—
"Us into thy protection take this night,
Oh let no evil near our dwelling come,
And may our lives be precious in thy sight."
Then, in the name of Jesus, closing, they arose,—
The robber shrank within the shadow of some vines—
While they, unconscious of his presence, sang
An evening hymn; he listened, and these words:
"Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears,
May angels guard us while we sleep,
'Till morning light appears,"—
Rose to the melody of an old-time tune,
And then they sought their rest.
The robber's heart was touched.
"I cannot—no, I will not do the deed.
Thy faith hath saved thee, thou art heard,
And what can harm whom God delights to keep?"
He turned away, the widow did not know
That unseen danger warded off by prayer.

Years passed—palsied with age the widow's arm
Refused to labor more; her children grown,
Lived with her still, in prudent plenty blessed.
One day a stranger at the door appeared, and said;
"You do not know me, madam; but with gratitude
Do I remember you, when these your children
Were yet small, you prayed with them one time
For safety and protection through the night;
I listening, heard that prayer;
I was a robber, boldest of my comrades, sent
To take your little store of gold laid by,
And if need be to murder you and yours.
But while you prayed a better thought arose
Within me, and I left you in the care of heaven,
And turned upon myself—reflecting much
Upon my evil life and practices—
And finally resolved to seek the Lord.
Then he withdrew his curses from my head—
For heavily I felt them resting there—
And I became a follower of him,
All through the blessed influence of your prayer."

REST.

BY MRS. MARY C. GURLEY.

Beyond these days of anxious care;
Beyond these nights of pain and prayer;
Where grief and fear no more molest,
There Jesus gives his lov'd ones rest!
Rest! Rest! Sweet heavenly rest!
The Saviour is leading us home to our rest!

Beyond the swiftly passing years;
Beyond our heartaches and our tears;
Where love divine meets each request—
In heav'n, and not on earth, is rest!

Beyond the sunlight and the cloud;
Beyond the quiet and the crowd;
Where weary feet have never prest,
There Jesus gives His loved ones rest!

Beyond these hardships that perplex;
Beyond the reach of foes that vex;
Where ev'ry wrong shall be redrest,
In heav'n, and not on earth, is rest!

Beyond the earnest aims we seek;
Beyond the parting words we speak;
Where friends greet friends in union blest,
There Jesus gives His loved ones rest!

Beyond the failing, parting breath;
Beyond the ruthless grasp of death;
Where faith is lost in joys possessed
In heav'n, and not on earth, is rest!

Beyond the grave's untroubled sleep,
O'er which His angels vigils keep;
Where songs of praise His love attest,
There Jesus gives His loved ones rest!

Beyond the river and the gate,
Where white-robed seraphs smiling wait;
Where endeth toil in triumph blest,
In heav'n, and not on earth, is rest!
Rest! Rest! Sweet heavenly rest!
The Saviour is leading us home to rest!

Washington, D. C., Nov. 28, 1869.

A DREAM.

BY B. S.

The winter wind about my chamber swept;
How sad and drear it seemed,
And all alone my lonely tears I wept!
But last I slept and dreamed,
And lo! I looked upon my sister's face.
Full many years ago
Her head had found a dreamless resting-place
Beneath the drifted snow.

Calmly she stood, and only smiled on me,
The loving smile of old;
Her shining eyes looked on me steadily,
With tenderness untold.
And while I gazed with eager, longing eyes,
Half fearing to rejoice,
There seemed to come from out the star-lit skies
To me a still, small voice.

"Behold," it said, "the Lord hath heard thy prayer.
Hath heard thy bitter moan;
Breathe but her name upon the silent air,
Again she is thine own."
Wild with delight, I, long so desolate,
So weary of my pain,
Had almost called; when lo! the voice, "Nay, wait;
Bethink thee once again!"

Upon my eager lips it stayed her name;
I turned to gaze once more;
It was the same fair face, yet not the same,
That I had known of yore.
O heavenly peace, that filled her eyes serene,
As sunshine fills the skies!
The deep, pathetic shadows I had seen
Had vanished from her eyes.

No lines of weariness about her mouth,
Or on her forehead fair;
She stood before me in eternal youth,
Untouched by pain or care.
And suddenly the burdens she had borne
Before my sight arose;
The long and weary days when, spent and worn,
She thirsted for repose.

O God! 'twas cruel hard to turn away,
Nor breathe a single word;
I could but hide my grief-worn face, and say,
"Keep thou thine angel, Lord!"
I looked again; the face so dear to me
Had vanished from my sight;
But in its stead—most blessed sight to see!—
Appeared the Crucified.

The beauty of thy form, O Love divine,
What mortal tongue can tell?
The radiant glories that about thee shine,
The light ineffable!
To me a voice of thrilling sweetness stole,
And calmed my agony:
"I wait to give thee rest, O weary soul!
I gave my life for thee."

Still sweep the winds of winter round my room;
The drifting snows are blown;
The midnight comes and folds the earth in gloom,
And still I sit alone.
Nay, not alone! the blessed Christ I see,
His hand enfolds my own.
However long and dark the night may be,
I am no more alone.

THEY WILL COME NO MORE.

BY H. B. WARDWELL.

They will come no more who have passed away
To the shining hills of celestial day.
Dark were death's billows that bore them on
To the deathless shore of immortal morn,
That bore them away from our tear-dimmed sight,
To return no more with the morning light;
No more when the sunset's reddening fires
Burn low on their altars when day expires.

They will come no more while the swift years roll
From that land of beauty, home of the soul;
No more when the spring-time awakes the flowers,
And loosens the streams in the mountain bowers;
When the voices of summer are in the land,
And the rainbow brightens o'er wave and strand;
No more with the leaf-fall and fading sprays,
Or the chilling march of the wintry days.

They will come no more, as one by one
They pass o'er the river to glories won;
To the golden city, the mansions fair,
That shine with supernal splendor there.
It is not their gain through the Conqueror's power,
That bows the spirit in sorrow's hour;
But their vanished presence, the absence long,
The treasured smile, the remembered song.

They will come no more, we know not why,
From that radiant country beyond the sky;
But at times how sweet would their welcome be,
From that clime of beauty beyond death's sea!
We would welcome with gladness their smiles once more,
Their voices now tuned on the golden shore;
[illegible] moments fled,
[illegible] mission sped.
[illegible] ones,
[illegible]
But we [illegible]
That wings [illegible]
And they come [illegible]
To open our way [illegible]
But they come no more [illegible]
Since born to the [illegible]

GRANDPA'S STORY.

A story? a story? Ah yes, my dear children—
Come, gather you closely 'bout grandpa's knee,
I'll tell you a story—a sweet little story—
A story that happened to grandma and me.

I'm old now—I know it my hair is all snowy,
And I've touched the full cycle of threescore and ten;
The story I'll tell you—it happened, my darlings,
When I had a grandpa, and I was "Wee Ben."

And grandma, dear grandma, who sits there a-knitting,
Was fair-haired and dimpled, a right pretty lass,
We were playmates, my children, your grandma and I were,
We were lovers as children—ah! how the years pass!

"The story?" Holloa, there is mist on my glasses,
It always will come, when I think of that day;
It will go in a minute—hand grandpa his 'kerchief,
The story I'll tell when I've wiped it away.

You see we were playing—your grandma and I were—
Were playing that we were the "Babes in the Wood;"
And we said we were lost in the depths of the forest,
And pretended to cry—as lost babies should.

And I saw grandma crying, and forgot she was playing,
And then I cried too, hard as ever I could;
Then grandma she laughed, and I smiled through my crying,
And so we stopped playing the "Babes in the Wood."

And all our lives through we've been working and playing,
And laughing and crying, as we did in the game.
For when grandma has cried, my eyes have grown misty,
And my smiles have all come when grandmamma's came!

—*Wm. M. F. Round, in Wide Awake.*

The Two Ponies.

MISS. PERHAM.

A LITTLE boy at school in place
Looked on his book with sorry face.
His task was hard, he did not try
To study, and began to cry.
'T was the worst task he'd had that week;
The tears rolled freely down his cheek;
So on his arm he leaned his head,
And cried until his face was red.
The teacher looked, but did not know
Why Charlie Brown was crying so.
"Charlie, why do you feel so bad?
What are you crying for, my lad?"
"My lesson's hard," the boy sobbed out.
"And is that what you cry about?
Why, then I think I know a way—
Get your two ponies out to-day."
Then Charlie looked with pleased surprise,
A wondering look in his blue eyes,
"I have no ponies, sir," said he.
"And if I had, they'd not help me.
Ponies won't get a lesson out!"
"Oh yes, those will I spoke about—
Old Perseverance and old Try,
They'll get your lesson for you spry;
At first take Try; if he won't do,
Then hitch on Perseverance too."
"I'll use those ponies, sir," he said.
"I like that way;" he raised his head.
"I'll use Try as you told me to,
The other one shall help him through."
How Charlie worked that afternoon!
He learned his lesson very soon.
He's glad his teacher told him how,
And always takes his ponies now.
Children, would you try Charlie's way?
Your ponies get without delay.

Poetry.

A SERMON IN RHYME.

[illegible] have a friend worth loving,
[illegible]e him. Yes, and let him know
[illegible]u love him, ere life's evening
his brow with sunset glow.
[illegible]ould good words ne'er be said
[illegible]end—till he is dead?

[illegible]ar a song that thrills you,
any child of song,
Do not let the singer
served praise long,
[illegible]l one who thrills your heart,
joy you may impart.

[illegible]near a prayer that moves you
[illegible]ts humble, pleading tone,
[illegible]t. Do not let the seeker
[illegible]w before his God alone.
[illegible] should not your brother share
[illegible] strength of "two or three" in prayer?

[illegible] silvery laugh goes rippling
[illegible]hrough the sunshine on his face,
[illegible]are it. 'Tis the wise man's saying—
[illegible]or both grief and joy a place.
[illegible]re's health and goodness in the mirth
[illegible]hich an honest laugh has birth.

[illegible]er thus your seeds of kindness,
[illegible] enriching as you go—
[illegible]e them. Trust the harvest Giver,
[illegible]e will make each seed to grow.
[illegible]ntil its happy end,
[illegible] life shall never lack a friend.

GEORGE W. LYONS, BOSTON HARBOR.

Ship Martha Cruising on the Line in the Pacific

Saturday August 21st 1847

These 24 hours commenced with strong breezes from the E&E steering by the wind to the N W with the Main top gallant sail set the carpenter employed in making a cregie yard at sun set double reefed the Topsails and latter Ship heading S.E by E about 7 P.M wore ship and steered by the wind to the N W E under triple reefed Topsails the watch employed in various jobs &c &c and so ends the day Latt 3.58 Long 170.22 west

Sunday August 22nd 1847

These 24 hours commenced with strong breezes from the E steering by the wind to the E N E under double reefed Topsails latter part the same Nothing remarkable these day Latt per Obs 2.14 Long 170.25 west

Monday August 23rd & D 1847

These 24 hours commenced with strong breezes from the E & E and fine weather steering by the wind to the south single reefed Topsails at 4 P.M saw several large Breaches to windward about 7 P.M took another reefe in the Topsails the watch employed variously Nothing remarkable these 24 hours Latt per Obs 2.27 Long 170.17 west

Tuesday August 24th 1847

These 24 hours commenced with strong breezes first part steering by the wind to the N N E made double reefed Topsails middle & latter part the same the watch employed in sundry jobs and so ends Latt 1.27 Long 170.a west

Wednesday August 25th 1847

These 24 hours commenced with strong breezes and fine weather the first part steering by the wind to the N N E latter part the same and so ends this day Latt Long 16 mi 170.19 west

Thursday August 26th 1847

These 24 hours commenced with strong breze from the E S E steering by the wind to the Westward at sunset wore ship and stood on the wind to the S E saw no breach but saw nothing more of it the watch employed in various jobs &c &c and so ends Latt by Obs 39 m Long 170.22 west

...al Drowning Accident.

...particulars concerning the sad drowning ac...nt at North Rochester on Saturday afternoon ...are as follows:

For a week or more three children of Charles H. F. and Cornelia Church, who reside on the crossroad leading from Long Plain to Rochester, had been planning for a Maying party, in company with some young relatives, and on Saturday morning the three children, Fannie R., who would have been twelve years old on the 1st of May, Isabella R., who was ten last February, and Charles H. F., who was eight last November, left their parents' house about eight o'clock in high glee for their excursion. They trudged along a mile or two to the house of Alden Rounseville, on the road from Jesse Cushman's corner, to Rochester Centre, after their cousin, Ella Rounseville, a young lady of nineteen, who was to accompany them, and they were also joined by her brother, Albert, a boy of eleven years, and Minnie Phipps, a young lady of twenty-three years and soon after ten o'clock the party started for the woods near Snow's pond, a sheet of water covering perhaps a square mile, and located some two miles northwest of Rochester Centre.

On reaching the borders of the pond the party searched the woods around, but not getting as many flowers as they hoped to find, bethought themselves of an island in the pond where they were said to grow more plentifully. So the party went to the west shore, and leaving their lunch baskets on the bank, embarked on a skiff which was a frail craft, nine feet long, two feet eight inches broad, and ten inches deep, and pushed off for the island, perhaps 125 feet distant. Ella and Fannie were in the bow, Minnie and Isabella in the stern, and Albert and Charlie were amidships paddling. The wind was quite fresh from the northwest, and when the overloaded boat got about half-way across it careened and shipped some water, which caused some stir among the party, and in an instant the boat capsized and all the occupants were struggling in the water. Albert was the only one that could swim, and he at once struck out for the mainland, and on reaching it pulled off his jacket and boots, and then was about to go back to the rescue of his companions. On looking across the water he saw his sister Ella standing in the water up to her chin, holding Fannie Church's head above water, while Minnie Phipps was floating near by. Albert called to his sister to know if he should go for help, and she answered in the affirmative. He started at once, but at the nearest house there was no one at home, and he had to go the house of Mr. Bumpus, three-quarters of a mile away, before he found anyone. Here he gave the alarm, and then started to find more help.

Mr. Bumpus started at once (about 12:45 P. M.) for the pond, and getting to the place where the party had embarked saw the bodies of the two young ladies and the boy floating on the surface. Pulling off the heaviest of his clothing the young man plunged into the ice-cold water and on reaching Ella Rounseville at once swam with her to the island. Placing his hand over her heart on getting to the shore, Mr. Bumpus perceived a little warmth, and he rolled her and used other hurried means of resuscitation, but without avail. Thinking he was losing precious time, Mr. Bumpus again plunged into the water and brought out the body of Charlie Church, but by this time Minnie Phipps was so far off and he was so chilled from the cold water and exhausted from his efforts that he did not dare attempting her rescue without help. So he ran to a point where the island comes near to the mainland, dashed across, and started after other aid. Securing the services of several persons, Mr. Bumpus returned, and soon brought ashore the body of Miss Phipps.

By this time quite a number of people had gathered, and litters of limbs were made, and the bodies of the three recovered ones were taken to the mainland and every means at hand employed to resuscitate them, but without avail. They were removed to Mr. Bumpus house, and physicians arriving, efforts were resumed, but unsuccessfully. Meantime a boat was procured from another pond and a party under charge of Capt. Cyrus Taber commenced dragging for the bodies of Fannie and Isabella Church, and about five o'clock they were found some fifty feet apart, near the spot where the boat capsized, in seven or eight feet of water. On being removed to the shore they were taken to Mr. Bumpus' house, and after it was found that all efforts to restore life were unavailing, they were removed to the homes of their parents.

There are two theories as to the manner in which Ella Rounseville, who was bravely trying to save the life of Fannie Church when her brother last saw her, met her death. One is that she attempted to wade ashore and stepped into a hole (which are numerous near the place where the boat capsized) where the water was beyond her depth; and the other is, that the little girl in her fright struggled so hard as to cause the older one, already chilled, to lose her footing.

While sorrow falls with crushing weight upon all the bereaved families, the case of Mr. and Mrs. Church is one of peculiar hardship, for they have lost all their children, bright, winsome little ones, who looked very peaceful as they laid together in a bright, cheerful room Sunday. All the bereaved families received visits of condolence and sympathy from friends and neighbors, and expressions of sorrow at the untimely ending of so many bright lives were universal.

The funeral services were held in the Congregational church, at Rochester, last Monday, bringing together the largest concourse of people ever gathered there. Over three hundred teams were in the vicinity of the church, besides many that were stabled. The caskets were arranged in front of the sacred desk. There were six reverend gentlemen present, who all took part in one of the most solemn ceremonies that it was ever their lot to attend. The teachers and many of the scholars of the Normal school at Bridgewater were present bringing with them beautiful floral offerings to their late companion and schoolmate, Miss Ella F. Rounseville. It was a sad and most impressive sight to see in a countay village four hearses with their sombre emblems of mourning in the funeral procession. Mr. Church, the heart-broken father of the little ones, was so overcome upon learning of the sad affair that he took to his bed, but was able to attend the last sad rites, though it was not expected he would be by those who were with him Sunday. The sad accident has been the principal subject of conversation, and everybody expresses their most heartfelt sympathy for the grief-stricken parents who so suddenly have been called upon to part with their all.

☞ The following poetical effusion appeared in the Boston *Courier* of 1845, over the signature of "F." It refers to a whaleman by the name of Joseph Bunker, who commanded a vessel out of this port, and who was so well acquainted with every part of our coast that he he could tell whereabouts his vessel was by merely looking at the sand brought up by the lead in sounding. He was below, confined to his berth by sickness, at the time alluded to, when the watch becoming frightened, stuck the lead into some Nantucket sand which had been taken with them on leaving port The watch thought this would induce Capt. Bunker to alter his course; but the old man only asked if the sand came from bottom, and upon receiving an answer in the affirmative replied, "*Then, ——, Nantucket's sunk and we're right over Wescoe Hill!*"

BALLAD OF THE ALARMED SKIPPER.

"It was an ancient mariner."

Many a long, long year ago,
Nantucket skippers had a plan
Of finding out, though "lying low,"
How near New York their schooners ran.

The custom was, to grease the lead,
And then, by sounding through the night,
Knowing the soil that stuck, so well,
They always guessed their reckoning right.

A skipper grey, whose eyes were dim,
Could tell, by *tasting*, just the spot,
And so below he'd "dowse the glim"—
After, of course, his "something hot."

Snug in his berth, at eight o'clock,
This ancient skipper might be found;
No matter how his craft would rock—
He slept,—and skippers sleep profound!

The watch on deck would now and then
Run down and wake him, with the lead,
He'd up, and taste, and tell the men
How many miles they went ahead.

One night 'twas Jotham Marden's watch;
A wag was Jo,—the pedlar's son,—
And so he mused. (the wanton wretch)
To-night I'll have a grain of fun.

We're all a set of stupid fools,
To think the skipper knows by *tasting*
What ground he's on, Nantucket schools
Don't teach such stuff, with all their basting!

And so he took the well greased lead,
And rubbed it o'er a box of earth
That stood on deck (a parsnip bed),
And then he sought the skipper's berth.

"Where are we now, sir? please to taste:"
The skipper yawned, put out his tongue,
Then ope'd his eyes in wondrous haste,
And then upon the floor he sprung!

The skipper stormed and tore his hair,
Thrust on his boots, and roared to Marden:
"*Nantucket's sunk, and here we are,*
Right over old Marm Hacket's garden!"

WILL FATHER KNOW ME?

BY HALLIE C. YOUNG.

Oh, oft do I think of a dear, distant clime,
And sunny home hours to memory true,
And a dearly-loved one, whom the swift tide of time
In its merciless march has hidden from view,
My best friend was he in those sunny days past,
And fondly would smile as I climbed on his knee
And now that I'm bowed by Autumn's chill blast
I ask but the question, "Will father know me?"

And oft do I dream of that bright summer sun,
As ever it shone on my old home and me,
When the wild climbing rose as a trophy I won,
And butterflies chased in innocent glee.
Ah! that bright sun hath set in shadows how deep
And my heart from its aching never is free;
In that fair morning-land, where eyes never weep,
In the glad home above, "Will father know me?"

My face he knew only in life's morning hour,
Ere the twin roses had faded away;
No thorn had then pierced me in plucking a flower?
And life lay before me—a promising May.
Who truly can tell what may fall on the morrow?
If fair ships of ours shall founder at sea?
And who but myself can fathom the sorrow
Of doubting the question, "Will father know me?"

And, oh! have I wandered from Eden's fair gate,
When this precept he gave me with others most kind:
"The path that leads upward is narrow and straight
And faith in the master gave sight to the blind?"
Ah! my heart doth despond when I try to divine
The mute mysteries hidden beyond the great sea;
But in life's darkest hour, as I sadly recline,
Sometimes I dream sweetly that father'll know me.

Poetry.

From the Congregationalist.

NO SECTS IN HEAVEN.

BY MRS. E. H. J. CLEAVELAND.

Talking of sects quite late one eve,
What one and another of saints believe,
That night I stood in a troubled dream,
By the side of a darkly-flowing stream.

And a "Churchman" down to the river came,
When I heard a strange voice call his name—
"Good father, stop; when you cross the tide
You must leave your robes on the other side."

But the aged father did not mind,
And his long gown floated out behind,
As down to the stream his way he took,
His hands firm hold of a gilt-edged book.

"I'm bound for heaven, and when I'm there
I shall want my Book of Common Prayer;
And though I put on a starry crown,
I should feel quite lost without my gown.

GEORGE W. LYONS, BOSTON HARBOR.

42 barrels Long 172

Ships Martha Cruising on the Line on the

Wednesday Sept 1st 1847

Begins with strong breze from the E the first part steering by the wind to the E & E middle part the same latter part fine weather with all sail set saw many Porpuses but no sperm Whales the watch employed in doing various jobs Lat by Obs 2.08 Long 172 49 west

Thursday Sept 2nd 1847

These 24 hours commenced with light breze from the E first part steering by the wind to the NE part part saw several shoal of porpuse at sunset latter part steered by the wind to the E & E with all sail set Ships boat employed various Lat by Obs 1.46 Long 173.45

Friday Sept 3rd 1847

These 24 hours commenced with high breze from the E and fine weather first part steering by the wind to the E & E with all sail set middle part the same about 9 o clock raised two sails spoke the L C Richmond of & Bedford 37 mo out 1800 bbls sperm 500 whale the day employed in cutting &c and so ends the day Lat Obs 1.36 Long 173.40 west

Saturday Sept 4th 1847

This day employed in cutting &c first part fine weather running down to the other Ships about 4 P.M. spoke the Henry Ship of Nantucket 37 mo out 1400 sperm middle part & part running latter part steering by the wind to the S in company and so ends this day This day employed in cutting the water casks Lat 4.5 mi Long 173.59 west

This day commenced Sunday Sunday Sept 5th 1847

with strong breze from the Eastward first part steering by the wind to the S & E in company with the Henry & Ship with all sail set at 7 P.M. raised a Shoale of whales lowered the Starboard boat struck and saved a small Cow whale the waste boat struck and the whale sounded and took the line the Larboard boat struck and got expended but we got all right again and went and got the old Whale and took both together and hoped by them to the Leward of the Ships and the other two boats came on board.

Lat per Obs 1.30 Long 174.52

...LE BROWN HANDS.

...drive home the cows from the pasture
...p through the long shady lane,
...here the quails whistle loud in the wheat-fields
That are yellow with ripening grain.
They find, in the thick waving grasses,
Where the scarlet-lipped strawberry grows;
They gather the earliest snowdrops,
And the first crimson blush of the rose.
They toss the new hay in the meadow;
They gather the elder bloom white;
They find the dusky grapes purple
In the soft-tinted October light.
They know where the apples hang ripest,
And are sweeter than Italy wines;
They know where the fruits hang the thickest
On the long, thorny blackberry vines.
They gather the delicate sea-weeds,
And build tiny forts in the sand;
They pick up the beautiful sea-shells—
Fairy banks that have drifted to land.

Those who toil bravely are strongest;
The humble and poor become great;
And from poor, brown-handed children
Shall grow mighty rulers of state.
The pen of the author and statesman—
The noble and wise of the land—
The sword, and the chisel, and palette,
Shall be held in the little brown hand.

SUMMER FLOWERS.

Now smiling be the light, be soft the breeze,
Quiet and still the night, green be the trees;
Blossoms and flowers, put on your brightest hues
To greet the morning sun and drink the dews.
Ye changing seasons, roll your mystic round;
Sing to my heart, my soul, with silent sound;
Murmur, ye fountains, soft and low;
Sublime, ye mountains, lift your brow!
Sleep sweetly, fields and meads, in the moonbeam
While soft the fairy treads along the streams.
Ye birds that fly so light and free,
Along the sky—from tree to tree—
Sing tales of love! sing songs of hope!
To things above help my heart up.
In peace with God and man, free from all guile,
And if again it can, my heart shall smile.

THE RAIN.

One night the lift grew ragged and wild,
With a sound like the lisp and the laugh of a child
Fell the first sweet drops of the rain!
Moist lips of the mist the mountain kissed,
And cooled the hot breath of the plain;
The emerald wheat leaped gayly to meet
The welcome kiss of the rain;
And the roses around, as they woke at the sound,
Broke into blossom again:
O beautiful, bountiful rain!

Josh Billings on Farming.

He who bi farmin' would git rich,
Must plow, and sow, and dig, and ditch;
Work hard all day, sleep hard all nite,
Save every cent, and not git tite.

MY JESSIE.

My Jessie sat by the fire one night,
And her eyes shone with a wondrous light.
Papa," she said, in her sweet, winning way
The angels have been with me to-day."
Lifting my darling upon my knee,
I thought of my buried treasures three,
And I knew by the flush that played o'er her cheek,
The angels soon my Jessie would seek.
Next morn, as the sun laughed o'er the hills,
Flooding with life the meadow and rills,
My Jessie lay, with a smile on her face,
And I knew that an angel had taken her place.

'Harry, I can not think," says Dick,
'What makes my ankles grow so thick."
You do not recollect," says Harry,
How great a calf they have to carry."

Could we hear the mother pleading,
Heaven relief would quickly send;
Can we see our country bleeding,
Still refuse our aid to lend?
No! dread monster,
Here thy triumph soon shall end.

Must we see the drunkard reeling
(Void of reason) to the grave?
Where's the heart so dead to feeling,
Who would not the wanderer save
God of mercy,
'Tis thy blessing now we crave.

Dearest Savior, O, relieve us,—
Unto thee we humbly bow,—
Let that fiend no more deceive us;
Grant thy loving favor now;
While against him
Here we pledge a sacred vow.

Daily Relic... preacher, sa... faith in that ... glory abroad and ... the buttons be on th... socks be mended, let ... a turn, let the hou... pin, let the home ... be, and there will ... deeds of love and f... name, I seek of yo... Serve God by doing comm... only spirit, and then, if yo... only leaves you cracks and ... fill these up with holy servi... Apostle's words: 'As we ha... let us do good unto all men.''

Alas! what slight occasions breed dissensions between hearts that love. Somebody has done that thought in poetry; but no matter, it is true as prose. There was Mr. Milligan, who married Fanny Lee, one of the sweetest, prettiest, lovingest girls in the village. Milligan was a young lawyer, and all the girls had taken a notion after him; but being a lawyer himself he kept his own counsel, and though he was often in court, he did his courting very quietly. He was successful in his suit with Fanny, issued an attachment, and as she was under age and so had no property in her own right, he took her person, under the Habeas Corpus act, and made her his own.

They were married, and settled down in a lovely cottage close by the stately mansion of Fanny Lee's father. On the first day that they took possession of the cottage, and toward the close of it—a sweet day in May—they were sitting at tea-table, happy as two birds whose nest was just completed. While they were enjoying their first cup of domestic bliss and tea, the eye of each of them caught sight of something running from the chimney corner. Instantly they exclaimed, and in one breath:

He. "Oh, see that mouse!"

She. "Oh, see that rat!"

He. "I think it was a mouse, my dear."

She. "But, my love, I think it was a rat."

He. "Yes; but I saw it, and I am sure it was a mouse."

She. "And so did I see it, Henry, and I know it was a rat."

He. "I say it was a mouse, Fanny."

She. "Well, I say it was a rat."

He. "It was a mouse."

She. "It was a rat."

He. "It was a mouse."

She. "'Twas a rat."

And so they went on, "mouse," "rat," "rat," "mouse," "rat, rat, rat," "mouse, mouse, mouse," louder and louder; Milligan got mad Fanny got crying, and from bad to worse things grew fast, till Fanny said she wouldn't live with such a brute of a man, and so she took her things and went over to her father's, and staid all night. Milligan had a solitary time in the cottage—all alone by himself and nobody with him; but he was a lawyer and a man, and wasn't to be put down by a little woman the very first day. He went to his office the next morning, "whistling to keep his courage up," and in the midst of business tried to forget the past. He was quite sure Fanny would be home when he returned in the afternoon. Not a bit of it. She was too spunky for that. He would not go after her, as that would be giving up beat, and she wouldn't come till he did. Several days passed in this way, and weeks, and months, and the summer was nearly gone, when the friends of both, who had heard of the foolish cause of separation, interfered and very easily brought them together. They were glad enough, both of them, to forgive and forget, and return to that pleasant cottage, wiser if not better than they were before.

And now they are once more seated at the same tea-table, in the same cheerful room, and looking across the table into each other's eyes, brimming over with love. They could not but recall the last time they had sat there—the first as well as the last—and laughing at the folly of their quarrel, Milligan said just what she was ready to say:

"Well, now Fan, was there ever any thing so foolish as for us to make such a fuss about that confounded mouse?"

Fanny. "You forget, Henry dear, it was a rat."

Henry. "No, no, Fanny; it was a mouse, child; I saw it right there."

Fanny. "Well, I saw it too, my dear, and I know it was a rat."

Henry. "I say it was a mouse."

Fanny. "I say it was a rat."

Henry. "'Twas a mouse."

Fanny. "'Twas a rat."

And so they went at it again, worse and worse, till they both lost their temper; Fanny went home crying and they are now separated for life.

SOMEBODY.

BY E. E. BROWN.

Somebody lives in our town,
And a curious chap is he;
He is posted on every one's affairs—
Knows all about you and me.

No matter what secret you wish to keep,
Or what it may be about,
You may guard it just as well as you can—
Somebody 'll ferret it out.

He knows about all of your family jars,
And just how your business stands—
Knows how much money you have in stock,
And how much you have on hand.

No fraud is detected, or building burned,
Though the sinners were never so sly,
But Somebody knows all about it at once—
Just how it was done and why.

If you ever (excuse me for hinting the thing)
Go out, as men say, "on a lark,"
And flatter yourself that the wife of your breast
Is skilfully kept in the dark,

...had better give up such a foolish idea,
...reckon the cost from the first;
For Somebody 'll whisper the tale in her ear,
And then, sir, look out for the worst!

No courtship was ever attempted in town,
Though the parties were painfully shy,
But Somebody knew it as soon as themselves,
And watched them with vigilant eye.

'Tis Somebody sets all the scandal afloat,
And brews all the mischief that's made;
We should be happier far, I know,
If Somebody's ghost were laid.

—*New Bedford Standard.*

For the Inquirer and Mirror.

The Two Systems.

BY LIZZIE BURGESS.

"Good morning, why Susie, you always are busy
... are baking, I see,
I d...

For the Christian Banner.

"IT IS I!"

"It is I!"—O blessed Jesus!
Speak to me that cheering word;
High above the foaming billows
Let its gentle sound be heard:
For the sea of grief o'erwhelms me,
And my spirit faints through fear;
And I long to hear those accents,
Telling me that thou art near.

"It is I!"—How blest the token
To the stranger in the wild!
Desolate I am no longer,
Feel no more an orphan-child.
"It is I!"—Those words shall guide me
To my Father's house above,
Where I face to face shall see thee,
Whom, not having seen, I love.

"It is I!"—That voice shall soften
All the anguish of my pain,
Be my strength in utmost weakness,
In my deepest grief sustain.
Never shall a cloud o'er-spread me,
Wrapping me in darkness round;
But its gloom shall flee most surely
At the music of that sound.

"It is I!"—O Jesus! speak it
When the death-dew damps my brow:
Let me hear thee softly whisper,
"I am with thee even now;"
Then no more shall death affright me,
Knowing thee, my Saviour, nigh;
Feeling infinite compassion
In thy blessed "It is I!"

E. ...

GEORGE W. LYONS, BOSTON HARBOR.

below 170-80 west

Ship Martha Cruising on the Line

Saturday Sept. 11th 1847

These 24 hours commenced with light breges from the Eastward and fine weather first part steering by the wind to the E & E under all sail at sunset tacked Ship and steered by the wind to the Northward nothing remarkable these 24 hours the crew employed in Lat 1-49 Long 165-50
sewing various jobs and so ends this day

Sunday Sept 12th 1847

These 24 hours commenced with light breges from the E & E first part steering by the wind to the Eastward at sunset tacked Ship and steered by the wind to the Northward nothing remarkable these 24 hours

Monday Sept 13th 1847

These 24 hours commenced with light breges from from the Eastward first part steering by the wind to Northward with all sail set at 3 A M raised a shole of Sperm whales lowered and chased untill Sunset and came on board without success latter about ½ 1 tacked Ship and steered by the by the wind to the E & latter part employed in calking the waste way seams and fixing the Dead lights and so ends this day Lat 1-16 Long 176-26 west

Tuesday Sept 14th 1847

These 24 hours commenced with light breges from the Eastward steering by the wind to the E & E under all sail first part employed in calking got through at 2 A M at at 6 A M tacked Ship and steered by the wind to the N W under all sail middle and latter part the same the watch employed in sundry jobs so ends the day Lat 1-4 Long 176-35 west

Wednesday Sept 15th 1847

Begins with light breges from the Eastward and fine weather first part steering by the wind to the Northward with all sail set middle part part fine steering the same at 10 A M saw several sperm Black fish lowered all the boats chased the whole 12 and then came on board the day past the Cut that we got last day Bower and Deck to so ends this day Lat 1-6 Long 176-9 west

THE MONEYLESS MAN.

There no secret place on the face of the earth
Where charity dwelleth, where virtue hath birth?
Where bosoms in mercy and kindness will heave,
And the poor and wretched shall "ask and receive?"
Is there no place on earth where a knock from the poor
Will bring a kind angel to open the door?
Ah! search the wide world wherever you can,
There is no open door for a moneyless man.

Go look in yon hall, where the chandelier's light
Drives off with its splendor the darkness of night,
Where the rich hanging velvet, in shadowy fold,
Sweeps gracefully down with its trimmings of gold,
And the mirrors of silver take up and renew,
In long-lighted vistas, the wandering view—
Go there in your patches, and find, if you can,
A welcome smile for a moneyless man.

Go look in yon church of the cloud-reaching spire,
Which gives back to the sun his same look of red fire,
Where the arches and columns are gorgeous within,
And the walls seem as pure as a soul without sin;
Go down the long aisle, see the rich and the great
In the pomp and the pride of their worldly estate;
Walk down in your patches, and find, if you can,
Who opens a pew to a moneyless man.

Go look to yon judge in his dark flowing gown,
With the scales wherein law weigheth equity down,
Where he frowns on the weak and smiles on the strong
And punishes right, while he justifies wrong;
Where jurors their lips on the Bible have laid,
To render a verdict they've already made—
Go there, in the court room, and find, if you can,
Any law for the cause of a moneyless man.

Go look in the banks, where Mammon has told
His hundreds and thousands of silver and gold—
Where, safe from the hands of the starving and poor,
Lies pile upon pile of the glittering ore;
Walk up to the counter—ah, there you may stay
Till your limbs grow old and your hair grows gray;
And you'll find at the banks no one of the clan
With money to lend to a moneyless man.

Then go to your hovel: no raven has fed
The wife who has suffered too long for her bread;
Kneel down by her pallet, and kiss the death frost
From the lips of the angel your poverty lost—
Then turn in your agony upward to God,
And bless, while it smites you, the chastening rod;
And you'll find at the end of your life's little span,
There's a welcome above for a moneyless man.

Selections.

SLANDER AND DETRACTION.—The true Christian never indulges in evil speaking. It is mean and cowardly, and the sure indication of a low, vulgar mind. A woman given to this vice is generally little less than a monster. Show me such an one, and I would avoid her as I would the deadly poison of the Upas tree, which throws a blight upon everything within its reach. There is one circumstance attending the sin of slander which renders it peculiarly injurious—the difficulty of calculating the effects produced by it. When once you have uttered the words of slander, it is no longer in your power to stop their progress—they travel from one to another into general circulation. "Behold," says the Apostle, "what a great fire a little spark kindleth!" How many are the griefs caused by exaggerated reports! How may the peace of families be destroyed by them! The discords and quarrels in neighborhoods may frequently be traced to this malignant source. The misrepresentations of detraction have even caused friends to arm themselves against one another, and murder has been the consequence. Many are the individuals who owe their ruin to the thoughtless and ill-natured discourse of their neighbors.

GOOD ENOUGH FOR THE PRICE.—There was one occasion when Mr. Forrest received from one of the supernumeraries of a theatre an answer which seemed to satisfy him. It was the man's duty to say simply, "The enemy is upon us," which he uttered at rehearsal in a poor whining way. "Can't you say it better than that?" said Forrest. "Repeat it as I do!" and he gave the words with all the force and richness of his magnificent voice. "If I could say it like that," replied the man, "I wouldn't be working for three dollars a week." "Is that all you get?" "Yes." "Well, then, say it as you please."

A MONKEY SPOILS THE PRINCE IMPERIAL'S CHRISTMAS TREE.—A ludicrous scene took place at the Tuileries on Christmas eve.—There was to be a children's party for the friends of the Prince Imperial, and a very fine specimen of the Christmas tree. All was ready, and the Prince thought he should like to see the tree; so he entered the room, and, lo! he found an uninvited guest already there—a favorite monkey belonging to some one in the palace had got into the room, treated himself to all the prizes, eaten all the "good-

Song for the Union.

BY CHARLES B. LINCOLN.

Let the Star-Spangled Banner float free in the breeze,
And spread its bright folds over islands and seas;
Borne onward by hearts that are steady and true,
Who would *die*—but not sever the white, red, and blue
Expand thy broad pinions, proud bird of the West;
In majesty stoop from thy cloud-covered nest;
Grasp firm in thy talons our banner so rare,
That rebels shall never its glory impair.

Far over the time-honored hills of the North,
Away, gallant bird—on thy mission go forth
To the warm sunny *South*—neither linger nor stay;
And let *Washington's* name be thy watchword—away.
Away, gallant bird, over mountain and plain,
And gather each fold of our banner again;
And dastard is he who would threaten to tear
One gem from the Star-Spangled Banner we bear.

It has waved in the fight; it has stood the wild storm,
When the red tide of battle was sweeping along:
'Mid the roar of the cannon, the smoke, and the fire,
The Star-Spangled Banner rose higher and higher.
On the blood-sprinkled field, where our forefathers stood
And breathed their last gasp for their dear country's good
'Mid the groans of the dying, while blood tinged the green
The Star-Spangled Banner triumphant was seen.

Hail, Spirit of Freedom! descend from above,
And breathe in our souls the pure essence of love—
Till discord and strife from our country be hurled,
And the Star-Spangled Banner float over the world.
'Twas thine, Massachusetts, to sever the chain,
And break from the fetters with lofty disdain;
Thy sons were the first in bright glory's career
The Star-Spangled Banner to hail with a cheer.

Where does the Blame lie?

O, PITY me, lady; I'm hungry and cold—
Should I all my sorrows to you unfold,
I'm sure your kind breast with compassion would flame;
My father 's a drunkard—*but I'm not to blame.*

My mother 's consumptive, and soon will depart—
Her sorrows and trials have broken her heart—
My poor little sisters are starving! O, shame!
Our father 's a drunkard—*but we're not to blame.*

Time was, we were happy, with plenty and peace,
And every day saw our pleasures increase;
O, then with what kindness we'd lisp forth his name
But now he's a drunkard—*yet we're not to blame.*

Time was, when each morning, around the fireside,
Our sire in the midst like a saint would preside,
And kneel, and for blessings would call on God's name—
But now he's a drunkard—*but we're not to blame.*

Our father then loved us, and all was delight,
Until he partook of this withering blight,
And sunk his poor family in misery and shame—
O yes, he's a drunkard—*but we're not to blame.*

My poor, dying mother, must she feel the scorn?
Must she be forsaken, to perish forlorn?
O grief! when we call on that affectionate name,
I might well ask the world—*can that saint be to blame?*

My sisters, poor orphans! O, what have they done
Why should you neglect them, or why will you shu
Let not foul disgrace be attached to their name—
Though their father 's a drunkard—*they are not to blame.*

The Wife's Appeal.

TUNE—*Auld lang syne.*

SHOULD auld affection be forgot,
All drowned in Rum and Wine—
The love that blessed our happy lot
In days o' lang syne?
For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
Come take the *Pledge Teetotal*, now,
For auld lang syne.

How happy in our early love!
How bright each scene did shine!
But, O, what darkening clouds and storms
Have rose from Rum and Wine!
For auld, &c.

In wedlock's sacred union joined,
What blessings crowned our board!
But, O, what floods of want and woe
In Rum and Wine have poured!
For auld, &c.

Still here's my hand, my husband dear
My heart, too, still is thine:
O, give to me your own again,
Forsaking Rum and Wine.
For auld, &c.

Then auld affection shall revive,
As 'twas in auld lang syne;
Our early, wedded love shall live,
Restored from Rum and Wine.
For auld, &c.

MARRIED.

In Salinas City, Cal., December 23d, by the Rev. M. Bond, Mr. Frederick H. Ray, formerly of this town, to Miss Emily Patterson, of Salinas City.

In this town, on Thursday evening last, by Rev. W. H. Starr, Mr. John Gray, to Mrs. Mary W. Stephens, both of this town.

In this town, on Thursday evening last, by Rev. S. D. Hosmer, Mr. John W. Hall, to Miss Lydia S., daughter of Capt. Benjamin Lawrence, both of this town.

DIED.

In East Boston, on Monday night Mr. George S. Coleman, formerly of this town, aged 68 years.

In New Bedford, 30th ult., Ellen, wife of Charles P. Baker, formerly of Waquoit, aged 41 years, 4 months.

The Amputated Arm.

Bring me my arm,—my strong right arm;
I'd gaze once more on thee,
Before thy cold and stiffening form
Is hid for aye from me.

Thou streng right arm,—I'll miss you much
Through all my future life;
Thou'st been my friend through many scenes
Where blood and death were rife.

Thou'st warded off the sabre stroke
Aimed at my beating heart;
Thou'st helped to break oppression's yoke,—
Yet thou and I must part.

Thou'st served me well in time of peace,
In stern and hardy toil,
Where, 'mid the green New-England hills,
We've helped to till the soil.

Thou'st been my boast and strength and pride
Reliant safe on thee,
I've bravely stemmed the bloody tide
Of life's tempestuous sea.

But yet think not that I regret
This member thus was riven;
I'll miss my strong right arm, but yet
'Twas gladly, freely given!

And this, the weaker one that's left,
I'd lay beside the right,
If needed, that no star be cleft
From that proud banner bright!

And now, old Arm, I'll say farewell,
And heave a parting sigh;
Thou'st served me long and served me well—
Good-by, old Arm, good-by! W. A. A

THE OLD FOLK.

Ah! don't be sorrowful, darling,
And don't be sorrowful, pray—
Taking the year together, my dear,
There isn't more night than day.

'Tis rainy weather, my darling,
Time's waves, they heavily run;
But taking the year together, my dear,
There isn't more cloud than sun.

We are old folks, now, my darling,
Our heads are growing gray,
But taking the year all round, my dear,
You will always find a May.

We have had our May, my darling,
And our roses, long ago;
And the time of year is coming
For the silent night of snow.

And God is God, my darling,
Of night as well as day;
And we feel and know that we can go
Wherever He leads the way.

God of the night, my darling,
Of the night of death so grim;
The gate that leads out of life, good wife,
Is the gate that leads to Him.

LONGING AND WAITING.

Hearts that long and hearts that wait
Just outside a barred gate—
Hearts filled full of bitter pain,
Losing that ye strive to gain,
Ye are wasting all the day—
Little work brings little pay.

Hearts that long, put longing by,
'Twill not make the gate less high;
Waiting will not raise the bars—
Only children grasp at stars,
And the flowers ye crave to kiss,
Through all craving ye will miss.

Since, for ye, these do not grow,
Earn some seed, find earth, and sow;
Why look through a barred gate
Ye should early work and late,
And ye surely fruit shall reap,
If in faith your watch ye keep.

Hearts so weary, hearts so sad,
Ever in gray sack-cloth clad,
Over whom bend leaden skies,
In whose gloom the sunlight dies,
There is one can give you light,—
He who gave the blind their sight.

Rouse ye,—work salvation out;
Work, not moan; clasp faith, not doubt
The dark clouds will break away,
Christ stands in the perfect day;
Touch his hand—'twill give you peace;
Saddest grieving soon will cease.

SHADOWS.

Oh, sadly fall on hill and lea
The shadows of the weary day:
And, wafted from the wailing sea,
A low, long murmur seems to say,
To say:
"Shine on, thou golden sun;
Thine hour will soon be done!
Ah! well-a-day!"

Cold drives the rain upon the world,
And homeless is the North wind's cry;
And, 'mid the darkness thickly curled,
Sad tunes of sorrow seem to sigh,
To sigh:
"Bloom on, thou shining rose;
Thy short life soon will close,
For thou must die!"

Oh, sadly fall on loving hearts
The shadows of life's weary way,
And, heedless of the tear that starts,
A mournful message seems to say,
To say:
"Thee and thy love the tomb
Soon, soon will fold in gloom;
Ah! well-a-day!"

Things to Cherish.

The eyes that look with love on thee,
That brighten with thy smile,
Or mutely bid thee hope again,
If thou art sad awhile;
The eyes that, when no words are breathed
Gaze fondly into thine—
Oh, cherish them, ere they grow dim,
They may not always shine!

The faithful hearts around thee,
That glow with love and youth,
That time and care ne'er yet have seared,
Nor ravished of their truth;
The hearts whose beatings we have heard
When throbbing near our own—
Oh, cherish them; those beatings hushed,
Earth's dearest tones are gone.

The days when there are hearts and eyes
That throb and beam for thee;
The few fleet hours when life doth seem
Bright as a summer sea;
The thrilling moments when to speak
The full heart's joy is vain—
Oh, cherish them! once gone, alas!
They ne'er return again!

TWO YEARS OUT

Ship Martha Cruising on the Line

Tuesday Sept 21st 1847

Wind 24 hours begins with cheering whales lowered all three of the Boats the 1st Boat struck and saved a and saved a small calf took turn along side and cut same in and commenced boiling and so on through the of the Henry Astor of our Ile Boiling Latt Long 8°08 m 178-20 west

Wednesday Sept 22th 1847

Begins with light breezes and calms part part steering by the wind to the N.W.E under all sail employed in boiling at sunset got through boiling turned up 33 middle part calm latter part employed in pumping the vessel spoke the Astor and got her Blacksmith and carpenter to lend us a hand and so ends this day Latt 5.2 m Long 178.28 E

Thursday Sept 23th 1847

Begins with light breezes and calms got the vessel pumped and hung at 2 PM at 3 AM raised a large whale lowered Boat came on board at sunset without vessels middle part fine latter part strong breezes from the Eastward the watch employed in Lancing Jobs Latt 1.44 Long 175.00 west

Friday Sept 24th 1847

Begins with strong breezes from the Eastward and fine weather steering by the wind to the Northward and westward all sail set middle part the same at daylight hoisted Boat and steered by the wind to the Northward this day employed in Tinkering and various other jobs Latt 2.31 Long 177.44 west

Saturday Sept 25th 1847

Begins with strong breezes from the Eastward and fine weather part part steering by the wind to the Northward with all sail set plenty of small pieces ice sight put in Sperm whales latter part employed in fitting a new mast &c so ends this day Latt 1.29 Long 177.44 west

Sunday Sept 26th 1847 H D

Begins with light breezes from the Eastward and fine weather part part steering by the wind to the N with all sail set nothing remarkable this day Latt per Obs 0.21 Long 177.40 west

Hen Story.

pair of Light Brahmas to
The hen laid ten eggs and
joyfully agreed to it and fixed
as I thought. She was on
ne varmint stole all the eggs,
up. She continued to cluck
y nest, until an envious
reak her up and set her
arly in the season, I
s directions, hoping
ng caught the ob-
strip of red flannel,
rd or more long, to her leg,
t it was a *sure cure*. As I put her on
k herself, and gave a cluck or two,
h that infernal flannel at the same
! you ought to have seen that hen
y from that string. She ran, she
elled, she went hither and yon, over
, through the yard, up the lane and
to my great disgust, but evidently to
amusement of a large circle of ad-
ends and neighbors. I didn't try to
it was no use. I didn't swear; I never
besides, my heart was too full. The offi
eighbor said it was a joke, but I couldn't
point, although I felt like shaking the sout
f his earthly tabernacle, as he stood there,
ng his hat and shouting: "See her go!" The
didn't he know that that hen cost me three
lars? The hen kept on, and I never saw her
ore. My brother gave my boy a bull terrier.
The terrier killed the cock, and so ended the
Brahma speculation.

This ought to have cured me of fancy chicken breeding, but last spring a man at Skowhegan beguiled me into the Buff Cochin business, and sold me a dozen eggs for $3.00. Fortune, this time, favored me, as they all hatched. But when they got to be three weeks old, an old mink stole eight of them. I declared war, and bought four steel traps to fortify the coop with. One was a big beaver trap, strong enough to hold a wolf. I placed the coop beneath my bed-room window, where I could watch it and put the hen and four remaining chickens in it, with the traps carefully set about the entrance. Then I went into the house, and after concealing a mug of the extract of apples about my person, went to bed feeling certain that no mink could come fooling about that coop and live. I went to sleep with that idea firmly fixed in my head. My wife, who is a nervous woman, objected to having the coop put there in the first place, now solemnly declared, in a short curtain lecture, that "something would surely happen before morning"—and it did. About twelve o'clock she gave me a terrible thump in the ribs, and propounded the fearful and everlasting conundrum, "What on earth's the matter?" "Do get up and see." I had by this time got my eyes open—and my ears too. I didn't wonder a bit at the aforesaid conundrum, for of all the double and twisted caterwauling and swearing in the cat vernacular, I never heard the like before. I began to fumble round in the dark for my pants, and my wife kept screaming, "Go get her out!" "It's poor Tabby." "Oh, dear!" "Poor thing!" "Do hurry," etc., until, in despair, I went to the rescue in my shirt—forgetting that cats are a sharp shod race, and I ran the risk of having parallel lines drawn on my defenceless legs. I got to the coop, or rather to the traps, and found Tabby in one of the small ones, caught by her forefoot in trying to get the bit of fresh fish with which I had unwisely baited it. She was whirling round promiscuously. It seemed as though she was a dozen. I finally drew her gently towards me by the chain, and pressing the spring told her to go. She went—about four feet, then stopped suddenly with a howl that would have frightened the Modocs. I was mad. Why didn't she go? I soon found out. *She had got caught in another trap!* It was fast to her tail close up—a saw tooth rat trap. Her yells now were actually deafening. At this juncture my wife opened the window, and begged me, in God's name, to get her out. Half crazed by the uproar I grabbed at the chain, pulling up the fastening, intending to throw cat, trap and all, into the mill-pond. Alas for human hopes! In the melee I heard a click—and felt one, too—that caused me to drop old Tab, who went off with one trap, *and left me in another!* It was the confounded old beaver. Oh, how sad I felt. I was almost too full for utterance, but in language more emphatic than polite, I ordered Mrs. Meek to shut the window and her mouth, and to come and help me out. She fainted on the way, and I had to get out myself and carry her into the house. I sat up two hours, bathing that foot, and made up my mind that there was such a thing as doing too much, especially in setting traps. My wife says she thinks so too, as she has got a bobtailed cat and a lame husband.

TUNE—*Long, long ago.*

WHERE are the friends that to me were so dear,
Long, long ago—long, long ago?
Where are the hopes that my heart used to cheer,
Long, long ago—long ago?
Friends that I loved in the grave are laid low—
Hopes that I cherished have fled from me now—
I am degraded, for rum was my foe—
Long, long ago—long ago.

Sadly my wife bowed her beautiful head—
Long, long ago—long, long ago.
O, how I wept when I knew she was dead!
Long, long ago—long ago.
She was an angel—my love and my guide—
Vainly to save me from ruin she tried;
Poor broken heart! it was well that she died—
Long, long ago—long ago.

Poetry.

THE CHILDREN.

The following beautiful poem was written by Charles Dickens:

When the lessons and tasks are all ended,
And the school for the day is dismissed,
And the little ones gather around me,
To bid me good night and be kissed:
Oh, the little white arms that encircle
My neck in a tender embrace!
Oh, the smiles that are halos of heaven,
Shedding sunshine of love on my face!

And when they are gone I sit dreaming
Of my childhood too lovely too last;
Of love that my heart will remember,
When it wakes to the pulse of the past,
Ere the world and its wickedness made me
A partner of sorrow and sin:
When the glory of God was about me,
And the glory of gladness within.

Oh, my heart grows weak as a woman's,
And the fountains of feeling will flow,
When I think of the paths steep and stony,
Where the feet of the dear ones must go;
Of the mountains of sin hanging o'er them,
Of the tempest of Fate blowing wild;
Oh! there is nothing on earth half so holy
As the innocent heart of a child.

They are idols of hearts and of households;
They are angels of God in disguise;
His sunlight still sleeps in their tresses,
His glory still gleams in their eyes:
Oh! those truants from home and from heaven,
They have made me more manly and mild!
And I know how Jesus could liken
The Kingdom of God to a child.

I ask not a life for the dear ones,
All radiant, as others have done,
But that life may have just enough shadow
To temper the glare of the sun;
I would pray God to guard them from evil,
But my prayer would bound back to myself;
Ah! a seraph may pray for a sinner,
But a sinner must pray for himself.

The twig is so easily bended,
I have banished the rule and the rod;
I have taught them the goodness of knowledge,
They have taught me the goodness of God;
My heart is a dungeon of darkness,
Where I shut them from breaking a rule;
My frown is sufficient correction;
My love is the law of the school.

I shall leave the old house in the autumn,
To traverse the threshold no more;
Ah! how I shall sigh for the dear ones,
That meet me each morn at the door!
I shall miss the "good nights" and the kisses,
And the gush of their innocent glee,
The group on the green, and the flowers
That are brought every morning to me.

I shall miss them at morn and at eve,
Their song in the school and the street;
I shall miss the low hum of their voices,
And the tramp of their delicate feet.
When the lessons and tasks are all ended,
And death says, The school is dismissed!"
May the little ones gather around me,
To bid me good night and be kissed.



THE RETURN.

BY HIRAM E. GRIFFITH.

OH! the hopes, and the faith, of a soldier's wife,
The faith, the hopes, and the tears,
And the weary watchings, and waitings, too,
Through all these dreadful years;
Watching, and waiting, and praying well,
That the battles may soon be o'er,
And he be back, ere the year has fled,
To never leave her more.

Ah, well! those weary years have fled,
And the dreary months have past,
And over the hills the guidons wave,
On the homeward march at last;
And the breath of spring comes balmy up
To cheer them on their way,
And the soldier's wife, on bended knees,
Is blessing God to-day.

A tear, and a prayer, for the soldiers' wife,
Whose hopes are beyond the tomb,
Who, over the hills, to that better land,
Will be homeward marching soon—
Where a husband waits to welcome her,
And war shall never come,
Nor the steady tramp of Iron heels,
Nor the sound of martial drum.

For the Inquirer and Mirror.

Snow and Rain.

Around the frozen world
God drew a fold of snow;
The people murmured and they said
"Why lies the fair earth cold and dead!"
A thousand streams and mountain rills
Were bound upon a thousand hills;
The heavens lost their azure hue,
And all the wild birds southward flew,
When, lo! from lands of sunny light
God spangled all the robe of white
With jewels; Winter ceased its reign,
And sunshine brought the spring again.

Upon the thirsty world
God showered the summery rain,
And still the people murmuring said,
"Better that earth were frozen dead,
Than deluged with the floods of heaven."
From golden morn till blush of even
The torrents flowed from mountain steep,
And all the flowers began to weep;
When lo! among the clouds that crept
Across the sky, the sunshine swept,
The west winds blew the clouds away
And left a golden summer day.

God gave the Autumn days
In russet mantles drest.
The people (no more murmuring) cried
"Look! how the meadows far and wide
Are waving seas of golden grain;
No more we murmur or complain;
Beneath the light of sunny skies
The old earth seems a paradise,
Where lately laid the winter snow
The ripened wheat nods to and fro."
With shining blades the reapers come
And gather in the harvest home.

From treasures of God's love
Come sorrow to us all
From human eyes fall burning tears
And hearts are crushed through many years;
The fondest hopes are often found
Concealed beneath a new-shaped mound;
But as the snow and summer rain
Ripens the fields of Autumn grain,
So tears that fall from human eyes
Are drops from streams of Paradise.
Not smiles but tears by God are given,
To ripen us for fields of Heaven.

Hamilton, N. Y.

The day went on—I remember it well—
The rooms were filled with the salt sea smell;
And the sunlight came, like an angel good,
Through the doors and the windows that open stood.

I sang and worked with joy in my heart,
For I hold that a wife should do her part
To clean and brighten the house within,
Praying the Lord to keep her from sin.

I had finished, and just sat down to rest,
When I saw a cloud rise up in the West,
And the moan of the sea grew loud on the rocks,
And the gulls flew landward in shrieking flocks.

Soon the wind blew loud from the hollow skies,
And I watched the waves with frightened eyes,
As they struggled and sprang at the cloud's black frown,
And clutching their broad wings, swept them down.

Then I hurried out to the old pier-head,
Through the yard of the church, where slept the dead;
And I wished that my man and I had died,
And were quietly sleeping there, side by side.

'Twas an evil wish—I rebuked it, too;
But *one* heart is weak where there should be two,
And *one* voice alone grows weak in prayer,
When it misses another so often there.

Well, I watched for hours in that beat and blow,
Till all the light from the sky did go.
Then I turned heart-sick from the fling of the foam,
And wrestled my way to my vacant home.

There the breath of the storm blew under the door,
And I felt it whisper along the floor;
And the clothes of my man, as they hung on the stand,
Swung as if touched by a spirit hand.

The lights I put in the window small,
Were blown into darkness one and all;
And I heard, as the whirling storm went by,
Shrieks as of souls about to die.

I dropt to the ground with my hands on my face,
For I feared to see some sight in the place;
And I prayed the Lord my soul to keep,
And He heard my prayer, and gave me sleep.

I leapt up at last; 'twas early dawn:
I ran to the door—the storm was gone;
The morning star shone bright o'er the sea;
And my man came home to his house and me.

The Cup for Me.

TUNE—*The rose that all are praising.*

THE drink that's in the drunkard's bowl
Is not the drink for me;
It kills his body and his soul;
How sad a sight is he!
But there's a drink which God hath given
Distilling in the showers of heaven,
In measures large and free:
O, that's the drink for me,
O, that's the drink for me,
O, that's the drink for me.

The stream that many prize so high
Is not the stream for me;
For he who drinks it still is dry;
Forever dry he'll be.

GEORGE W. LYONS, BOSTON HARBOR.

Ships Martha Cruising on the Line W Long

Saturday Oct 2th 1847

Begins with light breeze from the SE steering by the
the wind to the Eastward first part boiling got through Boiling
at 2 P M Came up about 75 bbls Sperm Oil and Liter
part squally and variously winds latter part moderate Lott 2-00 Long

Sunday Oct 3th 1847 1, 17, 46 west

Begins with light variable winds and fine weather
first part employed in coopering latte and middl
part steering E the wind from S SW all hands
employed in coopering so ends this day Lott Long
1-42 176-58 west

Monday Oct 4th 1847

This day commenced with light breeze from the SW
first part steering NE all hands employed in coopering
it rained got through coopering latter part employed
in stowing down this after hold so ends this day
Lott Long
1-30 176-40

Tuesday Oct 5th 1847

Begins with light breeze from the SW and fine
weather first part steering NE all hands employed
in stowing down at 4 P M raised a whole if sperm
whales lowered the Boats all three struck and saved
got them along side at 8 the latter part employed
in stowing down and so ends this day Lott Long
2,05 176,18 west

Wednesday Oct 6th 1847

Begins with Cutting at Sunset and commenced
boiling and so ends a Barque to windward cutting
Boiling the remainder of the day 1-28 176-19 west

Thursday Oct 7th 1847

Begins with light breeze from the Eastward
first part steering by the wind to the SEastward
at 4 P M got through Boiling at 10 P M spoke the
Barque Anna of Bristol RI 36 on 600 sperm
latter part steering all hands employed
in Breaking out and clear out betweendecks

Lott 1:10 Long 176-28 west

Plenty of Whales on the Ground

...cied Sketches.

...austed Husband.

...ng bit of charming unso-...written by a young wife in ... her prim and spectacled ... in Boston, will be read with ...erest by the more enlightened ...ier:

...Y DEAR AUNT,—Although you told ... when I invited you to my wedding, that I was too young to marry, and not capable of choosing a mate for life properly, and with due consideration, I know that you may now feel that I was wiser than you thought. In selecting dear Orlando, I have gained a most affectionate and attentive husband, and one who has neither a fault nor a vice. Heavens! what must a girl suffer who finds herself united to a dissipated person, neglectful of her, and disposed to seek the society of unworthy persons, who drink, smoke, and do all sorts of dreadful things!

Thank heaven, Orlando is perfection! To-day is my eighteenth birthday, and we have been married a year. We keep house now, and I can make pretty good pies, only the under-crust will be damp. However, I think that must be in the oven. Once I put peppermint in the pudding sauce instead of lemon flavoring; but then Orlando was trying to kiss me, right before the girl, who didn't much like either of us going into the kitchen at all.

The flowers are coming up beautifully in the back garden. We sowed a great many seeds, but hardly expected so many plants. Among the most numerous is one variety with a very large leaf, that scratches one's fingers, and don't smell nice. I wonder what it is! Orlando frightens me by talking about weeds; but weeds always come up, don't they?

Dear Orlando! I come back to him again — so excellent, temperate, and true! Tell all the girls to marry as soon as they can, if they can find a husband like mine.

I have but one trial; business takes him so much away from me. A lawyer must attend to business, you know; and sometimes they carry on the case until two at night. Often and often he has examined witnesses until half past twelve, and come home perfectly exhausted. And the nasty things will smoke, so that his dear coat quite smells of it. And, as it makes him as ill as it does me, I have to air it, and sprinkle the lining with cologne-water, before he dares put it on again.

I had a terrible fright the other night — dreadful! Orlando had told me that business — I think he said it was a case of life and death — would detain him late. So I sat up as usual, with a book, and did not worry until one o'clock. After that I was a little anxious, I confess, and caught a cold in my head peeping through the upstairs window-blinds; for, dear aunt, it was not until three o'clock that I heard a cab driving up the street, and saw it stop at our door; then I thought I should faint, for I was sure some dreadful accident had happened to Orlando.

I ran down to open the door; a friend of Orlando's, who is not, I confess, very much to my taste — such a red faced, noisy man — was just supporting my dear boy up the steps.

"Oh, what has happened?" cried I.

"Don't be frightened, Mrs. White!" said Mr. Smith. "Nothing at all; only White is a little exhausted. Application to business will exhaust a man, and I thought I'd bring him home."

"All right, Belle," said Orlando, "Smith tells the truth—I'm exhausted."

And, dearest aunt, he was so much so that he spoke quite thick, and couldn't stand up without tottering. Mr. Smith was kind enough to help him upstairs; and he lay upon the bed so prostrated that I thought he was going to die. Then I remembered the French brandy you gave me in case of sickness. I ran to get it out.

"Have a little brandy and water, dear?" I said.

"The very thing. Smith is exhausted, too. Give some to Smith," said he.

And so I reproach myself for my not having thought of it before Mr. Smith was gone. But I gave a glass to Orlando, and, under Providence, I think it saved his life; for, oh, how bad he was!

"Belle," said he, quite faltering in his speech, "the room is going round so fast that I can't catch your eye. And, besides, there's two of you, and I don't know which is which."

I knew these were dreadful symptoms.

"Take a drink, dear," said I, "and I'll try to wake Mary, and send her for the doctor."

"No," said he, "I'll be all right in the morning. I'm all right now. Here's your health. You're a brick. I—" and over he fell, fast asleep.

Oh, why do men think so much of money-making? Is not health better than anything else?

Of course he had laid down in his hat; I took that off first. And I managed to divest him of his coat. But when it came to his boots — dearest aunt, did you ever take off a man's boots? Probably not, as you are a single lady—what a task! How do they ever get them on? I pulled and pulled, and shook and wriggled, and gave it up. But it would not do to leave them on all night; so I went at it again, and at last one came off so suddenly, and over I went on the floor, and into his hat, which I had put down there for a minute. I could have cried. And the other came off in the same way, just as hard, and just as sudden at last. Then I put a soft blanket over Orlando, and sat in my sewing-chair all night. Oh, how heavily he breathed! And I had, as you may fancy, the most dreadful fears. He might have killed himself by his over-application to business, for all that I knew. The perfect ones go first, it is said.

Oh, how differently should I have felt had anything have happened to my beloved Orlando. He has not had so exhausting a day since, and I think he sees the folly of overwork; though if courts will keep open so late, what can poor lawyers do? I think it is very inconsiderate of the judge. I wonder whether he has a wife — the mean old thing!

Which is Best?

Under the splendor of fashion's fane;
Thronged with the worldly, the wealthy, the vain:
An ocean of gems in a soft lace mist,
Archbishop, two bishops a dean to "assist!"

Flowers and feathers and jewels and lace,
An "ivory" arm and a "rose-bud" face,
Gossamer white o'er a forest of gold,
Beauty (and money) in every fold!

Bound together for good and for ill,
With a cup of wealth 'twould be hard to fill.
'Tis already full of the golden store—
So full that a few of the drops run o'er.

A fearful power for weal or woe—
A power that only few men know;
The power to help mankind to good,
Who use it well, as a Christian should.

* * * * * *

Under a moss-covered, ivied dome,
Within the sight of her childhood's home,
Scarcely a rustle, scarcely a sound,
Save the half-breathed sigh of her friends around.

Gray silk, guiltless of flounces and bows,
White bonnet adorned with a single rose,
Soft, tender dove-eyes looking down,
With a world of trust in their half-veiled brown.

The father-rector, godly, wise,
With faltering voice, with dew-wet eyes,
Speaking the words with a solemn tone,
That shall give his daughter to one alone.

One! till together the pair shall lie
'Neath the dappled green of the turf close by;
One! till the trials of life shall cease,
And the twin hearts rest in the sleep of peace!

THROUGH THE WORLD.

Some hearts go wandering through the world
And never find the love they seek;
Some lips with pride or scorn are curled
To hide the pain they may not speak.
The eye may flash, the mouth may smile,
The voice in gladdest music thrill,
And yet beneath them all the while
The hungry heart be pining still.

These know their doom, and walk their way
With level steps and steadfast eyes,
Nor strive with Fate, nor weep nor pray—
While others, not so sadly wise,
And mocked by phantoms evermore,
And lured by seeming of delight,
Fair to the eye, but at the core
Holding but bitter dust and blight.

I see them gaze from wistful eyes,
I mark their sign of fading cheeks;
I hear them breathe in smothered sighs,
And note the grief that never speaks.
For them no might redresses wrong,
No eye with pity is impearled;
O, misconstrued and suffering long,
O, hearts that hunger through the world!

For you does life's dull desert hold
No fountain shade, no date grove fair,
No gush of waters clear and cold,
But sandy reaches wide and bare,
The foot may fall, the soul may faint,
And weigh to earth the weary frame,
And still ye make no weak complaint,
And speaks no word of grief or blame.

O, eager eyes which gaze afar!
O, arms which clasp the mighty air!
Not all unmarked your sorrows are,
Not all unpitied your despair.
Smile patient lips, so proudly dumb—
When life's frail tent at last is furled,
Your glorious recompense shall come,
O, hearts that hunger through the world.

A person who pretends to be what he is not, is like a fox which tries to look as noble and strong as a tiger.

"Call Me when Breakfast is Ready."

A SONG.

Call me when breakfast is ready—
O mother! don't call me before;
Do not deny me the pleasure
Of moderate rest I implore.
Eight hours of slee... too little
For delicate mai... me;
Dearer, by far, is ...
Than cup of the ...
Mother, I cannot en...
This getting up ear...
Call me when breakf...
Oh! please don't ...

Call me when br...
O! mother don ...
Shopping of co...
But that can ...
Talk of the folly ...
I do not consid...
Parties must not ...
And style is im...
Mother! it makes ...
To think of your ...
Call me when bre...
Oh? please do n...

Call me when bre...
Oh! don't call ...
Doctors advise ...
My spine ...
Sleep is a p...
And bette...
Why, th...
Since r...
Mother, do...
And chide ...
Call me ...
Oh! p...

Call m...
O mot...
Mult...
A...
Hy...
Th...
Sunda...
Becaus...
Mother! I c...
This getting ...
Call me when brea...
But please do not call ...

—*Hearth an...*

ORIGIN OF THE CABLE FAILURE.

Old Neptune rose one mor... ing fine,
Mounted his watery car
Summoned along his gall... nt train,
Prepared for peace or war;

"Look out!" cried one, as they galloped on,
O'er plain and mountain steep;
"There lies a snake, long as the sea—
A monster of the deep!"

"'Tis an eel," old Neptune cried, in wrath—
"The electric species, rot 'em!"
Then up his mighty trident raised,
And pinned it to the bottom.

And thus you see, by Neptune's ire,
Who did the deed so naughty,
That it's all under with the wire,
All over with De Sauty!

THE BIRD AND THE GRAVE.

SING gayly, sing gayly, thou innocent bird,
Where the rose on her grave by the south wind is stirred
Into beautiful measures, that chime with thy tune,
Flowing under the sun, or the soft, pensive moon.
Yes, gayly, yes, gayly; no sorrow should moan;
Let a gladness be breathed in each beautiful tone—
Truest answer to songs that her soul sings on high,
'Mid the roses of life in its home of the sky.

A SENTIMENTAL YOUNG LADY ON BONNETS.

O THE bonnets of my girlhood—the kind I wore to school
I really thought them pretty—I must have been a fool.
And yet I used to think myself on hats a jaunty miss;
Perhaps I was, as fashion went; but what was that to this?
O the lovely little pancake! the charming little mat!
It makes my head so level, and so very, very flat.
Oh! a sister's love is charming, as every body knows;
And a handsome cousin's love is nice, (that is, I should suppose
And the love of a true lover is a love that can not pall;
But the love of a new bonnet is the dearest love of all.

...But there's a st...
The thirsty t...
Refreshed and ...
O, that's the ...

The wine-cup t...
Is not the cu...
The aching hea...
In its sad tra...
But there's a c...
And he who ...
Of health and ...
O, that's the ...

Ship Martha Cruising on the Line

Wednesday Oct 13th 1847

These 24 hours commenced with light Breezes from the Eastward and fine weather first part steering by the wind to the S S E with all Sail set at 8 PM Tacked to Northward latter part the same course hove to setting up shrouds the watch employed about the rigging So ends this day Lat 1.34 Long 177.27 west

Thursday Oct 14th 1847

Begins with light Breezes from the Eastward and fine weather first part steering by the wind to the E N E with all sail set at sunset Took in the light sails middle part steering by the wind to the S E latter part steering from S S W to South this day employed in various Jobs and so ends Lat 1.57 Long 177.51 west

Friday Oct 15th 1847

These 24 hours commenced with strong breezes from the Eastward and fine weather first part course S S W at sunset veered Ship and steered by the wind to the N N W middle part course W N W nothing remarkable this day Lat 1.48 Long 178.26 west

Saturday Oct 16th 1847

Begins with strong breezes from the S E and fine weather first part course N W by W middle part N W latter part W S W so ends this day Lat 1.42 Long 179.25 East

Sunday Oct 17th 1847

Begins with strong breezes from the S E and fine weather first course S W by W middle part W by S nothing more remarkable and so ends this day Lat 1.15 Long 177.40 East

Monday Oct 18th 1847

This day commences with strong breezes from the S E course W by S with all sail set at 2 P M made Byrons Island on the Kingsmill Group the Natives came off with plenty of mats & mats to trade we hauled off shore at sunset and stood off the land until 1 P M Tack again at daylight & light breezes from the Eastward no land in sight at 8 AM a sail in sight off the weather Bow Bulk supposed to be standing to southward so ends this day Lat 1.25 Long 176.54 East

Enigmas, &c.

1. I am composed of 14 letters.
My 12, 10, 3, 14, 7, is an animal rarely tamed
My 2, 3, 10, 1, 2, 11, 10, 14, is a boy's nam
My 13, 4, 3, 4, 14, 9, is a town in Illinois.
My 1, 10, 8, is a nickname.
My 6, 7, 10, 5, is a Latin pronoun.
Entire, I am the name of a king mentioned i
the Old Testament.

2. Two boys, A twice as old as B, each ha
a sheep which they sold at one dollar a head
the price to be doubled once in every fou
years, and payment to be made when the boy
should arrive at the age of 50 years. A's shee
brought him $896. How much did B's shee
bring him, and how old were the boys when
they sold their sheep?

3. My *first* a preposition is;
My *second*'s to reveal;
My *third*'s myself—I do not quiz;
My *fourth* is scarce genteel:
If not my *whole*, I must confess,
This riddle you will never guess.
My *first* for fleetness is renowned,
No Arab steed more fleet;
My *second* lies beneath the ground,
Near every rustic seat;
My *whole* is a delicious food;
Both young and old pronounce it good.

Rich merchant, seeking wealth and fame,
I pray you tell me true,
Is not my *first* one's little name
Of consequence to you?

Lone *second* in a den confined,
Hid from this world of care—
Time, joy and happiness I seek,
Say, can I find them there?

Brave soldier, when you're called upon
To guard your country's right,
Pray tell me—is it not my *third*
That calls you to the fight?

And now, if I a question ask,
I'm sure you'll not refuse
To answer it; then reader say,
Does not my *whole* amuse?

"I do not like to do my *second*,
I had rather go and play;
Do not keep me here so quiet,
On this brilliant summer day."

"You are very idle, darling,
And to-day you've done your worst;
But I'll take you out and make you
Take a lesson from my *first*."

And they wandered through the meadows,
Stopping at the village school
To admire the little scholars
Singing thankfully my *whole*.

My *first* is found in the orchard or sea,
And either a fruit or fish may be;
Though eatable both, they vary in taste,
The one mostly sour, the other much waste.
My *next* is a comfort, or plague in some cases,
In dark prison cells, or similar places;
It is hard, it is soft, and very soon made,
In sickness or health it gives you much aid.
My *whole* some are oft, but don't you be,
Should you fail to solve this mystery.

THE LIGHT AT HOME.

The light at home! how bright it beams,
When evening shades around us fall,
And from the lattice far it gleams,
To love, and rest, and comfort all:
When wearied with the toils of day,
And strife for glory, gold, or fame,
How sweet to seek the quiet way
Where loving lips will lisp our name,
Around the light at home.

When through the dark and stormy night
The wayward wanderer homeward flies,
How cheering is the twinkling light,
Which through the forest gloom he spies
Is it the light of home. He feels
That loving hearts will greet him there,
And safely through his bosom steals
The joy and love that banish care
Around the light at home.

The light at home! how still and sweet
It peeps from yonder cottage door,
The weary laborer to greet.
When the rough toils of day are o'er!
Sad is the soul that does not know
The blessings that the beams impart,
The cheerful hopes and joys that flow,
And lighten up the heaviest heart
Around the light at home.

Drawing Water.

I had drank with lip unsated
Where the founts of pleasure burst
I had hewn out broken cisterns,
And they mocked my spirit's thirst

And I said, Life is a desert,
Hot, and measureless and dry;
And God will not give me water,
Though I pray, and faint and die!

Spoke there then a friend and brother
"Rise and roll the stone away!
There are founts of life unspringing
In thy pathway every day."

Then I said my heart was sinful—
Very sinful was my speech;
All the wells of God's salvation
Are too deep for me to reach.

And he answered, "Rise and labor!
Doubt and idleness is death;
Shape thou out a goodly vessel
With the strong hands of thy faith!

So I wrought and shaped the vessel,
Then knelt lowly, humbly there;
And I drew up living water,
With the golden chain of prayer.

A WELCOME TO LONGFELLOW

Here's a welcome to you, Professor,
Arrived on the English strand;
For your songs across the Atlantic
In the tongue of the mother-land.

Your lyrics are loved of the household,
That knows no Academy's law:
One hand's warm pressure is better
Than a whole world's distant awe.

It's cold in the clear blue ether,
That the king of the eagles achieves:
But the swallows have endless summer,
And build close under our eaves.

And the voices that bid you welcome
Are many, and tender, and true—
They'd not shout for the best of the poe
As loud as they're hailing you!

Come to the homes of the people,
Where your household words are dear;
There's seldom a poet has sung them
Such lyrics of courage and cheer.

The poet who taught "Resignation,"
Who sang us the "Psalm of Life"—
You are dear to them all, Professor,
Child parent, husband and wife!

Aye, let Universities seat you
In Temples of Honors and Arts:—
The people of England, sir, greet you,
And open the doors of their hearts.

THE CHURCH AND THE POOR.

FROM THE GERMAN OF KARL GEROK.

What is the fairest ornament
The Church of Christ can wear?
'Tis love like to his own: What charge
Is trusted to her care?
It is to bless the poor; to help
The needy and oppressed;
To bring the outcast to his fold,
The weary to his rest.

Who hung around the steps of Christ
When here He walked on earth?
Not kings or princes; not the men
Of lordly state and birth.
But hard-bestead petitioners
Who came for help to sue:
The poor, the sick, the toiled, the faint,
Were aye his retinue.

And wouldst thou seek to picture Him
As now He reigns on high?
Then think not angel hosts alone
May to his throne come nigh:
As near are men, once vile, now pure,
Once lost, now sought and found;
Than theirs no praise from angels' tongues
More meet for heaven doth sound.

Or, wouldst thou sing the Church's fame—
Their deeds of high renown?
Sing not how kings and conquerors
Have to the priest bent down;
But sing how she hath watched and toiled
To heal men's misery;
To find the lost, to raise the fallen,
And set the captive free.

Ye who would win the earth for Christ,
Think not that Satan's throne,
Though doomed to fall, can be cast down
By words and forms alone;
Nor stay within the cloistered fane,
Chanting your litanies,
While cries of want and wretchedness
Unheeded round you rise.

But do you see the plague of sin
Riot in homes forlorn?
Are messengers of mercy there
Oft greeted but with scorn?
Do some, sunk to the lowest depth,
Work evil as they can,—
Plotting, in squalid dens, against
The laws of God and man?

Then take for armor in the strife
The weapons proved of old,
The love that blesses those who curse:
The faith that waxes bold
In midst of conflict, and the truth
That's charged with power from heaven
To soldiers of the cross thus armed
The victory is given.

Go forth, O Church of God, again
To seek and save the lost:
From conquered foes, subdued by love,
Recruit thy Leader's host:
So let thine army unto Him
Its true allegiance own,
And onward press till rich with spoil
It stands before His throne.

STRAWBERRIES.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

Little Pearl Honeydew, six years old,
From her bright ear parted the curls of gold,
And laid her head on the strawberry-bed;
To hear what the red-cheeked berries said,

Their cheeks were blushing, their breath was sweet
She could almost hear their little hearts beat;
And the tiniest, lisping, whispering sound,
That ever you heard come up from the ground.

"Little friends," she said, "I wish I knew
How it is you thrive on sun and dew!"
And this is the story the berries told
To little Pearl Honeydew, six years old:

"You wish you knew? and so do we!
But we can't tell you, unless it be
That the same kind Power that cares for you
Takes care of poor little berries, too.

"Tucked up snugly, and nestled below
Our coverlid of wind-woven snow,
We peep and listen, all winter long,
For the first spring day and the bluebird's song.

"When the swallows fly home to the old brown she
And the robin builds on the bough overhead,
Then out from the mould, from the darkness and col
Blossom and runner and leaf unfold.

"Good children then, if they come near,
And hearken a good long while, may hear
A wonderful tramping of little feet—
So fast we grow in the summer heat.

"Our clocks are the flowers, and they count the hou
Till we can mellow in sun and showers,
With warmth of the west wind and heat of the sout
A ripe red berry for a ripe red mouth.

"Apple-blooms whiten, and peach-blooms fall,
And garlands are gay by the garden wall,
Ere the rose's dial gives the sign
That we can invite little Pearl to dine.

"The days are longest, the month is June,
The year is nearing its golden noon,
The weather is fine, and our feast is spread
With a green cloth and berries red.

"Just take us betwixt your finger and thumb—
And quick, O quick! for see! there come
Tom on all-fours, and Martin the man,
And Margaret, picking as fast as they can!

"O dear! if you only knew how it shocks
Nice berries like us to be sold by the box,
And eaten by strangers, and paid for with pelf,
You would surely take pity, and eat us yourself!"

And this is the story the small lips told
To the dear Pearl Honeydew, six years old,
When she laid her head on the strawberry-bed
To hear what the red-cheeked berries said.

A WRECKER.

SINGULAR BOTTLE STORIES.

Captain Beecher, editor of the English Nauti
cal Magazine, has compiled within the last ten
years the following curious voyages of bottles
thrown into the sea by unfortunate navigators:

A good many bottles thrown into the sea next
to the African coast, found their way to Europe.
The bottle seems to have anticipated the Austral
Panama route, having travelled from Panam
Isthmus to the Irish coast.

Another crossed the Atlantic from the Cana
ries to Nova Scotia. Three or four bottles throwi
into the sea by Greenland mariners on the Davi
Strait, landed on the northwest coast of Ireland.
Another one made a very curious trip, it swam
from the South Atlantic ocean to the west coast
of Africa, passed Gibraltar, went along the Por-
tuguese coast to France, passed Brest, and was
finally picked up on Jersey Island. The direct
line touches, at least, all these places, and makes
it more probable that it took this route.

One bottle was only found after sixteen years'
swimming, one after fourteen, and two after ten.
A few only travelled more than a year, and one
only five days. This last was sent off by the
captain of the Race Horse, on the 17th of April,
in the Carribean Sea, and was found on the 22d,
after having gone through three degrees of longi-
tude in a westwardly direction. Captain McClure,
of the Investigator, well known since his dis-
covery of the Northwest Strait, threw a bottle in
the sea in 1850, on his way to Behring Straits.
It swam 3600 miles in 206 days, and was picked
up on the Honduras coast.

YANKEE FIGHTING.

The Memoirs of Sir Charles Napier, just pub
lished in England, contain many passages inter
esting to Americans. We select a paragraph:

When at Bermuda, in 1813, with his regiment,
Colonel Napier, writing to his mother, says,
"Two packets are due, and we fear they have
been taken, for the Yankees swarm here; and
when a frigate goes out to drive them off, by Jove
they take her! Yankees fight well, and are gen-
tlemen in their mode of warfare. Decatur refused
Cardon's sword, saying, 'Sir, you have used it
so well, I should be ashamed to take it from you.'
These Yankees, though much abused, are really
fine fellows. One, an acquaintance of mine, has
just got the Macedonian; he was here a prisoner,
and dined with me; he had taken one of our
ships, but was himself captured by the Poictiers,
seventy-four, being now in an English frigate, if
he meets us we must take him, or we are no
longer sovereigns of the ocean."

LENGTH OF DAYS.

Some few years since, we beheld the strange sight
of an old woman, aged 102, bent double, croon-
ing over the fire, and nursing in her lap an infant
but a few days old. The infant was a grandchild
of the old woman's grandchild. The only re-
markable circumstance in the veteran's history
was that she had nursed Wordsworth in his in-
fancy. She had lived the greater part of her life
in Westmoreland, near the poet's residence, and
there her descendants had been chiefly born and
lived—*London Quarterly Review.*

NELLY.

Only a little child,
Who sings all day in the street,
Such a tuneless song
To an idle throng,
Who pity her shoeless feet;
A poor, pale, pretty child!
With clothes so ragged and mean,
And a wild weird face,
On which ne'er a trace
Of childhood's joy can be seen.

Out in the damp, wet fog,
Out in the sleet and the rain,
Out when the cold wind
Sends its blast unkind
Through her again and again;
Out in the dreadful night,
By the hinge of the tavern door,
In hope as she sings
Of the pity that flings
Some pence on the beer-stained floor.

Mothers who pass her by
Shudder with terrible fear,
Praying her fate may
Never be some day
That of her little ones dear;
Children who hear her sing
Stare at her features so wild,
O'er her life ponder,
Thinking with wonder,
"What, can she too be a child?"

Out in the damp, wet fog,
Out in the sleet and the rain,
Out when the cold wind
Sends its blast unkind
Through her again and again.
Brought up in Satan's school,
Hell's abyss falling in:
Is there no pity
In this great city
To save her from shame and sin?

THE SLEEPING CHILD.

Sleep on, gentle child;
Alone in the wild
Thou art safe on that carpet of gree
For dear little sprites
No bigger than mites,
Are flitting about thee unseen.

Now just in that rose
A sweet fay in repose,
(One only wants faith to discern,)
Half hid in a leaf,
Peeps out for mischief,
Or else the child's errand to learn.

The green, mossy bed,
Soft under him spread,
Is full of the dear little things;
From each tiny cup,
Just see one start up,
And hark now! how cheery it sings.

And forth from the cell
Of each pearly bell,
Come out in the moon's silver sheen
Such wild, little fays,—
Yet gentle their ways,—
The like of them never was seen.

Then all in a ring
Together they sing,
And how sweetly the harebells chim
"Sweet dreams to thee, child,
In this lonely wild,
We bring, with good-will, at this tim

"For childhood so fair,
Is ever our care,
And we guard it truly and well;
Each lovely thought,
With rich blessi
We have whispered with

OLD POEMS.

BY GEORGE WITHER.

[1612.]

Shall I wasting in despair,
Die, because a woman's fair?
Or make pale my cheeks with ca
'Cause another's rosy are?
Be she fairer than the
Or the flowery meads
If she be not so
What care I how

Sha foolish
'C a w
Or
Jo
Be
Tu

SAILMAKER, GEORGE W. LYONS, BOSTON HARBOR.

ONE WITH GOD.

BY PROF. T. C. UPHAM, D.D

ray'd, O God, that I might be
fashioned, and so bound to Thee,
ith such dear links and bonds of heart
hat I could never stand apart
rom time or place, where'er Thou art.

ll wilt Thou leave me, Holy One,
en thus to Thee my soul doth run?
o! When God himself shall die,
t not till then, wilt Thou deny
constant, struggling, heartfelt cry.

morning sunbeams are the same
h the great sun from which they came
so, in unity divine,
n hearest, and dost make me Thine,
all my Father hath is mine.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

BY LIZZIE BURGESS.

hristmas Eve, well I remember
Tiny stockings, hung with care
n the chimney corner, certain
Santa Claus would soon be there.
hen two curly heads were nestled
Snugly on the pillow white,
Wondering vaguely, why Old Santa
Always came e'er morning light.

I've listened—scarcely breathing
Lest I should not hear the hoof
the far-famed coursers, prancing
Softly, lightly, on the roof;
hen, at last grown tired with waiting
For the bustle down the flue,
have closed my eyes and murmured
"Santa has *so* much to do."

et, when morning dawned, we always
Found our stockings just where we
ng them, in the chimney corner,
illed as full as full could be;
nd our eyes grew bright with wonder,
While in glee we danced about,
sking pa and ma droll questions,
As we pulled our treasures out.

But with childhood, Santa vanished,
Years ago I learned too true
ll about the fabled fellow's
Coming down the sooty flue.
Yet while peeping through the window,
At the evening star so bright,
Unaware, I softly whispered,
"Will Old Santa come to-night?"

ADVICE TO LADS.

TED FROM THE SLAVIC, FOR THE BOST

He that wedded thinks to be,
Let him look about and see
That he choose a *proper* wife,
Or he'll rue it all his life.

If, in choosing one for life,
Thou shouldst choose too *young* a wife
Such a wife has boiling blood;
Don't expect her to be good.

If, in choosing one for life,
Thou shouldst take too *old* a wife,
In the house she'll creep about,
And will frighten people out.

If, in choosing one for life,
Thou shouldst take a *handsome* wife,
New admirers she will see,
And be always vexing thee.

If, in choosing one for life,
Thou shouldst take a *snarling* wife,
Then no house dog wilt thou need;
She'll a house dog be indeed.

If, in choosing one for life,
Thou shouldst take a *needy* wife,
Everything will wanting be,
And no one will visit thee.

If, in choosing one for life,
Thou shouldst take a *wealthy* wife,
Then, until she's in her grave,
Thou wilt be her humble slave.

Healthy, pretty, smart and neat,
Prudent, pious, modest, sweet,
He that chooseth such a wife,
Will not rue it all his life.

Morning Hymn. C. M.

BY MRS. A. B. FULLER.

Tune on page 20.

there be light;" and with the
word,
A glorious smile of love
llumed the dark, chaotic earth
With radiance from above.
there be light;" with each new
morn
he edict has been given,
the swift sun, with fiery wing,
e clouds of night has riven.

there be light;" this world
gain
as chaos, but of sin;
orrow's night was reigning
here
's day-star erst had been;
"the true Light," with her i-
beams
ve and mercy shone
ch sinful, sorrowing heart
from the Father's throne.

here be light;" let the pure
Of Charity out-gleam
rom your soul's shrine in kindly
deeds,
And hope Faith's fair beam
radiate your daily path;
Then, tho' grief's dark shades fall,
shadows prove the shining sun,
They'll show God's love in all.

WHEN THE MOONLIGHT GILDS THE SEA

BY JOSEPH H. BUTLER.

When the moonlight gilds the sea,
And the stars above are gleaming—
Loved one, dost thou think of me?
For of thee I then am dreaming!

There's a gentle, mystic chain
Which no earthly hand can sever;
Gold and power attract in vain—
I am thine, and thine forever!

On our gallant vessel flies,
Many a giant wave dividing;
Nought around but main and skies,
Proudly on the sea-swell riding.

Still the sweetness of thy kiss,
On my lips like nectar, lingers;
Often, too, in fancied bliss,
Clasp I now thy soft, fair fingers!

Sudden bursts the shrieking gale,
Loudly roaring, leaps the thunder;
Flashing through the shivered sail,
Lightnings tear the clouds asunder.

Then, my heart, with love for thee,
Wildly beats with painful pleasure;
"God," I cry upon the sea,
"Save me for my bosom's treasure!"

They say.

They say—ah, well! suppose they do
But can they prove the story true?
Suspicion may arise from naught
But malice, envy, want of thought;
Why count yourself among the "they"
Who whisper what they dare not say?

They say—but why the tale rehearse,
And help to make the matter worse?
No good can possibly accrue
From telling what may be untrue;
And is it not a nobler plan
To speak of all the best you can?

They say—well, if it should be so,
Why need you tell the tale of woe?
Will it the bitter wrongs redress,
Or make one pang of sorrow less?
Will it the erring one restore,
Henceforth to "go and sin no more?"

They say—oh! pause and look within!
See how thy heart inclines to sin!
Watch, lest in dark temptation's hour
Thou, too, shouldst sink beneath its power
Pity the frail—weep o'er their fall,
But speak of good, or not at all!

A SHOCKING POOR MEMORY.—Our newly married friend, whom we shall call Biggs, is so extremely forgetful in his domestic affairs that his charming little wife oftentimes gets out of all patience with him. The flour barrel had been out for two or three days, and in vain did Mrs. Biggs tell her good man of it every time he came home. As a last resort she tied a piece of cord around his little finger, charging him as he valued his pudding for dinner, not to fail in sending the flour home immediately. Biggs was gone about an hour when back he came, and with a peculiarly sheepish look went up to Mrs. Biggs, saying, "*wife, what on earth did you want me to remember when you tied this string round my finger?*" This was altogether too much for the wife, so putting on her bonnet and shawl she walked Biggs down into Front street, and calling at a well-known grocer's ordered the flour, and then sent her husband about his business, warning him as he turned the corner not to forget to come home when he heard the bell ring—*Gloucester Advertiser.*

Indian Corn.

BY CHARLES G. LELAND.

For many a mile on every side
I see the golden corn,
And hear the cricket's notes around
Sound like a fairy born
In concert with the wild bee's drone,
In elfin murmurs borne.

Long, long ago, as legends tell,
The Indian fairy queen
Unto the ancient Delawares
Came down upon the green,
An Azure glory round her head,
Her robes of vapory sheen.

And where she sat tobacco soon
Its bitter fragrance flung,
And where her left hand touched, the bean
Rose flowering fresh and young;
And where her right hand swept, the maize
In golden glory sprung.

And whether you do eat it roast
Or take it baked in pone,
Or like it best as Johnny cake,
Still let the truth be known:
That corn first came from fairy land,
And was by fairies grown.

Little Things.

BY ALICE CARY.

Shall we strike a bargain, Fate?
And wilt thou to this agree?
Take whatever things are great,
Leave the little things to me!

Take the eagle, proud and dark,
Broad of shoulders, strong of wing
Leave the robin, leave the lark,
'Tis the little birds that sing!

Take the oak-wood, towering up,
With its top against the skies!
Leave one little acorn cup,
Therein all the forest lies.

Take the murmurous fountain-heads,
Take the river, winding slow,
But about my garden-beds,
Leave the dew-drop, small and low.

Winding waves are fine to view,
Sweet the fountain's silver call;
But the little drop of dew
Holds the sunshine, after all.

Take the sea, the great, wide sea,
White with many a swelling sail;
Leave the little stream to me,
Sliding silent through the vale.

Poesy will find her theme
In thy grander portion, still,
'Tis my little, upraised stream
Of the meadow, turns the mill.

Take the palace all ashine,
With its lofty halls and towers;
Let the little house be mine,
With its door-yard grass and flowers.

Take the lands, the royal lands,
All with parks and orchards bright;
Leave to me the little hands,
Clinging closely morn and night.

Ah, for once be kindly, Fate,
To my harmless plan agree;
Take whatever things are great,
Leave the little things to me!

The Difference.

Some murmur when their sky is clear,
And wholly bright to view,
If one small speck of dark appear
In their great heaven of blue.
And some with thankful love are filled,
If but one streak of light,
One ray of God's good mercy gild
The darkness of their night.

In palaces are hearts that ask
In discontent and pride,
Why life is such a weary task,
And all good things denied.
And hearts in poorest huts admire
How love has, in their aid
(Love that never seems to tire,)
Such rich provision made.

ichard C. Trench.

The Home Temple. C. M.

BY MRS. A. B. FULLER.

I sing no temple darkly grand,
With classic arch and shrine,
Around whose crumbling columns gray
The mantling ivies twine.

'Tis not the proud cathedral, where,
Through vaulted dome, uprise
The organ's peal, and anthem's note
To reach the echoing skies.

Nor yet the simple village fane,
Its altar decked with flowers,
Whence the Creator's praise floats forth
On the calm Sabbath hours.

Not e'en the grove, beneath whose roof
First rose the breath of prayer,
With aroma of bud and leaf,
Upon the incensed air.

E'en than all these a holier spot,
More sacred temple mine,—
'Tis the home-altar sending up
Love offerings from its shrine.
The fairest, purest emblem this
Of the celestial home,
Where angel's voice and seraph harp
Blend round the Father's thron

HYMN.

SINNER, rouse thee from thy sleep,
Wake, and o'er thy folly weep;
Raise thy spirit dark and dead,
Jesus waits his light to shed.

Wake from sleep, arise from death,
See the bright and living path:
Watchful tread that path; be wise,
Leave thy folly, seek the skies.

Leave thy folly, cease from crime,
From this hour redeem thy time;
Life secure without delay,
Evil is the mortal day.

Be not blind and foolish still;
Called of Jesus, learn his will:
Jesus calls from death and night,
Jesus waits to shed his light.

A REFRAIN.

BY EDWIN S. LISCOMB.

That sound—that sound—it comes afar
From chambers of the past;
No other song shall ever mar,
Or to that strain a sweetness cast.
Its single thrill of melody
All down life's pathway shall bestow
Haunts of the music said to be,
Where chastened hearts no sorrows know
Its tender echoes strangely tell
Of sinful thoughts all swept away;
Of fresher tears, which gently fell,
When with that sound came fresher day.

How may I speak enough the love
Of Him who touched my wayward heart
By tones akin to those above,
A heavenward yearning to impart?
How can enough my spirit soar,
To seek a glimpse of joys beyond,
Until from earth's bleak tempest-shore
A Saviour's hand shall break the bond?

Strength of the Union. L. M.

BY R. F. FULLER.

Tune—Bonny Doon.

We love our government, bestowed
To pilgrim prayers by grace of God;
Thy gospel, Jesus, made us free;
Our constitution came from thee.

A rebel sword the traitor draws
Against our freedom and our laws;
Yet will they bear the rudest shock,
Established on the Christian rock.

When black oppression's barbarous horde
Levy a warfare 'gainst the Lord,
He turns them back in wild dismay,
And gives his followers the day.

The hosts of slavery in vain
League 'gainst our freedom's fair domain;
God shall defeat the powers of night,
That war with liberty and right.

Our army shall his ægis shield;
He is our Captain in the field;
His sign before us leads us on,
And freedom's battle shall be won.

Christ's presence makes death easy.

1 Why should we start, and fear to die?
What tim'rous worms we mortals are!
Death is the gate to endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.

2 The pains, the groans, the dying strife
Fright our approaching souls away;
And we shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.

3 O would my Lord his servant meet,
My soul would stretch her wings in haste
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she passed.

4 Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

TO C. DICKENS, ESQ.,

ON HIS DEPARTURE FOR AMERICA.

Pshaw! away with leaf and berry,
And the sober-sided cup!
Bring a goblet, and bright sherry,
And a bumper fill me up!
Though a pledge I had to shiver,
And the longest ever was!
Ere his vessel leaves our river,
I would drink a health to Boz!

Here 's success to all his antics,
Since it pleases him to roam,
And to paddle o'er Atlantics,
After such a *sale* at home!
May he shun all rocks whatever,
And each shallow sand that lurks;
And his *passage* be as clever
As the best among his works.

CXVI. — TO MY HORSE.

E forth, my brave steed! the sun shines on the vale,
And the morning is bearing its balm on the gale;
Come forth, my brave steed, and brush off, as we pass,
With the hoofs of thy speed, the bright dew from the grass

Let the lover go warble his strains to the fair, —
I regard not his rapture, and heed not his care;
But now, as we bound o'er the mountain and lea,
I will weave, my brave steed, a wild measure for thee.

Away and away! — I exult in the glow
Which is breathing its pride to my cheek, as we go;
And blithely my spirit springs forth as the air
Which is waving the mane of thy dark flowing hair.

Hail, thou gladness of heart, and thou freshness of soul!
Which have never come o'er me in pleasure's control;
Which the dance and the rĕvĕl, the bowl and the board,
Though they flushed, and they fevered, could never afford

In the splendor of solitūde speed we along,
Through the silence but broke by the wild linnet's song;
Not a sight to the eye, not a sound to the ear,
To tell us that sin and that sorrow are near!

Away — and away — and away then we pass!
The mole shall not hear thy light hoof on the grass;
O, the time which is flying, whilst I am with thee,
Seems as swift as thyself, as we bound over the lea!

A REVERIE.

IS IT REALLY WORTH WHILE?

As I sat by the fireside, smoking a weed,
And wondering whether I'd ever succeed
In making a fortune exceeding my need,
And being what's called a rich man:
A troublesome question arose in my mind,
The solution of which I determined to find;
So, casting subordinate thoughts to the wind,
I seized it and straightway began.

Is it really worth while, pondered I, for the sake
Of piling up wealth, to resign
The pleasure which each, if he chooses, may take
In soothing the anguish of poverty's ache,
At the call of an instinct divine?
For each, in his innermost heart, I am sure,
Has something of pity and love for the poor.

Is it really worth while, to toil on like a slave,
Each dollar to gain, and each penny to save,
That when death o'ertakes us, and checks our career,
While our shivering souls at the judgment appear,
Some friend may exclaim, as he follows the bier,
(With a delicate wink, undisturbed by a tear,)
'Old 'So and so' leaves fifty thousand a year"?

Is it really worth while our best talents to use
In gathering wealth for some child to abuse,
Who, when our poor body is laid in the dust,
Finds fuel provided to kindle his lust:
Fettered by parasites, circled by fools,
Who wink at contempt of morality's rules,
And urge the poor boy to his ruin at last,
Then say, "Served him right; he was living too fast

Can the man who is always intent on his gains
Find time for the culture of body or brains—
Find time for the wise superversion that's due
To his children, and still his pet project pursue?
Alas! while in business the parent succeeds,
The heart of the child grows a harvest of weeds.
Ah! why should this glittering bauble beguile—
Stop; let me think——Is it really worth while?

Is it really worth while, e'en for sake of the poor,
To lay up our gold, though the object *seem* pure?
How many unfortunate creatures may die,
While we save for a deed to be done by and by;
How many beset us in various ways—
Poor, sin-stricken faces upturned to our gaze—
While we, all intent on—(What?) *Posterity's praise*,
Say, "Wait, 'twill all go to you one of these days."

LVI. — MY FATHER 'S AT THE HELM.

The curling waves, with awful roar, a little bark assailed,
And pallid Fear's distracting power o'er all on board prevailed, —
Save one, the captain's darling child, who steadfast viewed the storm
And, cheerful, with composure smiled at danger's threatening form.
"And sport'st thou thus," a seaman cried, "while terrors overwhelm?"
"Why should I fear?" the boy replied; "my father 's at the helm!
So, when our worldly all is reft, our earthly helpers gone,
We still have one sure anchor left, — God helps, and he alone.

He to our prayers will lend his ear, he give our pangs relief;
He turn to smiles each trembling tear, to joy each torturing grief.
Then turn to him, 'mid sorrows wild, when wants and woes o'erwhelm
Remembering, like the fearless child, *our Father 's at the helm!*

A Yankee has ju[illegible] taught ducks to swim in hot water with such success that they lay boiled eggs.

XVII. — SUMMER WOODS.

Come ye into the summer woods; there entereth no annoy;
All greenly wave the chestnut-leaves, and the earth is full of joy.
I cannot tell you half the sights of beauty you may see,
The bursts of golden sunshine, and many a shady tree.
There, lightly swung, in bowery glades, the honeysuckles twine;
There blooms the pink sabbatia, and the scarlet columbine;
There grows the purple violet in some dusk woodland spot;
There grows the little Mayflower, and the wood forget-me-not.

And many a merry bird is there, unscared by lawless men;
The blue-winged jay, the woodpecker, and the golden-crested wre
Come down, and ye shall see them all, the timid and the bold;
For their sweet life of pleasantness, it is not to be told.

I 've seen the freakish squirrels drop down from their leafy tree,
The little squirrels with the old, — great joy it was to me!
And far within that summer wood, among the leaves so green,
There flows a little gurgling brook, the brightest e'er[69] was seen.

There come the little gentle birds, without a fear of ill,
Down to the murmuring water's edge, and freely drink their fill!
And dash about, and splash about, — the merry little things, —
And look askance with bright black eyes, and flirt their dripping wings

The nodding plants, they bowed their heads, as if, in heartsome cheer,
They spake unto those little things, "'T is merry living here!"
O, how my heart ran o'er with joy! I saw that all was good,
And how we might glean up delight all round us, if we would!

ORIGINAL POEM BY JEFFREY R. BRACKETT.

We saw their bodies side by side—
Wrapt in the flag for which they died—
We feel their presence here today;
Hark! 'tis their voices now that say
These words, to form our Nation's song,
To them, not me, these strains belong.

Our starry flag, Our starry flag,
Forever may it wave,
O'er prairie plain—o'er mountain crag—
The banner of the brave,
Where'er the ocean's waves are curled,
There be our starry flag unfurled.

All stained with gore by Freedom's foes,
While floating in the strife,
Where freemen bore, with keenest throes,
Our Nation into life,
Wherever seen, there ever be
The guardian of Liberty.

The red—it is of patriots' blood;
The white—their pure intent;
The blue—the deep eternal flood,
In which the stars are blent,
In growing numbers, that no tide
Of time, or storm, can ever hide.

Amid its folds, in lustre clear—
A nucleus of increasing power,
Shine on, oh stars, dispelling fear,
As in our morn, at evening's hour,
And, when our Country sinks in night,
Keep her historic pages bright.

But the bard loves the Future, he turns from the scroll
That Clio has written, he fain would unroll
The orient tissues, the heaven-born tints
That the pen of the prophet, illumined, imprints—
When dipped in the sunrise, it sparkles with fires,
To burn till the last generation expires;
Let us read, from his parchment, the glory that waits
This Queen of the nations—this Union of States.

Its boundings from ocean to ocean are spread,
From the lakes, where the Ursa's majestical tread
Guides the auroral dance, to the gulf, that afar
Reflects on its surface the unchanging star,
Where the bow that o'erarches, as clouds are withdraw
Lends its hues to the foliage of forest and lawn,
Where earth's heaving bosom is swelling with stores,
And wealth, that is countless, lies hidden in ores,
Where Nature and Art, in its highways we trace,
That the Commerce of Nations may meet and embrace
Where Science and Wealth (a personified pair)
Walk closely together (Agassiz and Thayer),
Where Order and Law, as in Heaven above,
Are directed by Justice and mated by Love,
Where its earliest gift is its heritage still—
The freedom of worshipping God, at the will:
Such—such be the Country we'll lovingly trust
To the care of our children when we turn to dust.

The sermon in the church closed the ceremonies of dedi cation.

"Mast head, ahoy!" "Ay, ay, sir," was the answer.
Do you see a light?" "Yes, sir!" "What light?"
Daylight, sir!".

Prayer.

BY E. B. M.

Father, in this holy evening,
While the Sabbath lingers on,
Wilt Thou hear my rude petition,
For I fain would seek Thy throne?

Help me to resist temptation,
Lead me in Thy chosen way,
Hear, O hear, my humble service,
For a being loved I pray!

He is dearer than the mother
Who has been my life's fond guide;
He is dearer than the brother,
Though the brother's still my pride.

Father, let Thy choicest blessings
Rest upon his noble head,
Guard through peril and temptation,
Smooth the paths where he must tread

Be his guide, and for each sorrow,
For the blight, the cloud, the storm,
So prepare him that each morrow,
On a cheerful heart may dawn.

Father, if the love I bear him,
Lend his path one ray of light—
If that love one pang can spare him,
Aid me still his way to light.

FADING.

BY LIEUT. E. CURTISS HINE.

Why should we mourn and grieve in sadness
The lost we may behold no more;
Gone to a realm where joy and gladness
Roam hand in hand on every shore?
Weep not for those, the soon departed,
But rather mourn our own dark lot—
Left by the pure and noble-hearted,
On this dull earth, perchance, forgot!

Webster, whose giant strains have wakened
The slumbering hosts of freedom's sons;
Whose trumpet-tones with fear have shaken
Old despots on their crumbling thrones—
Gone hence in brighter worlds to wander,
Perchance is gazing downward now,
And on our country's fate doth ponder
With sleepless eye and placid brow.

The gifted ones of earth are fading,
Like the bright stars from morning sky;
But though dark clouds their forms are shading,
And hide them from our anxious eye,—
They shine with more resplendent glory
In that far world beyond our gaze—
Leaving behind their fame and story
The toi[illegible]ng sons of earth to raise.

[illegible]arthly things vain and trans[illegible]

1 How vain is all beneath [illegible] skies!
How transient every earthly bliss
How slender all the fondest ties
That bind us to a world like this!

2 The evening cloud, the morning [illegible]
The with'ring grass, the fading [illegible]
Of earthly hopes are emblems true
The glory of a passing hour.

3 But though earth's fairest blosso[illegible] di
And all beneath the skies is v[illegible]
There is a brighter world on high,
Beyond the reach of care and pa[illegible]

4 Then let the hope of joys to [illegible]
Dispel our cares, and chas[illegible]
If God be ours, we're trav'lli[illegible]
Though passing through a val[illegible]

XLI. — WORK-HORSES RESTING ON A SUNDAY.

'Tis Sabbath day; the poor man walks blithe from his cottage door,
And to his prattling young ones talks, as they skip on before;
But, looking to a field at hand, where the grass grew rich and high,
A no less cheerful Sabbath band of horses met my eye.

Poor, skinny beasts! that go all week with loads of earth and stones,
Bearing, with aspect dull and meek, hard work and cudgelled bones;
But now, let loose to roam athwart the farmer's clover lea,
With whisking tails, and jump and snort, they speak a clumsy glee.

Lolling across each other's necks, some look like brothers dear;
Others are full of flings and kicks, antics uncouth and queer;
One tumbles wild from side to side, with hoofs tossed to the sun,
Cooling his old gray seamy hide, and making dreadful fun.

I thought how pleasant 't was to see, on that bright Sabbath day,
Those toiling creatures all set free to take some harmless play.
O, if to *us* one precious thing not *theirs* (a soul!) is given,
Kindness to them will be a wing to [illegible] heaven.

A Yankee made a bet with a Dutchman that he could swallow him. The Dutchman lay down upon a table, and the Yankee, taking his big toe in his mouth, nipped it severely. "Oh, you are biting me," roared the Dutchman. "Why, you old fool," replied the Yankee, "did you think I was going to swallow you whole?"

In Bideford, England.

The wedding-day appointed was
And wedding-clothes provided.
But ere the day did come, alas!,
He sickened and he die did!

[illegible] LAUGH; GEORGE W. LYONS, BOSTON HARBOR.

Music in Camp.

BY JOHN R. THOMPSON.

...armies covered hill and plain,
...here Rappahannock's waters
...deeply crimsoned with the stain
...battle's recent slaughters.

...summer clouds lay pitched like tents
...meads of heavenly azure;
...each dread gun of the elements
...ept in its hid embrasure.

...breeze so softly blew it made
... forest leaf to quiver,
...the smoke of the random cannonade
...lled slowly from the river.

...now, where circling hills looked dow
...ith cannon grimly planted,
...r listless camp and silent town,
...he golden sunset slanted.

...on the fervid air there came
... strain, now rich, now tender;
... music seemed itself aflame
...ith day's departing splendor.

...federal band, which eve and morn
...layed measures brave and nimble,
...d just struck up with flute and horn
...And lively clash of cymbal.

...own flocked the soldiers to the banks,
...ill, margined by its pebbles,
...e wooded shore was blue with "Yanks,
...nd one was gray with "Rebels."

...en all was still, and then the band,
...With movements light and tricksy,
...ade stream and forest, hill and strand,
...Reverberate with "Dixie."

...e conscious stream, with burnished gl
...Went proudly o'er its pebbles,
...t thrilled throughout its deepest flow
...With yelling of the rebels.

...Again a pause, and then again
...The trumpets pealed sonorous,
...And Yankee Doodle was the strain
...To which the shore gave chorus.

...The laughing ripple shoreward flew
...To kiss the shining pebbles;
...Loud shrieked the swarming Boys in Blue
...Defiance to the Rebels.

...And yet once more the bugles sang
...Above the stormy riot;
...No shout upon the evening rang—
...There reigned a holy quiet.

...The sad, low stream its noiseless tread
...Poured o'er the glistening pebbles;
...And silent now the Yankees stood,
...And silent stood the Rebels.

...No unresponsive soul had heard
...That plaintive note's appealing,
...So deeply Home, Sweet Home, had stirred
...The hidden founts of feeling.

...Or blue or gray, the soldier sees,
...As by the wand of fairy,
...The cottage 'neath the live-oak trees,
...The cabin by the prairie.

...Or cold or warm, his native skies
...Bend in their beauty o'er him;
...Seen through the tear-mist in his eyes,
...His loved ones stand before him.

...As fades the iris after rain
...In April's tearful weather,
...The vision vanished as the strain
...And daylight died together.

...But memory, waked by music's art,
...Expressed in simplest numbers,
...Subdued the sternest Yankee's heart,
...Made light the Rebel's slumbers.

...And fair the form of Music shines,
...That bright, celestial creature,
...Who still 'mid war's embattled lines
...Gave this one touch of Nature.

OUR THUNDER.

(A Campaign Song.)

BY HIRAM TORREY.

...hen it begins to thunder
...Twill thunder all around;
...he democrats will wonder,
...And tremble at the sound,
...nd when they ask what *this* is,
...That's roused the nation's voice,
...e'll point to our Ulysses,
...The country's noble choice.
And we'll march right on,
Till the victory's won,
Hurrah, boys, hurrah!
No Copperhead secession
Can stop our grand procession,
Hurrah, boys, hurrah!

...er every hill and valley
...The thunders shall increase,
...Till all the people rally,
...For Grant, Colfax, and peace.
...The "rebs" may call him "tanner,"
...Or any other name;
...holds the winning banner,
...The brightest known to fame.
So we'll march right on,
Till the victory's won,
Hurrah, boys, hurrah!
No Copperhead secession
Can stop our grand procession
Hurrah, boys, hurrah!

...im through all the ages,
...His more of glory won;
...ame on our history's pages,
...Will rank with Washington!
...war, as our defender,
...He made the rebels yield,
...And again in November,
...Will be master of the field!
So we'll march right on,
'Till the victory's won,
Hurrah, boys, hurrah!
No Copperhead secession
Can stop our grand procession
Hurrah, boys, hurrah!

A RIDDLE.

God made Adam out of dust,
But thought it best to make me first;
So I was made before the man,
To answer God's most holy plan.

My body he did make complete,
But without arms, or legs, or feet;
My ways and actions did control,
And I was made without a soul!

A living being I became,
And Adam gave to me my name,
When from his presence I withdrew,
Nor more of Adam ever knew.

I did my Maker's laws obey,
From them I never went astray;
Thousands of miles, I run, 'tis clear,
Yet seldom on the earth appear.

That God's full purpose you may see,
He put a living soul in me;
Which then, anon, He did reclaim,
And took from me my soul again!

But when from me the soul was fled,
I was the same as when first made;
And without hands or feet or soul,
I travel now from pole to pole.

I labor hard, both day and night;
To fallen men I give great light;
Thousands of people young and old,
Will by my death great light behold.

No fear of death doth trouble me,
For happiness I cannot see;
To Heaven I shall never go,
Nor to the grave, nor hell below.

The Scriptures I cannot believe,
If right or wrong, I can't conceive;
Although my name therein is found,
They are to me an empty sound.

And now, my friends, these lines you read,
Then search the Scriptures through with speed
And if my name you don't find there,
I'll think it strange, I must declare!

MY RED HAIR!

My subject is hair,
Red, too, I declare!
And the theme you'll doubtless think funny
'Tis the first tale you've read
Of a very red head,
I'll wager a small pile of money.

There is black hair, and brown,
All over the town,
Just as common as mud in the gutter!
But a well-covered head,
With a beautiful red!
Sets your black hair and brown in a flutter.

Now, in France they admire
A fine head of fire!
Yes, for red they've a wonderful passion,
For they scarlet their dogs,
And vermillion their frogs—
A decidedly sensible fashion!

How delightful to know,
That wherever I go,
I'm certain to win much attention;
So I never despair,
With my head of red hair!
And my curls too plenty to mention.

Now I'll have you to know,
That a sensible beau
Never sees in dark hair much to fancy;
And a chap who gets scared
At a damsel red-haired,
Is, I think, a "regular Miss Nancy"

Boys may yell out, "Brick top"!
"There goes sorrel crop!"
And may also cry "Fire!" if they choose to
But I'm sure I don't care,
Not a single red hair:
For such squalling I've always been used to

Then three cheers for my head!
With its plumage of red!
And away with your dark locks forever!
(Here my poem shall close),
But don't turn up your nose
At my simple red-headed endeavor.

The Spinster's Lament.

BY DAME DURDEN.

The marriage bells are pealing forth
A chorus wild and free;
But though others hail their welcome sound
They bring no joy to me.

How can I list their music,
And still be glad and gay,
When they usher in the morning,
Of my rival's wedding day?

It seems so strange that a man of sense
As I thought the Squire to be,
Should choose that artful Lucy Lane,
In preference to me.

I always wore my brightest smile,
In hopes his heart to win,
For I had often heard it said
That the Squire had got the *tin*.

Ah me! I spent full fifty cents
For hair-oil and cologne,
Which might have gone for something else,
If I had only known.

But Lucy Lane with arts and airs,
Quite threw me in the shade;
The little minx! but just eighteen—
A saucy, froward maid!

Alas! the times have sadly changed,
Since I was in my teens;
Then I was sure to have a beau,
And join the gayest scenes.

But now I'm forced to stay at home,
And Lucy's triumph see;
But I guess the Squire has got his match—
He'll w[illegible] he's [illegible]

Twilight Musings.

BY EUGENIE HEYLYN.

There is a charm in the still twilight-hour,
It holds me captive in its wondrous power;
I know not why heaven seems so very near,
When the bright star-gems in the sky appear.

At twilight-hour all care is lulled to rest,
And naught save joy pervades my weary breast,
And every face I love then seems to wear
A look as heavenly as a child at prayer.

Do angels come from their bright home above
To cheer my spirit with their soothing love?
O what sweet music through my heart is stealing,
It seems to touch each chord that thrills with fee

Oglorious hour! when the pale queen of night
Flings o'er the darkened scene her vail of light,
Then whispered prayers are gently borne above,
And heard and answered by a God of love.

CONSUMMATION.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

I.

Great Oaks, shake your mighty plumes,
Gone are all the battle-glooms;
Pines of beauty, answer make—
We have triumphed for your sake;
O, Banner, Star-Banner of sages and heroes,
Flash law, order, justice, all over the Land!

II.

Clouds, leave yonder sky awhile;
Gentle rainbows only smile;
Cypress, yearn not for the grave;
Let the laurel only wave;
O, Matter, in sympathy here with the Spirit,
Let light live alone on thy broad, mystic breast

III.

Nations, feel that not a chain
Shall be clanked on earth and main;
Feel the glorious time foretold
Soon from Heaven shall be rolled;
Ye Angels, who shouted, of old, o'er the manger,
From their long place of resting again take your harps!

IV.

Hark! the prelude now we hear,
Hark! the song is very near;
Look on yonder arching blue—
See, a wing is shining through!
Yes, Banner, Star-Banner of sages, saints, heroes,
Law, order and justice shall soon throne the world

LOVE.

Who can fully his delicate passion define,
Who that loves can its nature express?
It can soften affliction and pleasure refine,
It can soothe the deep sigh of distress.

In the midst of adversity, sorrow and grief—
When oppressed by misfortune and care—
One look from a loved one brings us instant relief,
Her sweet smiles the disconsolate cheers.

When the cheeks become pale, and the eyes dimly shine—
When suffering affliction severe—
On the bosom we love, oh! how sweet to recline,
While her hand softly wipes the cold tear.

Thou treasure divine, the pure offspring of Heaven,
True source of all comfort and joy,
Without thee all else that to us has been given
Were as worthless and vain as a toy.

ON AN ANCIENT POET.

BY AN OLD CONTRIBUTOR.

I.

There is a rainbow when the fight
Of tempest dies in golden light;
There is a moon that sheds a grace
Of beauty o'er the roughest place;
These Nature gives;
And so they had from Nature there,
(In Nature's wealth how large their share!)
Bard BOYLE,
A splendor on the common soil,
The singing, tender, laureled BOYLE,
The glorious BOYLE!

II.

He starred Religion in his heart!
With him mere creeds had never part;
For he was gentle in his soul
As streams that through large channels roll
These God doth give;
And so they had from Virtue's light
A real man in glowing might
Bard BOYLE,
A cynosure upon the soil;
A sweet, large, all-harmonious mind
In Honor's own white light enshrined—
Bard BOYLE,
The singing, tender, laureled BOYLE,
Now dead and *still the deathless* BOYLE!

The Sisters

Alice is a timid child,
Sweet, affectionate and mild,
Filled with love for all around;
Yet her lips express no sound.
She is gentle, pale and meek,
And she kindly loves to seek
That which will make others glad,
Though her own heart may be sad.
Strangers call her cold and dull,
Yet her heart is warm and full;
Strangers fill her timid soul
With a fear beyond control,
But to those who love her best
All her face in smiles is dressed.
Grateful for a kindly word,
Unresisting, truthful, good.

Blanche is fearless, forward, firm,
Rosy, fair, and frolicsome;
Seeking pleasure everywhere
That we breathe the blessed air.
Noisy, heedless, through the day
Fill'd with a desire to play;
Yet with calm and sober look,
Charmed she'll linger o'er a book.
Kind, affectionate and bright,
Giving those she loves, delight,
By her words of love and mirth,
For of words there is no dearth:
And she will astonish you,
By her knowledge, clear and tr
Of the many passing things,
Every day so surely brings.
Blanche is mirthful, reckless, w
Yet a kind, obedient child.

The Voice of the Loved C

BY G. W. M.

There's a voice comes to me, as evening draws nigh
With a cadence so sad it seems like a sigh,
And it whispers sweet music, soft and low,
Like the murmuring sound of the rivulet's flow.

There's a vision of beauty that dawns on my sight,
In brightness of noonday, in darkness of night;
Sweet vision of beauty, with a radiance brigh..
A halo of glory and a heavenly light.

That voice that to me is so sweet and so sad,
Is the voice of my darling that made me glad
In the days that are past, in the long ago,
Ere they laid my darling in her grave so low.

That vision of beauty that dawns on my sight,
With its halo of glory and heavenly light,
Is the vision of one in the heaven above,
She that was my darling, my only love.

Mine no More.

BY J. G. C.

Is it true that wealth has won thee—
Can I never call thee mine?
Have my dreams been cherished vainly
Must I every hope resign?

With a cloud my soul is darkened;
But I never will thee blame—
For the sake of bygone memories,
I will think thee still the same.

May thine eye retain its splendor,
And thy cheek its ruddy shade;
May no shadows cross thy pathway,
May thy day-dreams never fade.

Then adieu, since we must sever,
And though you'll forget my name,
For the sake of bygone memories,
I will think thee still the same.

AN AUTUMN SONG.

What have the rustic leaves to say
Fit to make us sad or glad?
Ere the wind blew us away,
Much delight in life we had.

Now we both of us are sad.
Both of us would death defer—
You, because you are not glad,
We, because we always were.

This is what the brown leaves say,
What a sadness less than mine.
Dear, if I should die to-day,
Give me something to resign.

Freedom's Army.

BY R. F. FULLER.

Tune—Bonny Doon.

What host is this, the city swarms
With bright array of martial forms
Where'er they go the people cheer—
What host is this? and wherefore here?
This is the army of the free:
They march to fight for liberty.
What wondrous spell has summoned forth
From the pacific West and North
These hosts, that spring up in a breath,
Like armies from the dragon's teeth?
These legions into being came,
Called forth by Freedom's magic name!

The worthy sons of noble sires,
They burn with patriotic fires,
Their free-born heritage to save!
The stars and stripes above them wave,
The eagle, with his pinions spread—
They fight for what their fathers bled.

Their country's well-known martial strain
They follow to the field again;
Their nation's flag has never yet,
And it shall never know defeat,
While patriots 'neath the standard fight,
And freedom on the banner write.

When arms the patriotic son,
To keep the field the fathers won,
And meet the issue here again
In which the heroes struggled then,
Again to right and liberty
Shall God bestow the victory.

New Year's Hymn.

BY R. F. FULLER.

How many warm hearts beating,
And happy faces here,
Are met, with merry greeting,
To hail the new-born year!

One tribute-drop, in parting,
Falls for the year that dies;
Yet, with the bright tear starting,
Smiles sparkle in the eyes.

But, wherefore greet so cheerful
The year—we little know
If glad 'twill be or tearful,
If bringing joy or woe?

Hope answers, all undaunted,
And fills the heart with cheer
And faith, that God has planted,
Still hails the coming year.

A trust within us teaching,
Echoes the Gospel word,
Of great acceptance preaching,
The glad year of the Lord.

Up, hearts! away with sadness!
Throw off the yoke of fear!
And welcome now with gladness
The new and happy year.

Of holy, high endeavor,
We form solves anew;
Onward, still on, forever,
Our heavenly path pursue.

W PICTURE.

BY GEORGE CANNING HILL.

Feathery flakes so softly falling,
Slowly falling and inwalling,
Joys of home together calling—
See the fleecy snow!
Powdering twigs, and boughs, and sedges,
Piling deep on rocks and ledges,
Rounding smoothly all the edges
Of the fences so!

At the window, chubby faces—
All at their accustomed places,
Like a row of painted vases—
Flatten on the pane.
In the garden snowbirds twitter,
Looking for some downy litter
To protect them from the bitter
Blast that blows amain.

Roof and ridge are roundly heaping;
Up the trees the snows are creeping;
Posts and rails are only keeping
Up the dazzling show.
All along the walls in ridges,
On the little brooklet-bridges,
Now in caps, and now in ridges,
Piles the stainless snow.

In the barns the bells are chiming;
Down the road they go a-rhyming:
Dancing hearts attuning, timing
With melodious round.
In the hoar old wood's recesses—
Where the wild vine's waving tresses
Courted every wind's caresses—
Hushed is every sound.

On the hearth the fires are roaring,
Upward through the chimney pouring,
While upon the rug lies, snoring,
Valiant, faithful Tray;
Within, without, are mingled voices—
Thumping flail, and such dull noises,
And what else the heart rejoices,
Through the winter day.

MORNING IN MARTIGNY.

BY T. BUCHANAN READ.

'T is sunrise on Saint Bernard's snow,
'T is dawn within the vale below;
And in Martigny's streets appear
The mule and noisy muleteer;
And tinklings fill the rosy air,
Until the mountain pass seems there,
Up whose steep pathway scarcely stirs
The long, slow line of travellers;
And in the shadowy town is heard
The sound of many a foreign word.

Old men are there, whose locks are white
As yonder cloud which veils the height;
And maidens, whose young cheeks are kiss
By ringlets flashing bright or dark,
Whose hearts are light as yonder mist
That holds the music of the lark—
And youths are there with jest and laugh,
Each bearing his oft-branded staff
To chronicle, when all is done,
The dangerous heights his feet have won.

So toils through life the pilgrim soul
Mid rocky ways and valleys fair;
At every base or glorious goal,
His staff receives the record there—
The names that shall forever twine,
And blossom like a fragrant vine—
Or, like a serpent, round it cling
Eternally to coil and sting.

The Cottage of my Mother.

Copied by permission of OLIVER DITSON & Co., 227 Washington-st. Boston, owners of the copyright.

I live among the hills in the cottage of my mother,
My bonnie playmates are a sister and a brother;
The hills are ever green, and blooming are the flowers,
Oh, who has ever seen more happy home than ours.

The little stream runs near from purest fountain springing,
And every morn we hear its silvery echoes singing;
The little birds are free as they play among the fountains,
While their notes of liberty run o'er the distant mountains.

On each returning spring when snow has gone and sleighing
We hear the blue birds sing, and see the young lambs playing;
'Tis then our hearts are gay and merrily pass the hours,
As to the fields we stray and gather sweet May flowers.

Oh, never can I change the cottage of my mother,
O'er this wide world to range to dwell in any other;
When she is old and gray I'll never seek to roam,
My hand shall be her stay in that dear mountain home.

To the Children's Aid Society

BY S. M. B.

Laborers in a noble cause,
Ye shall win a world's applause,
And thy holy deeds of love
Gain a recompense above.

Yes, that homeless little band,
Ye shall meet in Better Land;
For their eyes will see the light,
And the day that has no night.

Hearts of gratitude will raise
To the King of kings their praise,
In this world and that to come,
When we all are gathered home.

Onward, in the work begun;
Onward, till the work is done,
Trusting, hoping for the best,
Till you find eternal rest.

LINES

On the Death of Mrs. Lydia T. Milliken, Surry,

BY MRS. P. A. HANAFORD.

Thou hast left us for a fairer land,
For the rest beyond the grave,
Thou hast gone to the dear ones loved on earth
And Him who alone can save,

Thou art gone; we shall miss thee awhile belo
But the hours are hastening on
When we shall follow where Jesus leads
And where our loved have gone.

May we pass with faith like thine to cheer
Our onward, upward way,
And greet thee all free from grief and sin
In heaven's all-cloudless day.

Our hearts are cheered as we think that thou
No more o'er the grave shall bend,
Or sadly think of the ocean's power,
How it severs friend from friend.

In that better land where is no more sea,
Thy daughter is with thee there,—
Oh! soon by thy side may we be found,
Thy bliss and thy rest to share!

Death rules awhile in this world of ours,
But his power shall soon be o'er,
For he shall be conquered by Him who reigns
Supreme on the fairer shore.

Oh there we will meet thee, where grace shall reig
And sin shall be slain forever,
And the parted friends of earth shall meet,
And speak earth's farewells never.

The late Rev. William Croswell, D. D., has indite
with simple force and beauty the duties whic
should unite with and be no insignificant portio
of the healthy, social enjoyments so characteristi
of the New Year's birth. He fitfully and faithfu
y says:

Go, warm the cold; go, clothe the bare;
Go, feed the starved ones at thy door,
And let the empty-handed share
From out thy basket and thy store.

Go, wipe from misery's eye the tear,
Take by the hand affliction's son,
And happy shall be all the year
That is thus happily begun.

Go, give the sick and weary rest,
Gladden the cells where prisoners lie;
Pour balm and oil in wounded breasts,
And soothe the soul about to die.

Do thus, and thou shalt go to rest
With music round thy midnight bed,
And, blessing, shall be trebly blessed
For each such soul thus comforted.

Thy sun shall make a golden set
This New Year's Day, and be by far
The happiest day that ever yet
Was lettered in thy calendar!

A COTEMPORARY says, "There is a man up in our country who always pays for his paper in advance. He has never had a sick day in his life; never had any corns or toothache; his potatoes never rot; the weevil never eats his wheat; the frost never kills his corn or beans; his babies never cry in the night; and his wife never scolds."

IT is less dangerous to have a prudent enemy than an indiscreet friend.

As travellers o'er some lengthy track,
Within the noontide shade,
Cast anxious, lingering glances back,
Along the path they've strayed;
So we at life's high noon abide,
And backward glances cast,
With gratitude and tender pride,
Remembering the past.

There rose our sun whose gentle ray
Has spread to fullest glow:
It lit the morning of our day—
It gilds our honors now;
A "little one," in genial air,
A "thousand" now has grown,
And all the clouds of doubt and care
Have from our heaven flown.

From the review we gather hope:
The hills are bright above;
Fair vistas in the landscape ope
Of Friendship, Truth and Love.
We press along with hearts elate,
With faith alive and strong,
To where the Future's golden gate
Echoes our morning song.

The Power that led, with loving hand
Our steps in bygone years,
Still in the Present's teeming land
For our behalf appears;
We lean on it with grateful hearts,
And feel its thrill divine,
That to our future strength imparts
As in the days "lang syne."

READY REPLY.—Two old New England ministers were riding by a gallows, when the elder one asked the other, "Where would you be if that tree bore its proper fruit?" "Riding alone, sir," was the immediate reply.

XCV.—A BOOK.

I'm a strange contradiction; I'm new and I'm old,
I am often in tatters, and oft decked in gold.
Though I never could read, yet lettered I'm found;
Though blind, I enlighten; though loose, I am bound.

I am always in black, and I'm always in white;
I am grave and I'm gay, I am heavy and light:
In form, too, I differ,—I'm thick and I'm thin;
I've no flesh and no bone, yet am covered with skin,

I've more points than the compass, more stops than the flute
I sing without voice, without speaking confute;
I'm English, I'm German, I'm French, and I'm Dutch;
Some love me too fondly, some slight me too much;
I often die soon, though I sometimes live ages,
And no monarch alive has so many pages.

I WAIT FOR THEE.

What a beautiful picture is the following! Ah, it would make one almost throw away even the pen, and hurry home to his wife—if he has one. What shall repay the loss of such a welcome as this to the bachelor? Not even the luxuries of negative cares—not the silent hours of study—not the independence as a man! For without the love of woman in the gentlest corner of the heart, all welcomes are indeed cold.—*Louisville Democrat.*

The hearth is swept—the fire is bright,
The kettle sings for tea;
The cloth is spread, the lamp is light,
The muffins smoke in napkins white,
And now I wait for thee.

Come, come, love, home, thy task is done;
The clock ticks listeningly;
The blinds are shut, the curtain down,
The arm chair to the fireside drawn,
The boy is on my knee.

Come home, love, come; his deep fond eye
Looks round him wistfully,
And when the whispering winds go by,
As if thy welcome step were nigh,
He crows exultingly.

In vain—he finds the welcome vain,
And turns his glance on mine,
So earnestly, that yet again
His form unto my heart I strain,
That glance is so like thine.

Thy task is done—we miss thee here;
Where'er thy footsteps roam,
No heart will spend such kindly cheer,
No beating heart, no listening ear,
Like those who wait thee home.

Ah, now along the crisp walk fast
That well known step doth come;
The bolt is drawn, the gate is past,
The babe is wild with joy at last—
A thousand welcomes home.

COMING HOME.

O brothers and sisters growing old
Do you all remember yet
That home, in the shade of the rustling trees,
Where once our household met?

Do you know how we came from school,
Through the summer's heat;
With the yellow fennel's golden dust
On our tired little feet?

And how sometimes, in an idle mood,
We loitered by the way,
And stopped in the woods to gather flowers,
And in the fields to play?

Till, warned by the deepening shadow's fall,
That told of the coming night,
We climbed to the top of the last long hill,
And saw our home in sight?

And brothers and sisters, older now
Than she whose life is o'er,
Do you think of the mother's loving face
That looked from the open door?

Alas! for the changing things of time—
That home in the dust is low;
And that loving smile was hid from us
In the darkness long ago:

And we have come to life's last hill,
From which our weary eyes
Can almost look on that home that shines
Eternal in the skies.

Lo! brothers and sisters, as we go,
Still let us move as one;
Always together, keeping step,
Till the march of life is done;

For that mother who waited for us here,
Wearing a smile so sweet,
Now waits on the hill of Paradise
For her children's coming feet!

Autumn.

BY ORELZA BLANDENSTEIN.

Autumn stole so gently o'er me,
I scarcely knew when she was here;
In vain I ask her to restore me
Summer-flowers I love so dear.
She is whistling in the valley,
I heard her sighing in the trees;
Then in gentle radiance daily
Where the sunshine meets the breeze.

Thus to gently break the tidings
That lovely nature must decay,
And regret was sweetly blended
With the power she would not stay.
Dreamy haze is softly sleeping,
Nature over lake and lea,
Like the moonbeams silent sleeping
On the dark and slumbering sea.

The squirrel's gathering his treasure,
And stores it in his hollow tree,
Without price and without measure;
Nature's gifts to him are free;
For her flight the wild goose, soaring,
Sings her farewell in the air,
Then for southern climes, exploring
Braky swamps and lakelets fair.

Yellow birds that picnicked daily
On the sunflower by the door,
Paid me with a song as gayly—
Wandering minstrels come no more.
Autumn smiles o'er Nature's losses,
On her, Destruction drinks her fill;
But the cedars and the mosses
Are beyond her power to kill.

They are evergreens undying,
Emblems of the soul's bright life;
Desolation round them sighing,
Thrive and smile upon the strife.
Robins long have ceased their singing,
They'll charm me with their songs no more
Till bright Spring her presence winging,
And Winter's dreary reign is o'er.

A LADY at Nashville, Tennessee, astonished at the numbers of General Buell's army, asked of one of the soldiers,—
"How far back does your army extend?"
"Madam, it reaches to the north pole; and when I left, two other regiments were trying to get in."

THE CHILDREN.

When the lessons and tasks are all ended,
And the school for the day is dismissed,
The little ones gather around me
To bid me "Good-night" and be kissed.
Oh, the little white arms that encircle
My neck in their tender embrace;
Oh, the smiles that are halos of heaven,
Shedding sunshine of love on my face.

And when they are gone, I sit dreaming
Of my childhood—too lovely to last—
Of joy that my heart will remember
While it wakes to the pulse of the Past;
Ere the world and its wickedness made me
A partner of Sorrow and Sin,
When the glory of God was about me,
And the glory of gladness within.

My heart grows as weak as a woman's,
And the fount of my feelings will flow,
When I think of the paths, steep and stony,
Where the feet of the dear ones must go;
Of the mountains of Sin hanging o'er them,
Of the tempest of Fate blowing wild.
Oh, there's nothing on earth half so holy
As the innocent heart of a child!

They are idols of hearts and of households,
They are angels of God in disguise;
His sunlight still sleeps in their tresses,
His glory still gleams in their eyes.
Oh, those truants from home and from heaven
They have made me more manly and mild,
And I know now how Jesus could liken
The kingdom of God to a child.

I ask not a life for the dear ones,
All radiant, as others have done;
But that life may have just enough shadow
To temper the glare of the sun;
I would pray God to guard them from evil;
But my prayer would bound back to myself:
Ah, a seraph may pray for a sinner,
But a sinner must pray for himself.

The twig is so easily bended,
I have banished the rule and the rod;
I have taught them the goodness of knowledge,
They have taught me the goodness of God.
My heart is the dungeon of darkness
Where I shut them for breaking a rule;
My frown is sufficient correction,
My love is the law of the school.

I shall leave the old house in the autumn,
To traverse its threshold no more;
Ah, how I shall sigh for the dear ones
That meet me each morn at the door;
I shall miss the "Good-nights", and the kisses
And the gush of their innocent glee;
The group on the green, and the flowers
That are brought every morning for me.

I shall miss them at morn and at even—
Their song in the school and the street;
I shall miss the low hum of their voices,
And the tramp of their delicate feet.
When the lessons of Life are all ended,
And Death says: "The school is dismissed
May the little ones gather around me,
To bid me good-night and be kissed.

Who was Jonah's teacher? The whale who "took him up."

What do cats have which no other animal has? Kittens.

What is worse than raining pitch forks? Hailing omnibuses.



TAGH, GEORGE W. LYONS, BOSTON HARBOR.

The May Queen.

By permission of OLIVER DITSON & Co., 227 Washington-st. Boston, owners of the Copyright

...ust wake and call me early, call me early mother dear;
...rrow'll be the happiest time of all the glad New-year;
...the glad New-year, mother, the maddest, merriest day;
...m to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o'
...the May.

...p so sound all night, mother, that I shall never awake,
...u do not call me loud when the day begins to break;
...I must gather knots of flowers, and buds and garlands
...gay,
...ay to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o'
...the May.

...Effie shall go with me mother, to-morrow to the green,
...ou'll be there too, mother, to see me made the Queen;
...hepherd lads on every side 'll come from far away,
...e to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o'
...the May.

...e valley, mother, will be fresh, and green, and still,
...e cowslip and the crowfoot are over all the hill,
...rulet in the flowery dale will merrily glance and play,
...m to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o'
...the May.

...ight winds come and go, mother, upon the meadow
...grass,
...e happy stars above them seem to brighten as they
...pass;
...will not be a drop o' rain the whole of the livelong
...day,
...I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o'
...the May.

...ou must wake and call me early, call me early, mother
...dear,
...morrow 'll be the happiest time of all the glad New-year,
...morrow 'll be of all the year the maddest, merriest day,
...I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o'
...the May.

XXVII.—MY GARDEN.

...e various flowers that in the garden grow
...e only please me, but instruct me too;
...d while with fresh delight their forms I see,
...h has some lesson, some advice, for me.

..."e modest and retired," the Violet says;
...eek not for every man's admiring gaze;
...tter with me in lowly sweetness hide,
...an be a vain, obtruding child of pride."

..."e thankful and content," the Stōnecrop[EI] cries;
...ee what a little can my wants suffice;[60]
...en[14] on this barren roof I grow and thrive:
...ius on a little learn like me to live."

..."Boast not of beauty," says the blushing Rose;
...To-morrow's setting sun my life will close,
...leaves will scatter in the evening wind:
...e me, at least, some fragrance leave behind."

..."udge not in haste," the Strawberry exclaims;
...Wisdom examines, ere it harshly blames;
...careless eyes I seem a barren root,
...t search beneath,[54] and you shall find some fruit."

..."ee," says the Sunflower, "how from morn till nig
...urn toward the sun of life and light;
...om youth to age, so turn, with love and fear,
...Him who makes thy comfort still his care."
..."ee," says the clinging Ivy, "though but weak,
...stronger form to twine around I seek;
...ek thou the help of God, so freely given,
...at thou, although so weak, may climb to heaven.

...ius the fair flowers that in the garden grow
...ot only please me, but instruct me too;
...ius, while with fresh delight their forms I see,
...ch has some lesson, some advice, for me.

FAREWELL TO HOME.

[An original poem by Fitz-Green Halleck.]

...rned a last look to my dear, native mountain,
...the dim blush of sunset grew pale in the sky;
...as still, save the music that leapt from the foun-
...tain,
...the wave of the woods to the summer wind's
...sigh.

...ound, the gray mist of the twilight was stealing,
...the tints of the landscape had faded in blue,
...y pale lip could murmur the accents of feeling,
...bade the fond scenes of my childhood adieu.

...ock not that pang, for my heart was retracing
...y visions of happiness, sparkling and clear:
...eart was still warm with a mother's embracing,
...cheek was still wet with a fond sister's tear.

...e an infant's first sleep on the lap of his mother,
...ere the days of my childhood—those days are no
...more;
...my sorrow's deep throb I had struggled to smother
...as that infant's wild cry when its first sleep was
...o'er.

...have gone by, and remembrance now covers,
...h the tinge of the moonbeam, and thoughts of
...that hour;
...still in his day-dream the wanderer hovers
...ound the cottage he left, and its green woven
...bower.

...Hope lingers near him, her wildest song breath-
...ing,
...points to a future day, distant and dim,
...the finger of sunset, its eglantine weaving,
...shall brighten the home of his childhood for him.

Woman's Calling.

Not in the crowded halls of state,
Not in the halls where justice pleads,
Is woman called to take her seat
And show the glory of her deeds.

Not at the polls, where men are loud
To challenge whom that right may boast
To tell her wisdom to the crowd,
And name the knight she values most;

Not as a juror or a judge,
Detective, magistrate, or spy,
Or sheriff through the State to trudge,
Are woman's talents to apply.

Not on the ocean's foamy tide,
With rugged, bold, and hardy crew,
The stately ship's wide course to guide,
Is woman's service due.

She is not called in summer's heat
With man to guide the plough,
Nor side by side his blows repeat
To lay the forest low.

Nor is she called to light the forge,
Or blast the flinty rock;
Nor in the field to bare the charge
Of battle's bloody shock.

She is not called, with sweat and toil,
To rear the lofty dome;
Nor o'er the desert's burning soil
Or ocean's depths to roam.

No, Heaven be praised! her weaker hand
Was formed for nicer skill,
And God will at her hand demand
The purpose of His will.

Hers is a narrower, nobler sphere;
A higher, holier trust:
The golden badge of love to wear,
Which time can never rust.

She makes the home a hallowed spot,
And man with eager soul—
Whate'er he be, whate'er his lot—
Finds there its dearest goal.

There God has placed a mighty power
Which woman needs must wield;
A power of love for every hour,
That man can never yield.

There all her nobler powers find room
Their purest light to shed,
And spread through life a fadeless bloom,
While glory crowns her head.

And there her gentle hand may soothe
The fever-tossing head;
The restless sleeper's pillow smooth,
And balmy influence shed.

In weal or woe her loving eye
Shall prove her household's light;
To close it were to hush its joy,
And shed a withering blight.

And there, ah! sweetest, holiest thought!
The mother's love in blest;
By her the tender mind is taught,
And noblest thoughts imprest.

She wields the power that makes the man,
The noble and the great;
She makes the influence, forms the plan,
Through him she rules the State.

CAPT. SEMMES AND HIS SWORD.

"In the shop windows of Messrs. Elkington may be seen the model of an elegant sword of honor proposed to be presented to Capt. Semmes of the late Alabama. On the scabbard is the appropriate inscription, "*Aidetoi et Diu t'aidera.*" [London Times.

["Help yourself and God will help you."]

"Help yourself and God will help you,"
England says to pirate Semmes;
"England too will help"—and gives him
Sword of honor, bright with gems.

"Help myself! that will I gladly—
Always did!" saith pirate Semmes;
"If God and England stand to help me,
What care I who'er condemns!"

Forth he sails, self-helpful rover,
Up and down the ocean tide,
Watching where the ships full freighted
Under freedom's banner glide.

Unsuspected, pouncing on them,
"Helps himself," this warrior bold,
To their freight of costly fabrics,
To their merchandise of gold.

"Helps himself" to watch and trinket;
"Helps himself" to wine and tea;
"Helps himself" to what he listeth;
With his captives maketh free.

"Helps himself" to ships and burns them—
If a *cruiser* come athwart,
"Helps himself," with screw and canvas,
To the nearest English port.

And with England's "help" he saves the
Pelf to which he'd "helped himself;"
As his forefathers slavetrading,
"Helped *themselves*" to *human* pelf.

Bolder grown, his ship he offers,
To the chances of a fight;
But the *God* whose "help" he hoped for
Sinks her into ocean's night.

"Helpful" England grips his waistband,
"Helps" him in a little boat,
"Helps" him to a swifter corsair,
"Helps" him get once more afloat.

"Help yourself and *we* will help you."
(*We* and *God*, you know, are *one*')—
This is England's farewell greeting
To her pirate foster-son.

WHY does a drunkard's head always seem so top-heavy? Because he carries a "brick in his hat."

WHY was the first day of Adam's life the longest ever known? Because it had no Eve.

The Flight of the Goddess.

BY T. B. ALDRICH.

A man should live in a garret, I think,
And have few friends, and be poorly clad,
With an old hat stopping the wind in the chink,
To keep the Goddess constant and glad.

Of old, when I walked on a rugged way,
And gave much work for but little bread,
The Goddess dwelt with me night and day,
Sat at my table, haunted my bed.

The narrow, mean attic, I see it now!—
Its window o'erlooking the city's tiles,
The sunset's fires, and the clouds of snow,
And the river wandering miles and miles.

Just one picture hung in the room,
The saddest story that Art can tell,—
Dante and Virgil in lurid gloom
Watching the Lovers float through Hell.

Wretched enough was I sometimes,
Pinched, and harassed with vain desires;
But thicker than clover sprung the rhymes,
As I dwelt like a sparrow among the spires.

Midnight filled my slumbers with song;
Music haunted my dreams by day;
Now I listen and wait and long,
But the Delphian airs have died away!

I wonder and wonder how it befell;
Suddenly I had friends in crowds;
I bade the house-tops a long farewell;
"Good-by," I cried, "to the stars and clouds!

But thou, rare soul, that has dwelt with me,
Spirit of Poesy! thou divine
Breath of the morning, thou shalt be,
Goddess! for ever and ever mine."

And the woman I loved was now my bride,
And the house I wanted was my own;
I turned to the Goddess satisfied,—
But the Goddess had somehow flown!

Flown, and I fear she will never return!
I'm much too sleek and happy for her,
Whose lovers must hunger, and waste, and burn,
Ere the beautiful heathen heart will stir!

I call,—but she does not stoop to my cry;
I wait—but she lingers, and ah! so long!
It was not so in the years gone by,
When she touched my lips with chrism of song

I swear I will get me a garret again,
And let the wee wife see the sunset's fires,
And lure the Goddess, by vigil and pain,
Up with the sparrows among the spires!

For a man should live in a garret aloof,
And have few friends, and be poorly clad,
With an old hat stopping the chink in the roof,
To keep the Goddess constant and glad!

The Fisherman's Wife.

It was summer-time, and the dawning day
Shone bright on the cliffs of our lonely bay,
And my man went out in his boat to sea,
To win the bread for his house and me.

The day went on—I remember it well—
The rooms were filled with the salt sea smell;
And the sunlight came, like an angel good,
Through the doors and the windows that open stood.

I sang and worked with joy in my heart,
For I hold that a wife should do her part
To clean and brighten the house within,
Praying the Lord to keep her from sin.

I had finished, and just sat down to rest,
When I saw a cloud rise up in the West,
And the moan of the sea grew loud on the rocks,
And the gulls flew landward in shrieking flocks.

Soon the wind blew loud from the hollow skies,
And I watched the waves with frightened eyes,
As they struggled and sprang at the cloud's black frown,
And clutching their broad wings, swept them down.

Then I hurried out to the old pier-head,
Through the yard of the church, where slept the dead;
And I wished that my man and I had died,
And were quietly sleeping there, side by side.

'Twas an evil wish—I rebuked it, too;
But *one* heart is weak where there should be two,
And *one* voice alone grows weak in prayer,
When it misses another so often there.

Well, I watched for hours in that beat and blow,
Till all the light from the sky did go.
Then I turned heart-sick from the fling of the foam,
And wrestled my way to my vacant home.

There the breath of the storm blew under the door,
And I felt it whisper along the floor;
And the clothes of my man, as they hung on the stand,
Swung as if touched by a spirit hand.

The lights I put in the window small,
Were blown into darkness one and all;
And I heard, as the whirling storm went by,
Shrieks as of souls about to die.

I dropt to the ground with my hands on my face,
For I feared to see some sight in the place;
And I prayed the Lord my soul to keep,
And He heard my prayer, and gave me sleep.

I leapt up at last; 'twas early dawn:
I ran to the door—the storm was gone;
The morning star shone bright o'er the sea;
And my man came home to his house and me.

In Knarendale, England.

All you that please these lines to read
It will cause a tender heart to bleed.
I murdered was upon the fell,
And by the man I knew full well;
By bread and butter which he'd laid,
I being harmless was betrayed.
I hope he will rewarded be,
That laid the poison there for me.

…s to shorten sail as smartly as they … do. Among those who sprang aloft when the hands were turned up was Harry Lethbridge, whose station was the foretop. The post of honor among seamen in reefing sails is the weather earing. Thus, when the foretopsail was to be reefed, Harry eagerly sought, and was the first man out on the yard-arm. While reefing the sail, on hauling out the earing, from the strength of the wind, and from his anxiety to get it done quickly, he did not haul the first turn sufficiently taut. After taken the second, and getting a good pull on it, the first earing rendered suddenly, and, losing his balance, he fell over the yard. Those who saw him as I did thought he was gone. But no; as he fell he had kept hold of the earing, and there he hung, suspended by it about nine feet below the yard-arm, and full sixty from the deck, though, of course, far outside it, that is to say, over the boiling ocean.

Those on deck looked up, almost paralyzed with the horrible spectacle. His destruction seemed inevitable. His hands were giving way. He caught the rope in his teeth, and thus he hung suspended, alive and strong, with the joyous spirits and anticipations of youthful manhood, and yet with death, as it were, gaping for him. The man nearest to him on the yard threw towards him the end of a rope, but it was blown away to leeward out of his reach. The captain instantly directed that a running bow-line knot should be made round the earing, and thus lowered over his head; but his voice was drowned by the gale. Cries of horror escaped from the lips of all who saw him. "A man overboard! a man overboard!" was shouted out, for every one expected to see him fall into the sea. William Ellis had never taken his eyes off him. I saw him hurry forward. Poor Harry could hold on no longer. His hands relaxed their grip of the rope, his teeth gave way—he fell. As he did so, the ship lurched heavily to leeward, and he came towards the forecastle. Ellis sprang forward, and, as Harry's feet touched the deck, caught him in his arms. The midshipman's life was preserved, and the only injury he received, was the fracture of one of his ankle bones. "He's the only man who could have done it, though," I afterwards heard some of the seamen remark. "He prayed that he might do it, and he did it, do ye see?"

William Ellis persevered in his course till the ship was paid off, when I saw his Mary who had come to Portsmouth to welcome him. They were married; he obtained a warrant as a gunner, and some years afterwards, through the influence of Harry Lethbridge, got a good appointment on shore.

Oh! Spare the Old Homestead.

Oh! spare the old homestead,
Nor ruthlessly part,
The ties that have bound it,
So long to my heart,
When wand'ring and weary,
And burden'd with care,
A bright spot of sunshine,
Still beams for me there,
Then spare the old homestead,
'Tis dear to me yet,
The home of my childhood,
I never can forget.

Oh! spare the old homestead
'Twas there I first knew,
The love of my mother,
Still changeless and true;
A father's, a brother's,
A loved sister's care;
Oh, these are the memories,
That beam on me there. Then spare, &c.

Oh! spare the old homestead;
Though moss overgrown,
Its halls are deserted,
Decaying alone,
Yet back to its hearth-stone,
My heart will repair,
As though its warm greetings,
Still welcomed me there. Then spare, &c.

Oh! spare the old homestead
Till that pensive hour,
When age makes me weary,
And life yealds its power!
Then bear me, when fainting,
To breathe its sweet air,
And die 'mid the sunshine,
That beams on me there. Then spare, &c.

Through China.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "NANCY BLAKE LETTERS"

There I wandered, blithe and gay,
Twice ten thousand miles away,
Where ceaseless flow
The yellow waves of the Hoang-Ho,
'Neath Eastern skies,
Where the snow-clad peaks of the Pelings rise;
Where the camphor-trees their branches spread,
And the tropic blooms their fragrance shed;
Where the Tea-plant grows: In its native bower
I kissed the leaves of the fair, white flower,
While I wandered, blithe and gay,
Twice ten thousand miles away.

I saw each gate, massive and high—
The solid gates that pierced the sky;
I stood beside the famous wall,
And saw the dismal shadows fall,
As once they fell on the Tartar foe,
Just two thousand years ago.

I saw the Emperor and his train—
I ne'er shall see the like again.
A vanguard just one thousand told—
Some with hoops and staves of gold;
Some with halberd, shield and crest;
Some with lances—nine abreast—
Four hundred lantern-bearers came
With their lanterns all a-flame;
Standards with each zodiac sign,
Four-and-twenty in a line;
All in colors brightly glowing,
Heavenly constellations showing;
Golden fans, of famous size,
Filled me with a great surprise,
Just two hundred, where did slumber
Painted dragons without number.

Magnates of the imperial Court,
His Majesty's commode support,
With wines of an imperial date,
With lucious fruits on golden plate,
All as becomes the imperial state.

Next advancing
Ten white horses gaily prancing,
Wrought with gems from seam to seam,
Saddle cloth, and trappings gleam,
Gorgeous as an eastern dream.
'Midst the solemn pomp that crowned him,
With his body-guard around him,
Rode the Emperor, Hein Foung.
Royal Princes, who had sprung
From the blood of Eastern Kings,
Clothed with all that honor brings,
Followed fast, with pomp and show,
Every charger, white as snow.
Mandarins marched in robes of state,
Followed by the wise and great;
Then a youthful, regal band,
Five hundred nobles of the land.
Their robes of crape were rare to see,
Their gaiters broidered to the knee;
Of acorn shape, their caps were strown
With gems a king might call his own;
With jeweled fans, and glowing flowers,
Such as are born in Eastern bowers;
In beauty, bearing, wit and grace,
The chivalry of an Eastern race.
A thousand footmen rode behind,
In liveried suits of every kind.

Ten carriers bore an empty chair
Fashioned of ivory, rich and rare;
So finely carved, such perfect art
Might make the proudest sculptor start.
On 'broidered back, and cushioned seat,
There reigned a comfort so complete,
Some native poet might have sung,
Some bard with Cowper's tuneful tongue,
The royal chair of Hein Foung.

Then on—oh! sight, rare to behold,
The private chairs and chariots rolled,
Their wheels were gilt, their trappings gold.
Some by horses gaily borne,
Some by elephants were drawn,
Whose housings might have been like those
Oft seen by Bagdad's belles and beaux,
When in her prime, with regal sway,
Her caliphs kept their gala-day.
How they glistened in the sun,
Fifty servants to each one;
Two thousand Mandarins more appear;
Then cheer on cheer
As the royal troops brought up the rear.

Many a city I passed thro',
Where Confucius breathed, my breath I drew
Triumphal arches green, and white
The gilded windows; large and bright
The low-carved roofs dawned on my sight;
The doors of aromatic wood,
Where many a portly Mandarin stood;
The Temples, where the gentii brood.
Many a city I passed thro'
Where all was new,
From the palace walls, inlaid with gold,
From the fretted shrines, all worn and old,
From the yellow flag, like a sun-lit cloud,
That waved above the motley crowd;
From the clumsy junks, and the sailor crew,
All was new
Down to the Emperor's cue.

Received at court—'midst the elite
Of fashion, style, and little feet,
I won my way—one grief alone
Upon my heart weighed like a stone,
That I, amidst the proud and great,
In princely revel, feast, or fete,
Should be, of all the happy fair,
The only one condemned to wear
An odious shoe
Marked—number two.

'Twas at a fete, one happy night,
Where costly lanterns, burning bright,
Glowed like a meteoric shower,
Caught, and imprisoned in a bower,
Where Pekin's belles their charms displayed
To noble lords of princely grade;
Where crapes, and broideries, and brocade,
And fans and diamonds, dukes and earls
With crests and medals—lace and pearls,
Mingled their witchery, rich and rare,
With the olive tint and the raven hair
Of the dark-browed race assembled there;
And I, clad in my tartan robe,
Forgot my home, half round the globe;
And might have been, in that gay scene,
As happy as an Eastern Queen
But for the pain—
The blot, the stain—
The odious shoe
Marked—number two.

'Twas while I vainly strove to hide,
From a rich Mandarin at my side,
This only grief, a buhl clock
Sounded the hour—and I—ah! what a shock—
Awoke, to find my castles flown,
Awoke, to find myself alone—
While at my side I smiled to see
The porcelain cup, beloved by me;
The cup, that had held the old Bohea,
The dreamy, fragrant, spicy tea,
That had sent me wandering, blithe and gay,
Twice ten thousand miles away.

HE LOVES ME!

He loves me!—he loves me!—he's told me e'en now;
And seal'd the dear words with a kiss on my brow;
That tale in his dark eye I've oft read before—
He loves me! he loves me! what can I have more?

He speaks of the beauty surrounding his home,
And said 'twill look fairer and gay when I come;
He vows from the home of my youth I must go;
He loves me! he loves me! —then let it be so.

He said he would shield me when dark clouds shall lour
And my smiles shall brighten his sorrowing hour,
And together we'll gather the flowers that are strown
Upon our life's pathway, my loved one!—mine own!

My heart's beating wildly with fulness of bliss;
How can I repay him for love such as this?
I ask not for wealth, I sigh not for fame—
He loves me! and his love is all that I claim.

FRENCH MILLINERS.

Miss Blank, it is known, is accustomed to say
Many very queer things in a very queer way;
But of all her mistakes, the absurdest and oddest
Occurred when she called a French *modiste* "a modest!

GEORGE W. LYONS, BOSTON HARBOR.

A MAN-OF-WAR'S MAN.

[illegible], many years ago, first Lieutenant of [illegible] Rainbow frigate. We were fitting out [illegible]side the old Topaz hulk, in Portsmouth [illegible]or, for the North American and West [illegible]an stations, at that time united under one [illegible]mand. We were nearly ready for sea, [illegible] were still a good many hands short of our [illegible]plement. For want of better, we had en[illegible]ed several men, who would, I was afraid, [illegible]ve but hard bargains—one especially, who [illegible] the name of John Jones, was a great [illegible]ing fellow, with an unpleasant expression [illegible]ountenance, out of whom I guessed but [illegible] work was to be got. The same day he [illegible]d, another man came aboard and volun[illegible]ed. He was a fine, active, intelligent fel[illegible] He said that his name was William [illegible], and that he had been eight years at [illegible] in the merchant service. If there was [illegible] work in Jones, there was plenty in him [illegible], though he was a remarkably quiet look[illegible] man. He answered the questions put to [illegible], but did not volunteer a word about him[illegible]

We had gone out to Spithead, and the Blue [illegible]er was flying aloft, when a shore boat [illegible]me alongside. In the boat was a young [illegible]oman, nicely, though very plainly dressed, [illegible]nd a lad, who looked like her brother. She [illegible]sked leave to come on board, and inquired [illegible]r William Ellis. Ellis was aloft. His name [illegible]ad been loudly called along the lower deck, [illegible]efore, casting his eyes below, having finish[illegible]d his work, they fell on her. She gave a [illegible]alf shriek of terror as she saw him, quick as [illegible]ghtning, gliding down the rigging. He, in [illegible]another moment, was by her side. A blush [illegible]was on his manly cheek, as he took her hand [illegible]and warmly pressed it. They talked earnest[illegible]ly for some time. He did not ask to move [illegible]from the spot where they stood. At length, [illegible]with a sigh, having shaken hands with the [illegible]lad, he prepared to help her into the boat. [illegible]Her last words, pronounced in a firm, though [illegible]sweet voice, were, "Oh! remember!"

I was quite struck by her quiet, modest manner, and her pleasing, intelligent expression of countenance. We had despatches for Jamaica and other West India islands, which we visited in turn. Ellis continued, as at first, one of the most quiet, well-behaved men in the ship. Every moment of his watch below—that is to say, when off duty—he was engaged in reading, chiefly, as I afterwards found, the Bible. In those days a Bible on the lower deck was a rarity, and religious books were still less often seen. The Rainbow formed no exception to the rule, and Ellis got to be looked at with suspicion and dislike by the greater number of the men. He was equally disliked by some of the officers. The reason was clear—his life and example were a reproach to them.

We had not been long in that treacherous clime before "Yellow Jack," as the sailors call the yellow fever, came on board. Numbers of our crew were speedily down with it. Several died, and the pestilence increased. The ship's company, as sometimes occurs, took a panic, and men who would boldly have faced a visible enemy, trembled with dread at the thought of being struck down with the fever. It was difficult to get men to attend properly on the sick. Ellis was an exception; he immediately volunteered for that duty, and was indefatigable in its performance. He did more, I found; he spoke words of counsel and encouragement to the sick and dying; he pointed out to them the Saviour, on whom, looking with repentance and faith in his all-sufficient work, they might be assured of forgiveness.

Harry Lethbridge, a young midshipman, was among the first attacked. Ellis carefully watched over the boy. Whenever he had performed his other duties he returned to the side of the hammock in which Harry lay, bathed his face, sponged out his mouth, and gave him cooling drinks, like the most gentle of nurses. More than once the doctor told me, however, that he was afraid the young midshipman would slip through his fingers. and he afterwards said that he considered it mostly owing to the very great attention paid to him by Ellis that he had escaped. Ellis did more; he spoke to Harry, when his strength was returning, in a way to touch his heart—he told him how he had been saved from the jaws of death by a God who loved his soul, and he showed him how alone that soul could be saved, and how freely and fully it would be saved, if he would but accept the redemption offered him.

Nothwithstanding the way Ellis had behaved during the fever, John Jones and men of his stamp, of whom there were many, continued to sneer at him on account of his religion.

"Any old woman, or young girl," they said, "could have done as well as he did—nursing a few sick men and boys; what was that! It didn't make him a bit more of a man!"

From the West Indies we were sent to North America, to do away with the effects of the fever. Knowing what a quiet man Ellis was, I was somewhat surprised when one day, on the passage to Halifax, John Jones came up to me on deck, fuming with rage, and preferred a formal charge against him, for having assaulted and thrashed him. I, of course, as in duty bound, sent for Ellis, and witnesses on both sides, to examine into the case. Ellis appeared, hat in hand, and at once acknowledged that he had thrashed Jones, but offered as an excuse that Jones and other men had systematically annoyed him whenever he sat down to read the Bible, and that Jones, encouraged by his previous forbearance, had snatched up the book and made off with it, threatening to throw it overboard.

"I could bear it no longer, sir," said Ellis; "so I knocked him over, that I might get back my Bible, and read it afterwards in peace. Besides, sir, he said that people who read the Bible are never worth anything, only just fit to nurse sick people, and that, come a gale of wind, or any danger, they would always be found skulking below."

"In that respect, you, Jones, are wrong, and you had no business to snatch away Ellis's Bible; but you, Ellis, broke through the rules of discipline by knocking Jones over. You must reserve your blows for the enemies of your country. I must therefore punish you. It is your first offence, but it is a too serious one to be [illegible]. Go below."

I inflicted as light a punishment as I well could on Ellis. After he had undergone it, he came to me and expressed his regret at having lost his temper, without in any way attempting to exculpate himself.

We reached Halifax, remained there a fortnight refitting, and again sailed to cruise off the coast. Nova Scotia possesses a rocky, forbidding shore, near which a seaman would dislike to be caught with a gale blowing on it. One night, on a passage round to Prince Edward's Island, we had kept closer in shore in consequence of the fineness of the weather than would, under other circumstances, have been prudent. The captain was ill below. Suddenly the wind shifted, and blew directly on shore. I was called up, and, hurrying on deck, saw at once that we were to have a rough night of it.

The first thing to be done was to get a good offing. Accordingly I hauled to the wind, and as it was not yet blowing very hard, kept the canvas on her which had previously been set. Suddenly a squall, its approach unseen, struck the ship, and before a sheet could be started the main-top-gallant yard was carried away, and the spar, wildly beating about in the now furiously blowing gale, threatened to carry away, not only the top-gallant mast, but the topmast itself. The loss of more of our spars at such a moment might have been disastrous in the extreme. To clear away the spar was, therefore, of the greatest importance, but it was an operation which which would expose those who attempted it to the most imminent dangers.

head, he made stroke after stroke at the ropes by which the top-gallant yard still hung to the mast. Had he been hurled from the rigging the ocean would have been his tomb, for, heeling over as the ship was, he would have fallen far to leeward. I fully expected such would be his fate; it might be mine, too, for I was determined to make the attempt, if others failed. I thought of the young woman who had visited him on board, and of her sorrowing heart. My eye caught sight of something falling. Was it Ellis? No. A shout rose from the crew. Down came the shattered spar and the torn sail, clear of everything, and fell into the foaming, hissing waters, through which the frigate was forcing her way. The top-gallant mast stood uninjured. Ellis the next minute was beside me on the deck.

"Thank you, Ellis; you did that work nobly," I said to him. "I thing no one in future will venture to taunt you for your Bible-reading propensities."

I was now able to send the hands aloft to shorten sail, and I fully believe that our masts, and the ship herself, and our lives, were saved by that act of courage. I afterwards asked Ellis how he felt when aloft.

"That I was in the hands of God, sir," he answered. "I prayed for his protection, and I never felt my heart more light, or my courage more firm."

As may be supposed, no one after this ventured to call Ellis milksop, or to speak disparagingly of him in any other way. Jones sank in public estimation as Ellis rose and gained great influence among the ship's company, which he did not fail to use for their benefit. He still further increased it by another act, which, however, was not so much a proof of courage as of presence of mind, only the sailors declared, with a tinge of superstition, that no other man on board could have done it. I will mention it presently.

I frequently spoke to Ellis in a way an officer can not venture to do except to a well-tried man. One day I asked him if he did not wish to write to his wife, as I had the opportunity of sending letters.

"I am not married, sir," he answered, calmly. "That young woman you saw, sir, Mary Summers, has promised to marry me when I get back, if I can prove to her that I have acted all the time I have been away like a Christian man. It's a long story, too, and I won't trouble you with it now; only Mary has very strong notions and very right notions, too. I wasn't once what I now try to be. I was altogether careless about religion. I fell in love with Mary, and tried my best to appear good, and so far succeeded that I won her love. When, however, she found out what I really was, she said that nothing would induce her to marry me unless I was a Christian. She gave me books, and I read them, and I read the Bible as I had never read it before, and she talked to me till I thought I was what she wanted me to be; but she said people couldn't really tell what they were till they were out in the busy world and tried, and that I must be tried before she could venture to marry me. At first I thought her terms very hard; but I do assure you, sir, when I came to know more of the Gospel I felt that they were wise and just. It is a very different thing to appear all right and correct, and to feel very good, too, in a quiet village, with a religious, sensible young woman to watch over one, than to keep straight aboard a man-of-war among a number of godless associates. In one case a man may almost forget the necessity of earnest prayer. I do assure you, sir, I have felt aboard here that I could not get on an hour without it.

Some two years after this, when Harry Lethbridge had grown into a fine young man, promising to be as smart an officer as any in the navy, we were on our passage between the northern and southern portions of our station, when we were caught in as heavy a gale as I ever experienced—a complete hurricane. It came down on us so suddenly that it required

XLVI.—THE WIND IN A FROLIC.

The Wind one morning sprang up from sleep,
Saying, "Now for a frolic, now for a leap!
Now for a madcap, galloping chase!
I'll make a commotion in every place."

So it swept with a bustle right through a great town,
Breaking the signs, and scattering down
Shutters; and whisking, with merciless squalls,
Old women's bŏnnets and gingerbread stalls;
There never was heard a much lustier shout,
As the apples and oranges trundled about.

Then away to the field it went blustering and humming,
And the cattle all wondered whatever was coming;
But, offended with such an unusual salute,
They all turned their backs, and stood sulky and mute.

So on it went capering and playing its pranks,
Whistling with reeds on the broad river's banks,
Puffing the birds as they sat on the spray,
Or the traveller grave on the king's highway.

It was not too nice to rustle the bags
Of the beggar, and flutter his dirty rags;
'T was so bold that it feared not to play its joke
With the doctor's wig or the gentleman's cloak.

Through the forest it roared, and cried, gayly, "Now,
You sturdy old oaks, I'll make you bow!"
And it made them bow without more ado,
And cracked their great branches right through and through.

Then it rushed like a monster on cottage and farm,
Striking their dwellers with sudden alarm,
So they ran out like bees when threatened with harm.
There were dames with their 'kerchiefs tied over their caps,
To see if their poultry were free from mishaps;
The turkeys they gobbled, the geese screamed aloud,
And the hens crept to roost in a terrified crowd.
There was rearing of ladders, and logs laying on,
Where the thatch from the roof threatened soon to be gone.

But the wind had pressed forward, and met, in a lane,
With a school-boy, who panted and struggled in vain;
For it tossed him and twirled him, then passed, and he stood
With his foot in the pool, and his shoe in the mud.

Then away went the wind in its holiday glee!
And now it was far on the billowy sea,
And the lordly ships felt its staggering blow,
And the little bŏats darted to and fro:
But, lo! it was night, and it sank to rest
On the sea-bird's rock in the gleaming west,
Laughing to think, in its fearful fun,
How little of mischief it had done!

POOR.

What! poor, you say? Why, save you friend
I've more than half the world can show;
Such wealth as mine you cannot boast,
Such bliss as mine you cannot know.
I've more than keenest head can sum—
Could ever dream of night or day;
I've treasures hid from sordid hearts,
No cunning thief can take away.

My riches never bring distrust
Between me and my fellow-men;
No evil passion stirs my breast,
To yield me hate for hate again.
But pleasure, peace and joy they bring;
They soothe my cares, they make me glad,
They give delight I cannot name,
And buy me comfort when I'm sad.

Come here and open wide your eyes,
You see earth's glory at my feet,
You see the sky above my head,
The sunshine on my garden seat,
You see the love that lights my home,
The children round my cottage door—
The birds, the bees, the grass and flowers,
And you have dared to call me poor!

Come here and open wide your ears,
And hark the music morning makes,
When from the hills and from the woods
Her high and holy anthem breaks.
Come here and catch the grand old songs
That nature sings me evermore—
The whisperings of a thousand things,
And tell me—tell me, am I poor?

Not rich is he, though wider far
His acres stretch than eye can roll,
Who has no sunshine in his mind,
No wealth of beauty in his soul.
Not poor is he, though never known
His name in hall or city mart,
Who smiles content beneath his load,
With God and Nature in his heart.

A PRAYER FOR GRACE.

BY BEATRICE.

Father in heaven! I bow before thee,
An humble suppliant at thy shrine;
Entreatingly, I would implore thee
To list, O God, to prayer of mine!

Father, thou knowest all my weakness!
Thou knowest how my soul has erred!
Give me a portion of thy meekness,
Teach me, O Father, but the word!

Thou knowest in thy heavenly wisdom,
How much of grace and strength I need;
Hast thou not seen how cares oppress me?
How oft my soul is doomed to bleed?

Thou knowest, thou alone, how often
I need thy strengthening arm to guide;
What is too harsh within me, soften;
What is too lofty, make just pride!

O, give me faith to do thy mission,
Whate'er that mission, Father, be;
To heavenly joy is the admission—
Since Thou art Heaven, and Heaven's with Thee

Then let the unction of thy spirit
Flow o'er my soul to cleanse each ill;
So, Father, will I strive to merit,
And know none but thy sovereign will!

CXXIV.—THE IDLE WORD.

Matthew xii. 36.

FIRST VOICE.

It passed away, it passed away;
Thou canst not hear the sound to-day
'T was water lost upon the ground,
Or wind that vanisheth in sound;
O, who shall găther it, or tell
How idly from the lip it fell!

SECOND VOICE.

'T is written with an iron pen;
And thou shalt hear it yet again!
A solemn thing it then shall seem
To trifle with a holy theme.
O, let our lightest accent be
Uttered as for eternity!
That truth my tongue might always tie
From ever speaking foolishly!
That no vain thought might ever rest
Or be conceived within my breast;
That by each word, each deed, each thought,
Glory might to my God be brought.

But what are wishes?—Lord, mine eye
On thee is fixed; to thee I cry.
The moral you can well espy,
To keep the tale from spoiling;
The little colt, you think is I,—
I know it by your smiling.
And now, my friends, please to excuse
My lisping and my stammers;
I, for this once, have done my best,
And so—I'll make my manners.

CHILD AND ANGEL.

Through the amber gates of morning
Sliding past the golden bars,
Came an angel in the dawning,
Downward from the land of stars.
Now again the choral angels
Give their sister welcome sweet,
And beside the living waters
Roam her unaccustomed feet;

But on earth we listen vainly
For the music of her tone,
Watch in vain to catch her footfall,
For our angel guest has flown.

Yet we hope again to meet her,
When the task of life is done,
Humbly hope that God will take us
Through the merits of His Son;

Flinging wide the shining portals,
Throwing back the golden bars,
He will lead us to our darling,
Dwelling in the land of stars.

TO THE RESCUE.

BY ELLEN H. SAMPSON.

From the gold of the waving harvest,
That beckons the reaper's hand—
From the breast of the lakes majestic,
That guard this Western land—
Come away! for a tone of thunder
Sweeps over the shuddering sea;
'Tis the voice of our perilled country
That loudly summons thee!

What though the loved ones miss thee
From the pleasant walks of home—
Though their cheeks grow pale with waiting
For the step that never may come;
Yet clasp their reluctant fingers
And breathe in their listening ear,
"I am prouder to die for my country,
Than live a craven here!"

'Tis true we shall wait in sadness
For the close of the iron game;
But the dawn of the coming morrow
Shall kindle the star of your fame!
Down to the far-off ages
Shall the strains of victory roll,
And *your name*, with its anthem blended,
Shall waken some slumbering soul!

Then on to the stirring conflict!
To the front of the iron game!
Give your bodies to your country,
And your souls to lasting fame!
Stay not for the wooing harvest
That smiles on the billowy plain,
Farewell! When our country is saved
We will welcome you back again!

O, purge out all my drŏss, my sin,—
Make me more white than snow within!
Wash, Lord, and purify my heart,
And make it clean in every part!
And when 't is clean, Lord, keep it so,
For that is more than I can do.

Eastern Winter.

Cold—cold—the very sun looks cold,
With those thin rays of chilly gold
Laid on that gap of bluish sky
That glazes like a dying eye.

The naked trees are shivering,
Each cramped and bare branch quivering,
Cutting the bleak wind into blades,
Whose edge to brain and bone invades.

That hard ground seems to ache, all day,
Even for a sheet of snow, to lay
Upon its icy feet and knees,
Stretched stiffly there to freeze and freeze,

And yon shrunk mortal—what's within
That nipped and winter-shrivelled skin?
The pinched face drawn in peevish lines,
The voice that through his blue lips whines.

The frost has got within, you see—
Left but a selfish me and me:
The heart is chilled, its nerves are numb,
Where hearts beat warm with life's delight,
Through radiant winter's sunshine bright,
And summer's starry deeps of night;

Where man may let earth's beauty thaw
The wintry creed which Calvin saw,
That God is only Power and Law;

And out of Nature's bible prove,
That here below as there above
Our Maker—Father—God—is Love.

III.—NOW IS THE TIME.

The bud will soon become a flower,
The flower become a seed;
Then seize, O youth! the prĕsent hour,
Of that thou hast most need.

Do thy best always,—do it now,—
For, in the present time,
As in the furrows[36] of a plow,
Fall seeds of good or crime.

The sun and rain will ripen[46] fast
Each seed that thou hast sown;
And every act and word at last
By its own fruit be known.
And soon the harvest of thy toil
Rejoicing thou shalt reap;
Or o'er thy wild, neglected soil
Go forth in shame to weep.

L.—REASONS FOR MIRTH.

The sun is careering, in glory and might,
'Mid the deep blue sky and the clouds so bright
The billow is tossing its foam on high,
And the summer breezes go lightly by;
The air and the water dance, glitter, and play,—
And why should not I be as merry as they?

The linnet is singing the wild wood through,
The fawn's bounding footsteps skim over the dew
The butterfly flits round the blossoming tree,
And the cowslip and blue-bell are bent by the bee
All the creatures that dwell in the forest are gay,
And why should not I be as merry as they?

LXII.—TO MY LITTLE SISTER WHO DIED.

Thy memory as a spell of love comes o'er my mind;
As dew[64] upon the purple bell, as perfume on the wind
As music on the sea, as sunshine on the river,—
So hath it always been to me, so shall it be forever!

I hear thy voice in dreams upon me softly call,
Like echo of the mountain streams in sportive waterfall.
I see thy form as when thou wert a living thing,
And blossomed in the eyes of men, like any flower of spring

Thy soul to heaven hath fled, from earthly thraldom[82] free;
Yet 't is not as the dead that thou appear'st to me.
In slumber I behold thy form as when on earth;
Thy locks of waving gold, thy sapphire[51] eye of mirth.

I hear, in solitude, the prattle kind and free
Thou utteredst in joyful mood while seated on my knee.
So strong each vision seems my spirit that doth fill,
I think not they are dreams, but that thou livest still.

GEORGE W. LYONS, BOSTON HARBOR.

LIX. — THE OAK-TREE.

Cry for the oak-tree, the monarch of the wood!
Sing for the oak-tree, that groweth green and good!
That groweth broad and branching within the forest shade;
That groweth now, and still shall grow when we are lowly laid

The oak-tree was an acorn once, and fell upon the earth;
And sun and showers nourished it, and gave the oak-tree birth:
The little sprouting oak-tree! two leaves it had at first,
Till sun and shower nourished it, then out the branches burst.

The winds came and the rain fell; the gusty tempest blew;
Still, all were friends to the oak-tree, and stronger yet it grew.
The boy that saw the acorn fall, he feeble grew and gray;
But the oak was still a thriving tree, and strengthened every day.

Four centuries grows the oak-tree, nor does its verdure fail;
Its heart is like the iron-wood, its bark like plaited mail.
Now cut us down the oak-tree, the monarch of the wood;
And of its timber stout and strong we 'll build a vessel good.

The oak-tree of the forest both east and west shall fly;
And the blessings of a thousand lands upon our ship shall lie.
She shall not be a man-of-war, nor a pirate shall she be;
But a noble, Christian merchant-ship, to sail upon the sea.

HYMNS TOWARDS A HOLY WEEK.

BY THOMAS WHYTEHEAD, LATE OF ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE CAMBRIDGE.

Second Day.

This world I deem
But a beautiful dream
Of shadows, that are not what they seem;
Where visions rise,
Giving dim surmise
Of that which shall meet our waking eyes.

Arm of the Lord!
Creating word!
Whose glory the silent skies record;
Where stands thy name
In scrolls of flame,
Hath the firmament's high-shadowing frame.

I gaze o'erhead,
Where thy hand hath spread
O'er the waters of heaven their crystal bed;
And stored the dew
In its deeps of blue
Which the fires of the sun come tempered through.

Soft they shine
Through that pure shrine,
As beneath the veil of thy flesh divine,
Shines forth the light
That were else too bright
For the feebleness of a sinner's sight.

I gaze aloof
On the tissued roof
Where Time and space are the warp and woof
Which the King of kings,
As a curtain, flings
O'er the dreadfulness of eternal things.

A tapestried tent
To shade us meant
From the bare, everlasting firmament;
Where the glow of the skies
Comes soft to our eyes
Neath a veil of mystical imageries.

But could I see,
As in truth they be,
The glories of heaven that encompass me,
I should lightly hold
The tissued fold
Of that marvellous curtain of blue and gold.

Leaving the Old House.

There's sunshine on the meadows,
And sunshine on the road,
And through the brightness toils my horse
Beneath the weary load;
And as I stand beside my gate, with hand before my eyes,
I hear the children laugh to see the household gods I prize.

There was a time when this old home
Was full of mirth and glee,
But one by one the household went
And left it all to me—
A quiet house of vacant rooms, each made a sacred place
By echo of a mission voice, or dream of vanished face.

Ah, how I used to pause before
This mirror on the stair,
And shake my long bright ringlets out,
And fancy I was fair!
I took that old mirror down, and packed it up last night,
And never stopped to trick my hair, for what is left is white.

In later years I used to sit
And watch the long green lane,
For one who came in those old times,
But cannot come again,
And somewhat still at eventide my chair is turned that way;
I sit and work where once I watched—I sat so yesterday.

My new house is a pleasant place,
But yet it grieves me now,
Its small completeness seems to say
My world is narrow now.
'Tis far too small for any one with festivals to keep,
But for my funeral large enough, for few will come to weep.

Good by, old house, a long good by;
My hand is on your gate;
Though tears are gathering in my eyes,
I may no longer wait.
Good by, old house, and after all, the love which makes you dear,
Awaits me in the heavenly home which I am drawing near.

Dirge for a Sailor.

BY G. H. BOKER.

Slow, slow! toll it low,
As the sea-waves break and flow;
With the same dull, slumberous motion
Of his ancient mother, Ocean,
Rocked him on through storm and calm,
From the iceberg to the palm:
So his drowsy ears may deem
That the sound which breaks his dream
Is the ever-moaning tide
Washing on his vessel's side.

Slow, slow! as we go,
Swing his coffin to and fro;
As of old the lusty billow
Swayed him on his heaving pillow:
So that he may fancy still,
Climbing up the watery hill,
Plunging in the watery vale,
With her wide-distended sail,
His good ship securely stands
Onward to the golden lands.

Slow, slow!—heave a ho!—
Lower him to the mould below;
With the well-known sailor ballad,
Lest he grow more pale and pallid
At the thought that Ocean's child,
From his mother's arms beguiled,
Must repose for countless years,
Reft of all her briny tears,
All the rights he owned by birth,
In the dusty lap of earth.

Be a Woman.

Oft I've heard a gentle mother,
As the twilight hours began,
Pleading with a son on duty,
Urging him to be a man.
But unto her blue-eyed daughter,
Though with love's words quite as ready
Points she out the other duty—
"Strive, my dear, to be a lady."

What's a lady? Is it something
Made of hoops, and silks and airs,
Used to decorate the parlor,
Like the fancy rings and chairs?
Is it one that wastes on novels
Every feeling that is human?
If 'tis this to be a lady,
'Tis not this to be a woman.

Mother, then, unto your daughter
Speak of something higher far
Than to be mere fashion's lady—
"Woman is the brightest star."
If you, in your strong affection,
Urge your son to be a true man,
Urge your daughter no less strongly
To arise and be a woman.



XII. — THE MIMIC.

A MIMIC I knew, who, to give him his due,[64]
Was exceeded by none[40] and was equalled by few.
He could bark like a dog; he could grunt like a hog
Nay, I really believe he could croak like a frog.
Then, as for a bird, — you may trust to my word,
'T was the best imitation that ever you heard:
It must be confessed that he copied birds best:
You 'd have thought he had lived all his life in a nest.

It happened, one day, that he came in the way
Of a sportsman, — an excellent marksman, they say.

And near a stone wall, with his little bird-call,
The mimic attempted to imitate all.

So well did he do it, the birds all flew to it;
But, ah! he had certainly reason to rue it.

It turned out no fun, — for the man with the gun,
Who was seeking for partridges, took him for one.

He was shot in the side; and he feelingly cried,
A moment or so ere[21] he fainted and died:

"Who for others prepare a trap, should beware
They do not themselves fall into the snare."

INDIAN NAMES.

Ye say they have all passed away,
That noble race and brave,
That their light canoes have vanished
From off the crested wave,
That 'mid the forests where they roamed
There rings no hunter's shout,
But their name is on your waters,
Ye may not wash it out.

'Tis where Ontario's billow,
Like ocean's surge is curled,
Where strong Niagara's thunders wake
The echo of the world.
Where red Missouri bringeth
Rich tribute from the west,
And Rappahannock sweetly sleeps
On green Virginia's breast.

Ye say their cone-like cabins,
That clustered o'er the vale,
Have fled away like withered leaves
Before the autumn gale,
But their memory liveth on your hills,
Their baptism on your shore,
Your everlasting rivers speak
Their dialect of yore.

Old Massachusetts wears it,
Within her lordly crown,
And broad Ohio bears it
Amid his young renown;
Connecticut hath wreathed it
Where her quiet foliage waves,
And bold Kentucky breathed it hoarse
Through all her ancient caves.

Wachusett hides its lingering voice
Within his rocky heart,
And Alleghany graves its tone
Throughout his lofty chart;
Monadnock on his forehead hoar
Doth seal the sacred trust;
Your mountains build their monuments
Though ye destroy their dust.

Ye call these red-browed brethren,
The insects of an hour,
Crushed like the noteless worm amid
The regions of their power;
Ye drive them from their fathers' lands,
Ye break of faith the seal,
But can ye from the court of Heaven
Exclude their last appeal?

Ye see their unresisting tribes,
With toilsome step and slow,
On through the trackless desert pass,
A caravan of woe;
Think ye the Eternal Ear is deaf;
His sleepless vision dim?
Think ye the soul's blood may not cry
From that far land to him?

CI. — THE BEACON-LIGHT.

Darkness was deepening o'er the seas,
And still the hulk drove on;
No sail to answer to the breeze, —
Her masts and cordage gone.
Gloomy and drear her course of fear,
Each looked but for a grave, —
When, full in sight, the beacon-light
Came streaming o'er the wave.

Then wildly rose the gladdening shout
Of all that hardy crew;
Boldly they put the helm[45] about,
And through the surf they flew.
Storm was forgot, toil heeded not,
And loud the cheer they gave,
As, full in sight, the beacon-light
Came streaming o'er the wave.

And gayly of the tale they told,
When they were safe on shore;
How hearts had sunk, and hopes grown cold,
Amid the billows' roar;
When not a star had shone from far,
By its pale beam to save,
Then, full in sight, the beacon-light
Came streaming o'er the wave.

Thus, in the night of Nature's gloom,
When sorrow bows the heart,
When cheering hopes no more illume,
And comforts all depart;
Then from afar shines Bethlehem's star,
With cheering light to save;
And, full in sight, its beacon-light
Comes streaming o'er the grave.

THE RESIGNATION.

BY GEORGE H. COOMER.

To have no tyrant o'er me rule,
To feel at peace with God and man,
To view misfortune as a school,
Wherein I learn what good I can;
To muse on whatsoe'er I will,
And build me happier worlds whene'er
The world about me groweth ill,
Must make the heaven I hope for here.

'Tis true my soul hath wished for more,
To make me joyous while I live;
A thousand fold beyond the store
Which Heaven has deemed it meet to give;
For I had hoped one day to view
The things whereof I early dreamed,
Stand forth in beauty pure and true,
And be the substances they seemed.

But yet I'm happier thus denied,
Than those who grovelling through their years,
Have never known a weaker side,
And never found a time for tears;
And as no tyrant o'er me rules,
And as I love both God and man,
Despising sneers, and pitying fools,
I'll be as happy as I can.

THE LITTLE ORATOR

Pray how should I, a little lad,
In speaking, make a figure?
You're only joking, I'm afraid, —
Do wait till I am bigger.
But, since you wish to hear my part,
And urge me to begin it,
I'll strive for praise, with all my heart,
Though small the hope to win it.
I'll tell a tale how Farmer John
A little roan-colt bred, sir,*
And every night and every morn
He watered and he fed, sir.
Said Neighbor Joe to Farmer John,
"Aren't you a silly dolt, sir,
To spend such time and care upon
A little, useless colt, sir?"
Said Farmer John to Neighbor Joe,
"I bring my little roan up,
Not for the good he now can do,
But will do when he's grown up."

re, in the torrent's native cell,
rink it from its rocky well;
It gushes forth in wildest bound,
I seize it with my arms around.
I am the mountain boy!
The mountain — 't is my heritage;
Tempests around their battles wage;
From north and south their blasts they call,
Yet this my song sounds o'er them all:
I am the mountain boy!

Thunder and lightning under me,
The azure skies above, I see.
I greet the storms with friendly tone:
O, leave my father's house alone!
I am the mountain boy!

And when the bell begins to toll,
And mountain-fires their flame-wreaths roll,
Down to the vale I wend my way,
And swing my sword and sing my lay:
I am the mountain boy!

VI. — THE SENSES.

Say, what is it, Eyes, ye see? —
"Shade and sunshine, flower and tree
Running waters swift and clear,
And the harvests of the year.
These we see, and for the sight
Bless the Giver infinite."

Tell me, Ears, what have ye heard?
"Many and many a singing bird;
Winds within the tree-tops blowing;
Rapid rivers strongly flowing;
Awful thunder; ocean strong;
And the kindly human tongue.
These and more an entrance find
To the chambers of the mind."

Tell me, busy Hands, I pray,
What ye 're doing through the day?
"Ever worki[illegible], never still,
We are servants to the will." —
Busy hands, whate'er[69] ye do,
Still keep peace and love in view.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

"The women of Columbus, Mississippi, animated by nobler sentiments than are many of their sisters, have shown themselves impartial in their offerings made to the memory of the dead. They strewed flowers alike on the graves of the Confederates and the National soldiers."—*New York Tribune.*

By the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave grass quiver,
Asleep are the ranks of the dead:
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the one, the Blue,
Under the other, the Gray.

These in the robings of glory,
Those in the gloom of defeat,
All with the battle-blood gory,
In the ranks of eternity meet;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;—
Under the laurel, the Blue,
Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers
Alike for the friend and the foe;—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;—
Under the roses, the Blue,
Under the lilies the Gray.

So with an equal splendor
The morning sun-rays fall,
With a touch, impartially tender,
On the blossoms blooming for all;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;—
Broidered with gold, the Blue;
Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So, when the Summer calleth,
On forest and field of grain,
With an equal murmur falleth
The cooling drip of the rain;—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;—
Wet with the rain, the Blue,
Wet with the rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not with unbraiding,
The generous deed was done;
In the storm of years that are fading,
No braver battle was won;—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day:—
Under the blossoms, the Blue,
Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war-cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red;
They banish our anger forever
When they laurel the graves of our dead.
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;—
Love and tears for the Blue,
Tears and love for the Gray.

WOMAN.

BY HARRIET N. HAVENS.

Beautiful maid, with the laughing eye,
On whose fair brow no shadows lie;
Wouldst know the future? read thy heart—
Its throbbings note—its pulses mark;
Seest thou aught of childhood's joy?
One jewel, that time may not destroy?
Or seest thou not in each quivering string
The thrillings of sorrow, which time may bring

Thou read'st unrest in its depths unstirred,
A cry for something before unheard;
A restless yearning for dreams of joy,
More rich than childhood's hours employ;
And know, fair maid, thy wish is heard:
Each pulse shall thrill before unstirred,
And love's young, rapturous dream be thine,
And strains awake, almost divine.

For one brief hour enjoy thy bliss,
Drink deep the cup; for hours like this
Come not again through coming years,
Through life's long course of smiles and tears;
But idols perish one by one,
Till hope, and faith and trust are gone;
And deeper, sadder hours are thine:
'Tis woman's lot—vain to repine.

And bitter tears are thine to shed,
O'er marbled forms of early dead;
And weary watchings thine to share,
And thine to breathe the anguished prayer,
When light hath fled and hope is o'er,
And beauty's dream returns no more;
And in thy heart all wrongs conceal,
Nor dare the festering wound reveal.

Gentle Words—Loving Smiles.

The sun may warm the grass of life,
The dew the drooping flower,
And eyes grow bright that watch the light
Of Autumn's opening hour—
But words that breathe of tenderness,
And smiles we know are true,
Are warmer than the summer time,
And brighter than the dew.

It is not much the world can give,
With all its subtle art,
And gold and gems are not the things
To satisfy the heart;
But oh, if those who cluster round
The altar and the hearth,
Have gentle words and loving smiles,
How beautiful is earth!

IX. — THE VOICE OF THE GRASS.

Here I come creeping,[44] creeping everywhere!
By the dusty road-side,
On the sunny hill-side,
Close by the noisy brook,
In every shady nook,
I come creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;
All round the open door,
Where sit the aged[16] poor,
Here where the children play
In the bright and merry May,
I come creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;
In the noisy city street
My pleasant face you 'll meet,
Cheering the sick at heart,
Toiling his busy part, —
Silently creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;
You cannot see me coming,
Nor hear my low, sweet humming;
For in the starry night
And the glad morning light
I come quietly creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;
More welcome than the flowers
In summer's pleasant hours:
The gentle cow[65] is glad,
And the merry bird not sad,
To see me creeping, creeping everywhere.

CXXXIV. — TO THE SETTING SUN.

Sun of the firmament! planet of wonderment!
Now thy far journey of day, it is done;
Still art thou parting bright, shedding immortal light
Down on thy throne of night: — hail, setting sun!

Slow thou depart'st away, far from the realms of day,
Lingering in pity on summer's loved bowers;
Thy last ray is streaming, thy farewell tint gleaming,
Yet soon thou 'lt return to refreshen the flowers.
Thy parting brings sadness; yet nations in gladness
Are waiting to worship thee, fountain of light!
Where'er thy footsteps be, there do we beauty see;
Thou kindlest day in the dwellings of night!

Where sleeps the thunder, there dost thou wander;
Down 'neath the ocean deep, there dost thou stray;
Kissing the stars at morn, high in the air upbörne,
Skirting creation's far verge on thy way!

Grandeur and glory, they travel before thee;
Brightness and majesty walk in thy train!
Darkness it flies from thee, clouds may not rise to thee,
When thou awak'st from the ocean again.
All own thy influence; kindly thou dost dispense
Blessings o'er nature, where'er its bounds be;
Afric's[81] lone desert, it blooms at thy presence;
And Lapland is turned into summer by thee!

Time cannot conquer thee, age cannot alter thee,
Years have no power to limit thy sway;
Strength and sublimity, still they attend on thee,
Pilgrim of ages, but not of decay!

Sun of the firmament! planet of wonderment!
Now thy far journey of day, it is done;
Still art thou parting bright, shedding immortal light
Down on thy throne of night: — hail, setting sun!



XXI. — SUNNY DAYS IN WINTER.

Summer is a glorious season,
Warm, and bright, and pleasant;
But the past is not a reason
To despise the present.
So, while Health can climb the mountain
And the log lights up the hall,
There are sunny days in Winter,
After all.

Spring, no doubt, hath faded from us,
Maiden-like, in charms;
Summer, too, with all her promise,
Perished in our arms; —
But the memory of the vanished
Whom our hearts recall
Maketh sunny days in Winter,
After all!

Sunny hours in every season
Wait the innocent, —
Those who taste with love and reason
What their God has sent.
Those who neither soar too highly,
Nor too lowly fall,
Feel the sunny days of Winter,
After all!

Then, although our darling treasures
Vanish from the heart;
Then, although our once-loved pleasures
One by one depart;
Though the tomb loom in the distance,
And the mourning-pall, —
There is sunshine, and *no* Winter,
After all!

Who'll Stand Beside My Dying Bed.

Who'll stand beside my dying bed,
And watch my low and fleeting breath;
Pillow my weary, aching head,
When falls the shadow cold of death?

Will strangers close my sightless eyes,
And bear me to my quiet grave?
Commit my form unto the dust,
My soul to Him who died to save;

Or, loving friends around me stand,
When I shall near the river dark,
To clasp my cold and icy hand,
Upon its chilly brink to part?

Where shall I land my fragile bark?
My storm-tossed bark so tempest driven,
Shall I above life's waters dark,
Be "safely moored in heaven's wide haven?"

GEORGE W. LYONS, BOSTON HARBOR.

BEYOND.

Beyond life's fitful fever, Beyond life's troubled dream,
Beyond death's shadowy river, That dark and sullen stream;
Beyond this land of sighing, Where countless tears are shed,
Beyond the sick and dying, Beyond the mouldering dead;
Beyond the days of mourning, Beyond the years of grief,
Beyond creation's groaning, And panting for relief;
Beyond the darkening shadows, Beyond the gloomy vale,
Beyond the scenes of trial Where flesh and heart do fail;
Beyond the spoiler's ruin, Beyond the tempter's wile,
Beyond the lion's roaring, Beyond the serpent's guile;
Beyond the fear of sinning, Beyond the chastening rod,
Beyond the thought of grieving A kind and gracious God;
Beyond the doubt and darkness, Beyond the realm of night,
Beyond the hopes uncertain That mock with fitful light;
Beyond the transient greetings Where joy and sorrow thrill,
Beyond the fears of parting Which oft the spirit chill;
Beyond the dreary mountain, Beyond the weary moor,
Beyond the emptied fountain, With disappointment sore;
Beyond the fiery desert, Beyond the furious foe,
Beyond the tedious pathway Along which pilgrims go;
Beyond earth's desolation, and Satan's blighting power,
Beyond man's proud oppression, Beyond the tyrant's hour;
Beyond earth's fallen glory, Beyond earth's fleeting joy,
Beyond earth's sinful story, And mortals' vain employ;
Beyond all *real* sorrow, Beyond all fancied woe,
Beyond all fearing morrow, Or grieving if it go;
Beyond all mortal yearnings, For love, and peace, and rest,
Beyond all earthly longings For union with the blest;
Beyond all human madness, Beyond all worldly strife,
Beyond all transient gladness, In blest, eternal life;
Beyond earth's weary burden, The cross, the scourge, the rod
The saint shall rest in glory, The saint shall dwell with God:
In brightness undecaying, In beauty fading not,
Oh, pilgrim, are you praying That this may be your lot?

THY COMFORTS DELIGHT MY SOUL.

Ps. xciv. 19.

BY HORATIO N. POWERS.

I know the fair, green earth is Thine,
And Thine, O Lord, the starry heaven,
From Thee the blessed light doth shine,
By Thee the soft, sweet air is given;
And dear are all the common things
That tell of love from day to day—
The bud that blooms, the bird that sings,
The tender faces round my way.

'Tis not that any gift from Thee
Is less than perfect, that I prize
The comforts of Thy grace to me
Above the sights of earth and skies.
Thyself, supreme, eternal Good,
Art more than all thy works disclose.
O Lamb of God! Thy sacred blood
To me Love's deepest secret shows.

From mortal ills I am not free,
Nor have I walked an easy road;
Yet every step was dear to me,
Since by the Man of Sorrows trode.
Through all my dark has shone Thy face,
Thy peace has flowed beneath my pain,
Stumbling, I fell in Thy embrace,
My loss by Thee was turned to gain.

And I might tell of hours apart,
In lonely path and secret place,
When burned and glowed within my heart
The wonderous meanings of Thy grace.
Enough that Thou didst there abide,
And break the bread, and call me friend,—
Thy comforts, O Thou Crucified!
Shall bless me to my journey's end.

No wonder that my chosen seat
Is 'neath the stained and hallowed Tree,—
That all Thy gifts to me are sweet,
Perfumed in blood of Calvary.
Thy perfect beauty dawns more dear,
As nearer to Thy Cross I come;
In Thee my life is only clear,
Thy heart, O Christ, is Heaven and Home

Bread and Butter.

The Committee on Bread and Butter, at the Worcester County Fair, presented the following lines:

The girl engaged in moulding bread
Shall make some sweetheart flutter,
With hope to get that dairy maid
To make his bread and butter.

She may not play the game croquet,
Or French and German stutter,
If well she knows the curd from whey,
And makes sweet bread and butter.

In meal or cream she's elbow deep,
And cannot stop to putter;
But says if he will sow and reap,
She'll make his bread and butter.

The dairy maid, the farmer's wife,
Shall be the toast we utter;
Alone, man leads a crusty life,
Without good bread and butter.

Going to School.

He helped her over the meadow brook,
While her feet she timidly set
(Twin lilies they were!) on the mossy stone
With the cooling ripples wet.

They passed the brook and it seemed to sing
With a sweeter, merrier sound,
As the two with their school-books wandered on
O'er the clover-laden ground.

O little maiden! how fair you were,
With your eyes of heavenly blue;
And the dimples played on your cheeks as play
On a rose the drops of dew.

As play on a rose the drops of dew,
When the breezes merrily blow!
And your lips they were tints of the ripening peac
In the morning's ruddy glow.

Bare feet, how they twinkled among the grass!
Did you know whenever you took
The path for school that he waited for you
By the willow-shaded brook?

Since then the fragrant blossoms have come
To the boughs, ah! many a time;
And a bridge is over the brook that sings,
As of old, its pleasant rhyme.

And two are straying upon the bank,
As I pen these wandering words;
And they talk of the happy school-day time,
And they watch the building birds.

But a stream there is with a grander flow,
With a sterner, sadder song;
And lovers will cross to a different school,
And help each other along!

THE OLD VILLAGE CHURCH.

'Tis square, and plain, and homely
And nothing boasts of art,
But oh! how passing comely
To memory's yearning heart!
Not Strasburg's lofty tower,
Not proud St. Peter's dome,
Has half the moral power
Of the dear old church at home.

There worshiped our good mothers
There our great fathers prayed;
And parents, sisters, brothers
Sleep sweetly in its shade.
There, dear old scenes reviewing,
Fond memory loves to roam,
Love, hope, yea, life, renewing
In the dear old church at home.

In all their pomp and glory,
In all their costly pride,
Though yet in song and story,
With regal power allied,
The temples and cathedrals
Of London, Paris, Rome,
To me can never equal
The dear old church at home.

The voice of hoary ages
May echo through their aisles,
And poets, heroes, sages
May slumber 'neath their piles,
And pilgrims from all nations
To their proud shrines may come
But there's holier inspiration
In the door of a church at home.

Lost Him by Flirting

BY KATE J. BOYD.

'Tis true, that pride and coldness
Are traits that I command;
But remember: 'twas your boldness
That taught me where to stand.

O, well you knew your power—
And you thought to marry me—
While flirting by the hour,
Where you dreamed I could not see.

But *now* your power is over,
Its dominion o'er me gone;
Though other hearts may falter,
'Tis not mine to mourn.

Oh, you thought fair one to trifle,
With all a man holds dear;
Your tender feelings stifle
And dry the flowing tear.

My spirit you have tortured—
But false one, fare thee well!
My love it was no common love,
You *knew* and *read* it well.

But time and distance parted,
Our mutual hearts are free;
Thou art marked as one false hearted,
And *I could not worship thee!*

DROUGHT.

The sky is brass, the lordly sun
Looks down with a fiery eye,
The shallow rivers scarcely run,
The streamlet's bed is dry.

The meadow's crust is stiff and hard,
The trees have a sombre hue,
The threadbare coat of the rusty sward
Needs patching with verdure anew.

Still bearing down, still staring down,
The remorseless rays are cast,
And scorching hamlet and seething town
Both swoon in their fiery blast.

The dust lies thick in the village road,
The cattle crowd to the muddy pool,
The swarming flies high revel hold—
Drowsily buzzes the village school.

Oh heavily droops the bearded grain,
The summer flowers wilt and die,
And stretch their tiny stems in vain
To the clouds for tears of sympathy

None come; but the sound men ache to hear
Is the hurtling rush of the arrowy rain
Hurling its cohorts from far and near
On roof-tree and window-pane.

A thousand tongues for its coming pray,
A thousand hearts for its advent long:
Oh come and chase our gloom away—
Descend, and fill the land with song!

LXXVI.—THE VETERAN.

It was a Sabbath morn;
The bell had chimed for church,
And the young and gay were gathering
Around the rustic porch;
There came an aged man,
In a soldier's garb was he,
And, gazing round the group, he cried,
"Do none remember me?"

The veteran forgot
His friends were changed or gone;
The manly forms around him there
As children he had known:
He pointed to the spot
Where his dwelling used to be,
Then told his name, and, smiling, said,
"You now remember me!"

Alas! none knew him there!
He pointed to a stone,
On which the name he breathed was traced,
A name to them unknown;
And then the old man wept.
"I am friendless, now," cried he,
"Where I had many friends in youth,
Not one remembers me!"

The Two Armies.

BY DR. HOLMES.

As life's unending column pours,
Two marshal'd hosts are seen—
Two armies on the trampled shores
That Death flows black between.

One marches to the drum-beat roll,
The wide-mouthed clarion's bray,
And bears upon a crimson scroll,
"Our glory is to slay."

One moves in silence by the stream,
With sad yet watchful eyes,
Calm as the patient planet's gleam
That walks the clouded skies.

Along its front no sabres shine,
No blood-red pennons wave;
Its banner bears the single line,
"Our duty is to save."

For those no death-bed's lingering shade;
At honor's trumpet-call,
With knitted brow and lifted blade,
In glory's arms they fall.

For these no clashing falchions bright,
No stirring battle-cry;
The bloodless stabber calls by night—
Each answers, "Here am I!"

For those the sculptor's laurel'd bust,
The builder's marble piles,
The anthem, pealing o'er their dust
Through long cathedral aisles.

For those the blossom-sprinkled turf,
That floods the lonely graves
When spring rolls in her sea-green surf
In flowery-foaming waves.

Two paths lead upward from below,
And angels wait above,
Who count each burning life-drop's flow,
Each falling tear of Love.

Though from the Hero's bleeding breast
Her pulses Freedom drew,
Though the white lilies in her crest
Sprang from that scarlet dew—

While Valor's haughty champions wait
Till all their scars are shown,
Love walks unchallenged through the gate,
To sit beside the Throne!

I.—SONG OF THE MOUNTAIN BOY

I am the mountain shepherd-boy!
A noble prospect I enjoy;
I catch the sun's first morning beams,
Here linger, too, his latest gleams.
I am the mountain boy!

XCVIII.—SWIMMING FOR LIFE.

PRESENCE of mind is the power of maintaining one's faculty of reason and calculation in the midst of danger, and against the assaults of fear and surprise. You have read, on page 66, how a boy, by the exercise of this excellent quality, saved a railroad train from destruction.

2. I will relate another incident illustrative of the advantage of presence of mind in times of peril. A wealthy gentleman, of the name of Manning, was at a port in the West Indies. With two friends, he went down to the beach to bathe. While he remained upon the shore, and his companions were sporting in the waves at a considerable distance, he espied an enormous shark making straight for the unconscious swimmers.

3. The first impulse of a hasty and inconsiderate person would have been to alarm the bathers by a loud outcry of danger. But Manning knew that such a course would, by frightening them, deprive them of all power of escape. He, therefore, preserved his unconcerned appearance, and playfully shouted to them, holding up his watch, "Now for a swimming match! This watch shall be awarded to him who first touches the shore."

4. Nothing lōth to try their powers of speed, the two swimmers struck out for the shore with all the swiftness of which they were capable. All this while the shark had been silently nearing his prey; and as they turned for the shore, he shot through the waves with increased velocity. The race for life, unconsciously on the part of the pursued, was now fairly begun. The swimmers, in their friendly rivalry, strained every nerve; but the shark gained rapidly upon them.

5. Manning, though inwardly tortured with anxiety, still preserved his calm and smiling appearance, as he continued to utter incentives[E1] to increase the speed of his unfortunate friends. "Look at it, gentlemen!" he exclaimed; "a watch that cost me a hundred pounds in London. Think of the glory of winning it! Faster! faster! Don't give up!"

6. They were still a long way from the shore, when one of them showed some signs of fatigue, and was apparently about to relinquish the race. That was a moment of agony to Manning. "What, Farnum!" he exclaimed to this friend, "do you grow a laggard so soon? Fie, man! fie! A few more good strokes, and you will be the conqueror! Bravo![29] That 's it! that 's it!"

7. The tired competitor,[E1] thus encouraged, struck out his arms with new vigor. On came the shark behind the still unconscious swimmers, nearer and nearer, his enormous fins flashing in the sunlight. The swimmers approached the shore; the shark was so near them that he turned upon his side to make the final plunge at them, and begin the work of death.

8. At this moment, Manning rushed into the water with his cane, by which he frightened the shark, and then dragging his amazed and exhausted friends upon the bank, pointed to the baffled sea-monster, now angrily lashing the waves with his fins.

9. Then the swimmers comprehended the imminent dānger from which they had escaped, and one of them fell fainting to the earth. They never forgot the unconscious match with the shark, nor the admirable presence of mind of their friend Manning, to which they were indebted for their lives.

LXIV.—"CLEON AND I."

CLEON hath a million acres,—ne'er[69] a one have I;
Cleon dwelleth in a palace,—in a cottage, I;
Cleon hath a dozen fortunes,—not a penny, I;
But the poorer of the twain is Cleon, and not I!

Cleon, true, possesseth acres,—but the landscape, I;
Half the charm to *me* it yieldeth, money cannot buy;
Cleon harbors slōth and dulness,—freshening vigor, I;
He in velvet, I in fustian,—richer man am I!

Cleon is a slave to grandeur,—free as thought am I;
Cleon fees a score of doctors,—need of none have I.
Wealth-surrounded, care-envīroned, Cleon fears to die;
Death may come,—he 'll find me ready,—happier man am I.

Cleon sees no charms in Natūre,—in a daisy, I;
Cleon hears no anthems ringing in the sea and sky.
Nature sings to me forever,—earnest listener, I;
State for state, with all attendants, who would change? Not I.

CXXVIII.—THE BOY OF THE ARCTIC.

When the American steamship Arctic came in collision with another steamship at sea, in the autumn of 1854, there was a youth, named Stuart Holland, stationed at the gun, to keep firing it, in the hope of attracting the attention of vessels at a distance, that they might come to the relief of the sinking vessel. Nearly all the crew deserted, leaving the captain and most of the passengers without a boat. But Stuart Holland kept at his post, and sank with the ship. "I saw him," says an eyewitness, "in the very act of firing, as the vessel disappeared."

THE thick fog baffled vision,
But daylight lingered yet,
When two ships, in collision,
Upon the ocean met;
The Arctic shook and reeled;
A hole in her fore-quarter
Let in a rush of water:
The good ship's doom was sealed.

And there were men and women
Crowded upon the deck;
And there were frightened seamen
Rushing to leave the wreck!
In vain the captain shouted;
The craven crew have left him,
Of every boat bereft him:
Destruction is undoubted.

But, hark! a gun is pealing
Fast from that vessel's side;
One true heart is revealing
That Duty doth abide
O'er Death and all his host.
The boy stands loading, firing,
Unaided and untiring,
Nor thinks he of inquiring
If he may quit his post.

The ship sinks lower, lower,—
She 's past her water-line;
The climbing surges throw her
Deeper within the brine.
Foam-wreaths her last plank crown!
But, as the wild waves won her,
There stood the youthful gunner;
One last peal sent from on her,—
Then with his gun went down!

A boy and girl of tender years were disputing as to what their mothers could do. Getting impatient, the little damsel blurted out by the way of climax and as a clincher: "Well, there's one thing my mother can do that yours can't; my mother can take every one of her teeth out at once."

A Child's Evening Thought

ALL the little flowers I see,
Their tiny eyes are closing;
The birds are roosting on the tree;
The lambkins are reposing.

The sun, where that dull streak of red
Is faintly glimmering still,
They say, has gone to seek his bed,
Behind the purple hill.

And I, through all the quiet night,
Must sleep the hours away,
That I may waken fresh and bright,
To live another day.

And well I know whose lips will smile,
And pray for me, and bless me;
And who will talk to me, the while
Her gentle hands undress me.

She'll tell me, there is One above,
Upon a glorious throne,
Who loves me with a tender love,
More tender than her own.

He made the sun, and stars, and skies,
The pretty shrubs and flowers,
And all the birds and butterflies,
That flutter through the bowers.

He keeps them underneath his wings,
And there they safely rest;
Yet, though they're bright and lovely things
He loveth us the best.

For, when the birds and flowers are dead,
Their little life is past;
But, though we die, yet he has said,
Our life shall always last.

And we shall live with him in Heaven,
For he has sent his Son
To die, that we may be forgiven
The sins that we have done.

He'll make my heart grow like his own,
All loving, good, and mild;
For he will send his Spirit down
And take me for his child.

Then happily I'll lie and sleep,
Within my little nest,
For well I know that he will keep
His children while they rest.

THE STEAMBOAT.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

See how yon flaming herald treads
The ridged and rolling waves,
As, crashing o'er their crested heads,
She bows her surly slaves!
With foam before and fire behind,
She rends the clinging sea,
That flies before the roaring wind,
Beneath her hissing lee.

The morning spray, like sea-born flowers,
With heaped and glistening bells,
Falls round her fast in ringing showers,
With every wave that swells;
And, flaming o'er the midnight deep,
In lurid fringes thrown,
The living gems of ocean sweep
Along her flashing zone.

With clashing wheel, and lifting keel,
And smoking torch on high,
When winds are loud, and billows reel
She thunders foaming by!
When seas are silent and serene,
With even beam she glides,
The sunshine glimmering through the green,
That skirts her gleaming sides.

Now, like a wild nymph far apart,
She veils her shadowy form,
The beating of her restless heart
Still sounding through the storm;
Now answers, like a courtly dame,
The reddening surges o'er,
With flying scarf of spangled flame,
The pharos of the shore.

To-night yon pilot shall not sleep,
Who trims his narrowed sail;
To-night yon frigate scarce shall keep
Her broad breast to the gale;
And many a foresail scooped and strained
Shall break from yard and stay
Before this smoky wreath hath stained
The rising mist of day.

Hark! hark! I hear yon whistling shroud,
I see yon quivering mast—
The black throat of the hunted cloud
Is panting forth the blast!
An hour, and whirled like winnowing chaff
The giant surge shall fling
His tresses o'er yon pennon-staff
White as the sea bird's wing!

Yet rest, ye wanderer's of the deep!
Nor wind nor wave shall tire
Those fleshless arms, whose pulses leap
With floods of living fire;
Sleep on—and when the morning light
Streams o'er the shining bay,
O think of those for whom the night
Shall never wake in day!

I'm afraid you'll come to want," said an old lady to a young gentleman. "I have come to want already," was the reply. "I want your daughter."

..., GEORGE W. LYONS, BOSTON HARBOR.

...get too lazy to work for an honest living. ...start out begging, it's my opinion they're ...er dead nor alive. Besides, we expect ...pany soon—a rich gentleman from India ...and hain't got no room for the likes of you."

"Well, then," said the old man, with a sorrowful look, "since you can't keep me over night, will you please to give me something to eat, and I'll go further."

The dame brought up a piece of brown bread, with an angry look, and was about to hand it to the mendicant, more for the purpose, as it seemed, of getting rid of him, than from any feeling of compassion, but her milder husband interposed, and said sharply:

"I told you we hadn't anything for you, and travel on!'

"I'll set the dogs on if you don't, you old beggar!" cried a lad of ten. "My rich uncle's coming here to-night, and he can't bear beggars; so you had better be going while your legs are whole!"

"May Heaven be more merciful than you," sighed the old man, as he turned and disappeared in the darkness.

Some half an hour later, he knocked at the door of Stephen Barrett, another of the nephews—and asked for food and lodging.

"It isn't convenient for me to keep you to-night," said the master of the house, in a mild, dignified tone. "Besides, we don't like to encourage beggars. If you are poor and not able to work, the parish where you belong is bound to support you. No one need starve in this country, which the Lord, praised be His name, has so bountifully blessed. I trust I am not wanting in charity—as an humble follower of the Lord Jesus Christ, I hope I am not—but what with taxes for the support of the government and the poor, donations to the benevolent societies and heathen missions, it is as much as I can do to live and give my family a respectable maintenance. Now, my friend, if you are poor, and not able to work, (though I don't see why you may not work as well as travel,) you had better throw yourself on the parish where you belong."

"But I am tired, wet and hungry," said the old man, "and all the parishes in the world can't do me any good to-night."

"But you should have thought of that before you left home," now chimed in the good housewife, with a sanctified air. "It is sinful to tempt Providence, as it is called; and whoever sins must expect punishment. I never leave home without providing for the journey, and, of course, I don't expect anybody to feed and shelter me for nothing. It is a sin, too, to be idle when one is able to work, and it is against my principle, as a true Christian, to encourage any one in sinning."

"Then I suppose I'm to understand that you refuse me both food and lodging," said the old man.

"As to food," said the pious dame, glancing at her husband, "If you are very hungry, I suppose we can do something for you in that way; but lodging is out of the question—for two mounted couriers have been sent here to say that a very rich uncle of ours from India will be here very soon; and he wrote some time ago, that he didn't like to have beggars about where he was, and we should not like to offend him. True, we hardly expect him to-night; but, then, he might come, you know, and we wouldn't like to run any risk."

"Well, then," said the old man, with a sigh, "I will take the food if you please, and go on even if I perish."

"Put your trust in the Lord, my friend, put your trust in the Lord!" said Stephen Barrett, solemnly.

"Yes," echoed his wife, "put your trust in the Lord!—that is what we do when in trouble. Sarah Jane, go down in the cellar and bring up a couple of those cold potatoes for the old man—they are very good eating when one is hungry—I like them myself. Yes, put your trust in the Lord! and don't leave home again without means. By-the-by, while I think of it," added the good woman, laying down a cap-frill, on which she had been busily at work while talking, and looking up with a bright twinkle in her eye:

"I do believe you can get a good night's lodging at Harry Barrett's, who lives only half a mile from here, on the road south. He's a great hand for taking in strangers."

She looked at her husband, and both smiled knowingly, for both were thinking that in case the rich uncle should find the beggar there, it might increase Stephen Barrett's chances of being the fortunate heir.

Sarah Jane now returned and handed the old man two little cold potatoes. He took them, turned them slowly over, examined them on all sides, and murmured:

"They have eyes—but can they hear? I think not—for if they could they'd blush red instead of keeping such a dark color." Then, glancing slowly around the neat, tidy, cheerful room, taking in three prime girls and their pious parents, he quickly tossed the potatoes into the lap of the astonished mistress, saying, as he did so:

"I beg your pardon, madam, but I did not intend to rob you."

"Oh, you sinful, wicked old creature!" exclaimed the good dame, in holy horror, as the disgusted old man turned and went out, and shut the door with a slam.

In less than half an hour the unfortunate wayfarer was trying his chances at the house of Henry Barrett.

"Come in," said a strong, hearty, cheerful voice, in answer to his timid knock.

He entered a large, plainly-furnished apartment, and beheld a group of six persons—father, mother, two sons, and two daughters—seated round a pleasant fire, with a bright light on the table near them, and all looking contented and happy.

On seeing his visitor was an old man and a stranger, the master of the house arose and invited him to walk forward and take a seat, and all the others drew back respectfully, to enlarge the circle and give the best place at the fire.

"I have called," said the old man, stopping and removing his hat from his white head, "to ask if you would be kind enough to give me some food and lodging for the night."

"Of course we will, my friend, and glad of the chance to help a fellow in need!" said Henry Barrett in a frank, cordial tone. "Sit down and make yourself at home! Here, give me your hat! Come, girls, hurry up something warm for the old gentleman, who is wet, tired, and chilled through, as I can readily see. You ought not to have been so late in this storm, father."

"No, I know," returned the old gentleman, holding his trembling hands to the fire; "but the person to whom I applied wouldn't take me in."

"What! refuse lodging to an old man like you on such a night, in this Christian community!" exclaimed the indignant host. "Who were the inhospitable wretches?"

The man described the house and people where he called.

"I see!" said the host, with a grim smile; "I understand! The first family kicked you out."

"Almost."

"The second family prayed you out."

"Almost," again smiled the stranger.

"Well, they are both relations of mine, but I am ashamed to own them."

"They said, by way of excuse," pursued the old man, "that they were expecting a rich uncle from India, who wouldn't like to see a beggar about."

"Aye, my friend, and we are expecting the same rich uncle, too—an eccentric old bachelor, who says he wants to make one of us heir to his vast possessions. Two gaily mounted messengers arrived this evening, to say he would be here to-night, or to-morrow, probably the latter. But whenever he does come, he will find us as we are; and if he don't like our looks or the company we keep, he can take himself off again."

"Nay, my friend," said the aged stranger, rising in some trepidation, "do not, for the world, let my presence jeopardize your interests with your rich kinsman! I will merely get something to eat, and travel on till I find another lodging."

"No, you won't," said Harry Barrett, bluntly. "You won't leave this house to-night for all the uncles that the Indies can turn out. Sit down again, sir, sit down and make yourself at home. I know the duty of a man who has faith in God, and I am going to do it. What is his money to me? I can't eat it, nor drink it, nor wear it, nor carry it into the other world; and I'm sure it wouldn't bring me any happiness that I don't now enjoy, and I know it could never compensate me for one mean action. No! let Joshua Barrett settle his money as he chooses—I'll arrange my conscience to suit myself."

"God bless you," murmured the old man, in a trembling voice, and bowing his head upon his hands, he wept in silence.

He remained at that hospitable house during the night, and was entertained like an honored guest.

The next day being fair, he took his leave; as he was about to depart, Harry Barrett put a crown into his hand, saying:

"Take it, my friend, and not a word. I don't know who you are, and I've not felt it in my duty to inquire; but this I know—from your appearance, manner, and language—that you are not a common beggar, and that you have seen better days, which I sincerely hope you may see again. It's as much as my circumstances will justify, and may, perhaps, serve to keep you from starving some night or sleeping by the wayside."

"God will repay you," said the old man, solemnly, and he walked slowly away, wiping the tears from his eyes.

"He has already," mused Harry Barrett, placing his hand upon his heart. "I have it here—principal and interest."

Long, and in vain, did the selfish families of Moses and Stephen Barrett look for the appearance of their rich uncle from India in a carriage and four, and great was their disappointment and vexation thereat.

Then came the intelligence that he was sick in London. Next came the news that he was dead and had left a will.

What an intense desire to know the contents of that will! What a wild, furious excitement when its contents became known!

To Moses Barrett he devised one pound to buy a coffin for the dog that his precious son had threatened to set on a beggar.

To Stephen Barrett he had bequeathed one pound three pence—the pound to be devoted to the parish poor—the three pence to buy cold potatoes for beggars, with the hope that he and his pious family would put their trust in the Lord.

To Henry Barrett and his heirs forever, he had willed all the remainder of his vast wealth, some half a million pounds sterling, with a hope that they would sometimes recall with pleasure the visit of the old white-haired man they had once so kindly entertained.

The old beggar of that dark, stormy night was no other than Joshua Barrett himself.

LITTLE LADY CAROLINE.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

I know a sweet young girl,
With a voice like a singing bird's,
And 'tis bliss to look on her lovely face
And list to her joyous words—
Oh, many a heart will madly pine
For her—that sweet young Caroline.

I know a fair young girl,
With an eye like the sky's own blue,
Or a sweet spring flower where its azure leave
Are bright with the early dew—
Oh, a thing half earth and half divine
Is she—the fair young Caroline.

I know a bright young girl,
And her every thought 's a gem,
A lovelier diamond than ever flashed
From a kingly diadem—
Oh, her soul a blessed star will shine
In heaven—that bright young Caroline.

A queer looking customer inserted his head into an auction store, and looking gravely at the knight of the hammer, inquired, "Can I bid, sir?" "Certainly," replied the auctioneer, "you can bid." "Well, then," said the wag, walking off, "I bid you good night."

Thrilling Adventure.

A question whether, in the history of hair-breadth escapes, a parallel to the following can easily be found. The story was told to me by an old and valued friend, whose early days were spent near the scene of the tragic adventure recorded here.

We give the story as it was related to us, in the words of the hero.

It was about the year 1805, that I settled in Virginia, near the falls of the Kanawha. The country, at that time, was an unbroken wilderness. But few settlements had been made by the whites, and they were so far apart as to render vain all hope of assistance in case of an attack from hostile Indians, numbers of whom infested the neighborhood.

I lived there alone with my wife for several months unmolested, and by dint of perseverance, then young and hardy, had succeeded in making quite a clearing in the forest, which I planted with corn, and which promised an abundant yield.

One morning after we had despatched our humble meal, and just prepared to venture forth upon my accustomed routine of labor, my attention was arrested by the tinkling of a cow-bell in the corn-field.

"There," said my wife, "the cow is in the corn field."

But the ear of the backwoodsman becomes by education very acute, especially so, from the fact that his safety often depends upon the nice cultivation of that sense; I was not so easily deceived. I listened. The sound was repeated. "That," said I, in reply to my wife's remark, "was not the tinkle of a bell upon the neck of a cow, but a decoy from some Indian, who wishes to draw me into ambush."

Believing this to be the case, I took down my old musket, and seeing that it was properly loaded, I stole cautiously around the field towards the spot from which the sound seemed to proceed.

As I suspected, there, in a clump of bushes crouched an Indian, waiting for me to appear in answer to his decoy-bell, that he might send the fatal bullet to my heart. I approached, without discovering myself to him until within shooting distance, then raised my piece and fired. The bullet sped true to its mark, and the Indian fell dead.

Not knowing but that he might be accompanied by others, I returned with all speed to the cabin, and having firmly barricaded the door, I watched all day from the porthole in anticipation of an attack from the companions of the Indian I had killed. To add to the danger and seeming helplessness of my situation, I discovered that I had but one shot; that if attacked by numbers, I should be entirely in their power. Determined to do the best with what I had, I poured out the first charge of powder and put it into the musket, and then waited for the approach of night, feeling sure of an attack.

Night came at last. A beautiful moonlight it was too, and this favored me greatly, as I would thereby be able to observe the movements of the enemy as they approached the cabin. It was some two hours after nightfall, and yet I had neither heard nor seen a sign of the Indians, when suddenly I was startled by the baying of my dog at the stable. I knew that the Indians were coming. The stable stood a little to the west of the cabin, and between the two was a patch of clear ground, upon which the light of the full moon fell unobstructed. Judging from the noise at the stable that they would advance from that direction, I posted myself at the port-hole on that side of the cabin.

I had previously placed my wife on the crosspole in the chimney, so that in case of our enemies effecting an entrance into our cabin she might climb out through the low chimneys, and effect her escape. For myself, I entertained no hope; but determined not to be taken alive, and to sell my life dearly.

With breathless anxiety I waited at the port-hole. At length I saw them emerge from the shadow of the stable, and advance across the open ground towards my cabin. One—two—three—great Heaven! six stalwart Indians, armed to the teeth, and urged on by the hope of revenge; and I alone to oppose them with one charge of powder. My case was desperate indeed. With quick and stealthy step, in close, single file, they approached and were already within a few yards of the house, when a slight change in the movement of the forward Indian changed the position of the six, so that a portion of the left side of each was uncovered.

They were in range, one would cover all. Quick as thought I aimed and fired. As the smoke cleared away I could hardly credit what my senses showed me as the result of my shot. The fifteen slugs with which I had loaded the musket, had done their work well; five of the six Indians lay dead upon the ground, and the sixth had disappeared.

Although no enemy was now in sight, I did not venture forth until morning. There lay the bodies of the five Indians undisturbed, together with the rifle of the other. Securing the arms and ammunition of the fallen Indians, I followed up the trail of the missing one until it reached the river, beyond which point I could discover no trace whatever. From the amount of blood which marked his trail, together with the unmistakable evidence that he had picked his way with difficulty, I was led to believe that he was mortally wounded, and in order to prevent his body falling into the hands of the white foe, he had groped his way to the river, and thrown himself into the current which had borne it away.

The Indians had killed my cow, and that you may be assured was no trifling loss, yet in my gratitude for my escape from the merciless savages, I would have been entirely willing to have made greater sacrifices. I was well provided by means of arms and ammunition taken from the six Indians, in case of a second attack, but this, fortunately, proved to be my last adventure with the savages.

Not one of the band had escaped to tell the tale, and incite his brethren to revenge the death of his comrades.

"Ah!" exclaimed the old man, while the tears gushed from his eyes, at the memory of that eventful night, "that was a glorious shot—the best I ever made!"

The hero of this adventure lived to see the rude wilderness where he had pitched his lonely cabin, transformed into smiling fields, and peopled with hardy and enterprising pale faces, among whom his last days were passed in peace and plenty, undisturbed by his old foes, but he don't tell us whether his wife ever came down from out the chimney, or how he disposed of the five dead Indians.

LINES SUGGESTED BY THE LOSS OF A STEAMER.

It must be sad to pass from earth
When sickness dims the eye,—
When age or blight a warning give
To victims doomed to die:
But far more sad to pass away
When hope fills every breast,—
To pass unwarned, and not alone,
To death's long, dreary rest!

It must be sad when Friendship's hand
Wipes the cold dew of death,
And Friendship's anxious ear is bent
To mark the fleeting breath;
But, O, how sad, when far from those
Within the heart enshrined,
Beneath the gloomy midnight sky
A watery tomb to find!

It must be sad to die when Spring
Her gentle influence sheds,
And o'er man's last, lone resting-place
Her flowery vestment spreads;—
But fearful, when stern Winter reigns,
And pours her icy breath;
While night's pale orb looks coldly down
On wo, despair and death.

O, death! Thou art a fearful power
E'en when we deem thee near;
The spirit shrinks from thy approach,
Appalled by mortal fear.
But who can paint the soul's dismay,
Or its deep anguish see,
When summoned, unalarmed, unwarned,
Eternity, to thee?

The Eccentric Nabob.

Some two or three miles from the little town of Aylesbury, England, there once lived three cousins, of the family name of Barrett. They were all married and settled on farms, within a few miles of each other, and each of them had grown up children around them. They were not rich, but in fair circumstances—each had expectations. An eccentric uncle had gone to India when quite a young man, and rumor told them that he had become very wealthy, and would probably die a bachelor. Who, then, but themselves would be heirs to his property—they being at the time his nearest relatives.

One day the three families were thrown into great commotion by each of them receiving a letter, which contained, beside date and signature, only these words:

"I am rich. Fools here call me a nabob. I wouldn't give such a title to a cat. No matter—I shan't live always—and when I die my property must go to somebody. I am coming to find an heir. I shall come and see you, and hope you are not troubled with beggars. I do not like to see them about."

One dark, rainy night, about three weeks after the reception of these letters by the cousins, the family of Moses Barrett was thrown into a great state of excitement by the appearance at the door of two men in livery, who announced themselves as the avant couriers of his excellency, Joshua Barrett, of India, who would claim their hospitality for the night.

Saying which, the messengers put spurs to the horses and dashed away, without giving the astonished listener time to ask even a single question.

Now, Moses Barrett was a hunks, his wife a shrew, and his three children chips of the two blocks; but all undertook to change their natures for a time—or rather, to be ready to change them on the appearance of the rich uncle—for what was the use of acting with the curtain down?

"Now, Mose, you stingy old brute," said his wife, "if you know on which side your bread's buttered, it's to be hoped you'll have some chickens killed for his excellency's supper, which is more'n you did for Christmas, and some of that wine fetched up that you've had in the cellar since the year one, and a fire made in the best room, that hasn't been there this ten years; and all our nice clothes put on—that ain't much—for you'd never allow us anything decent to wear."

"And it's to be hoped, old woman," retorted the angry husband, "that you soften down that screeching voice of yours, and twist your wrinkles into smiles, and that'll be something I've never seen since the first week of our marriage."

Great activity was displayed by all in getting ready to give the rich uncle the best reception possible, and all rejoiced, as much as a hopeful family could rejoice, that they would be the first to receive a visit from him—hoping, of course—that they might thus forestall the other relation in his good graces.

It would have been a strange way for any other person to have made his first visit; but, then, they knew the uncle was very eccentric, and his being so very wealthy made it all right in their eyes. He might come and stand on his head, provided he paid for his antics.

In the midst of their hurried preparations, appeared at the door an old, feeble-looking white-haired man, thinly clad, and his soiled garments clinging to his shrivelled form.

"Will you be kind enough, good people," he said, "to give me something to eat, and a place to sleep to-night?"

"We've got nothing to spare! and if we had, we don't harbor beggars!" replied the master of the house, in a coarse, brutal tone.

"But I'm old, and feeble, and hungry, and wet, and tired," said the aged applicant, in a pleading tone, "and if you drive me away, I may perish."

"Well, that's what you ought to have done long ago," put in the cross old dame. "When

WHAT AN ENGINEER TOLD.

I am an engineer. Ever since the C. road was laid, I've travelled over it every day, or nearly every day of my life.

For a good while I've had the same engine in charge—the *San Francisco*—the prettiest engine on the road, and as well managed, if I say it, as the best.

It was a southwestern road, running we will say from A. to Z. At A. my good old mother lived; at Z. I had the sweetest little wife under the sun, and a baby; and I always had a dollar or two put by for a rainy day. I was an odd kind of a man. Being shut up with my engine, watching with all your eyes and heart and soul, inside and out, don't make a man talkative.

My wife's name was Josephine, and I called her Joe. Some people called me unsociable and couldn't understand how a man could be friendly without saying ten words an hour. Though I had a few old friends—dear ones—I did not have so many acquaintances as most people, and did not care to have. The house which held my wife and baby was the dearest place on earth to me, except the old house which held my mother, up in A.

I never belonged to a club, or mixed myself up with strangers in any such way, and never should if it had not been for Granby. You see Granby was one of the shareholders, a handsome, showy fellow. I liked to talk with him, and we were friends. He often rode from Z. to A., and back again, and once he said:

"You ought to belong to the Scientific Club, Gueldon."

"Never heard of it," said I.

"I am a member," said he. "We meet once a fortnight, and have a jolly good time. We want thinking men like you. We have some among us now. I'll propose you, if you like."

I was fond of such things, and I had ideas that I fancied might be worth something. But then an engineer don't have night and days to himself, and the club would have one evening in a fortnight from Joe, I said.

"I'll ask her. If she likes it, yes."

"Ask whom?" said he.

"Joe," said I.

"If every man had asked his wife, every man's wife would have said, 'can't spare you, my dear,' and we should have had no club at all," said Granby.

But I made no answer. At home I told Joe. She said: then if Granby belongs to it they must be superior men.

"No doubt," said I.

"It isn't everybody who could be made a member said Joe. "Why, of course you must say yes."

So I said yes, and Granby proposed me. Thursday fortnight, I went with him to the rooms. There were some men there with brains, and some without. The real business of the evening was the supper, and so it was every evening.

I'd always been a temperate man. I actually did not know what effect wine would have upon me; but coming to drink more of it than ever had, at the club-tables, I found it put steam on. After so many glasses I wanted to talk; after so many more I did.

I seemed like somebody else, the words were so ready. My little ideas came out and were listened to; I made sharp hits; I indulged in repartee; I told stories; I even came to puns. I heard one say to Granby,

"By George, that's a man worth knowing. I thought him dull at first."

Yet I knew it was better to be quiet Ned Gueldon, with his ten words an hour, than the wine-made wit I was.

I was sure of it, when, three hours after, I stumbled up stairs to find Joe, waiting for me, with her babe on her breast.

"You've been deceiving me," said Joe. "I suspected it, but I wasn't sure. A scientific club couldn't smell like a bar room."

"Whic' means I do," said I, waving in the middle of the room like a signal flag at a station, and seeing two Joes.

"And look like one," said Joe; and she went and locked herself and the baby up in the spare bed-room together.

"Ned," said she, "do you think a thing so much like a bottled-up and strapped-down demon as steam is, is fit to be put into the hands of a drunken man? And some day, mark my words, the time will come when not only Thursday night, but all the days of the week, will be the same. I've often heard you wonder what the feelings of an engineer who has about the same as murdered a train full of people, must be, and you will know if you don't stop where you are. A steady hand and a clear head have been your blessings all these years. Don't throw them away, Ned. If you don't care for my love, don't ruin yourself.

My little Joe! She spoke from her heart, and I bent over and kissed her.

One club night, as I was dressed to go, Joe stood before me.

"Ned," said she, "I never had a fault to find with you before. You've been kind, and good, and loving always; but I should be sorry we ever met if you are to go on in this way. Don't ask me what I mean. You know."

"Joe," said I, "it's only one club night."

"It will grow," said she.

Then she put her arms around my neck.

"Don't be afraid, child. I'll never pain you so again.

And I meant it; but at 12 o'clock that night I felt that I had forgotten my promise and my resolution.

I couldn't go home to Joe; I made up my mind to sleep on the club sofa and leave the place for good next day. Already I felt my brain reel as I never had before. In an hour I was in a land of stupor.

It was morning. A waiter stood ready to brush my coat. I saw a grin upon his face. My head seemed ready to burst; my hand trembled! I looked at my watch; I saw that I had only five minutes left to reach the depot!

Joe's words came to my mind. Was I fit to take charge of an engine? I was not fit to answer. I ought to have asked some sober man. As it was, I only caught up my hat and rushed away. I was just in time.

The *San Francisco* glittered in the morning sun. The cars were filling rapidly. From my post I could hear the talking—bidding each other good-bye, promising to write and come again. Among them was an old gentleman I knew by sight—one of the shareholders; he was bidding two timid girls adieu.

"Good-bye Kitty—good-bye Lue," I heard him say; don't be nervous. The *San Francisco* is the safest engine on the line, and Gueldon the most careful engineer. I wouldn't be afraid to trust every mortal I love in the batch to their keeping. Nothing could happen wrong with the two together.

I said, "I'll get through it somehow, and Joe shall never talk to me again." I reeled as I spoke. I heard the signal. We were off.

Five hours from L. to D; five hours back. On the last I should be myself again, I knew. I saw a red flutter, and never guessed what it was until we were past the down train at a wrong place. Two minutes more and we should have had a collision. Somebody told me. I laughed. I heard him say respectfully:

"Of course, Mr. Gueldon, you know what you are about?"

Then I was alone, and wondering whether I should go slower or faster, I did something, and the car rushed on at a fearful rate.

How many miles an hour we were making, I did not know.

Rattle, rattle, rattle. I was trying to slacken the speed of the *San Francisco*. I could not remember what I should do. Was it this or that? Faster—only faster. I was playing with the engine like a child.

Suddenly there was a horrible roar—a crash; I was flung somewhere. It was into the water. By a miracle I was only sobered—not hurt. I gained the shore. I stood upon the ground between the track and the river's edge, and there gazed at my own work.

The engine was in fragments, the cars in splinters; dead, dying and wounded were strewn around—men, women and children, old age, and tender youth. There were groans and shrieks of despair. The maimed cried out in pain; the uninjured bewailed their dead; and a voice, unheard by any other, was in my ear whispering, "Murderer."

The news had goneback to A., and people came thronging down to find their lost ones. Searching for an old man's daughter, I came under the trees, and five bodies were lying there in all their rigid horror—an old woman, a young one, a baby and two little children. It was fancy—it was pure fancy, born to my anguish—they looked like—oh! great Heaven! there was my old mother, my wife, my children! all cold and dead.

How came they on the train? What chance had brought this about? I gazed on the good old face of her who had given me birth, on the lovely features of my wife, on the innocent children. I called them by name: there was no answer. There never could be—never would be. And as I comprehended this, onward up the track thundered another train. Its red eye glared on me; I flung myself before it; I felt it crush me to atoms!

"His head is very hot," said somebody.

I opened my eyes and saw my wife.

"How do you feel?" she said: "a little better?"

I was rejoiced and so astonished by the sight of her, that I could not speak at first. She repeated the queston.

"I must be crushed to pieces," said I, for the train went over me; but I feel no pain,"

"There he goes about the train again," remarked my wife. "Why Ned!"

I tried to move; there was nothing the matter with me; I sat up. I was in my own room, opposite the crib in which two children were asleep.

My wife and children were safe!—Was I delirious or could it be—?

"Joe," cried I, "tell me what has happened."

"It's 9 o'clock," said Joe, "You came home in such a dreadful state from the club that I couldn't wake you. You were not fit to manage steam and risk people's lives. The *San Francisco* is half way to A., I suppose, and you have been frightening me to death with your dreadful talk."

And Joe began to cry.

It was a dream—only an awful dream. But I had lived through it all as though it was a reality.

"Is there a Bible in the house, Joe?" said I.

"Are we heathens?" said Joe.

"Give it me this moment, Joe."

She brought it, and I put my hand on it and took an oath (too solemn to be repeated here) that what had happened never should occur again. It never has. And if the *San Francisco* ever comes to grief, the verdict will not be as it ought to be so often—*the engineer got drunk.*

THE HARVEST IS PAST.

GREAT God since thou givest a day of probation,
Prolonged for our good, and yet vanishing fast;
Oh shall we reject every chance of salvation,
And heedlessly hasten to perish at last?
Shall we stand lamenting 'mid sorrow and anguish,
Thy mercies rejected and spurned to the last?
Oh shall we take up with the dread lamentation,
"The summer is ended—the harvest is past?"

In the day of thy judgment, shall we stand before thee,
Heart-stricken with sorrow and doomed to despair?
Oh shall the bright radiance that tells of thy glory
Devour us as stubble, nor linger, nor spare?
Shall we to whom blessings and mercies are given
To fit us to dwell in God's kingdom at last,
Unfitted for earth and rejected by heaven,
Lament as we perish, "The harvest is past?"

Great God we would turn, while thy vengeance delayeth,
And yield to thy love ere we bow to thy wrath;
Oh list to each sinner who earnestly prayeth,
And guide them from folly to wisdom's blest path.
So when all the world shall be rocked in commotion,
And storms of red vengeance fall fiery and fast,
Oh then may we praise thee with heavenly devotion,
And dwell with the saints when "The harvest is past."

Oh God our hearts yearn o'er the hosts that surround us,
Who tread the dark path and afar from thee roam,
Who sigh 'mid the sorrows that sometime have bound us,
Afar from thy presence, from joy and from home.
Lord send out thy light and thy truth, we implore thee,
And hasten thy work while probation flies fast,
Bring hosts of poor sinners to bow down before thee
That they may be saved when "The harvest is past."

Thou who art beholding in mercy and kindness,
Thy creatures who stray from the pathway of peace,
Who grope in their darkness, and stumble in blindness,
Oh wilt thou not bid all their wanderings to cease?
Oh lead them to Jesus, whose love shall enlighten
And scatter their gloom while time's shadows shall last
Then shall their glad pathway eternally brighten,
And shine like the sun when "The harvest is past."

give me your hand; oh, come, please do, and then I will go right ght with you to the Sabbath School; heed I will."

Annie hesitated; "come, now, what can be the harm in just throwing some chips in the water. But I will stop if you come for a little bit, and I will then go to the school;" and I urged Annie until she unwillingly yielded, and holding by my hand, she slowly came to the middle of the rude log bridge; but she seemed to take very little pleasure in looking at my boats.

"Throw one yourself, Annie."

"I can't; indeed, Charlie, we are breaking the Sabbath; I am so unhappy; let me go off the log; my head is getting giddy, too; please do take me to the bank again;" but I only laughed at her; then, while I still lingered at my foolish sport, Annie left me and walked along the log. Then I heard a great splash and a scream. "Oh, Charlie! Charlie!" I saw that I was alone on the log, and knew that Annie had fallen into the water; soon she rose, her little hands stretched out towards me. When I saw her, I sprang like a mad boy in the creek, but the waters were strong and high, and they swept me away from my sister. Annie's hat, with its bright pink ribbons, floated away from her head, and when she rose again, I saw her long yellow curls hanging wildly about her. I knew a little about swimming, but what could so young a boy as I do in that terrible swollen creek? I struck out toward Annie, and when she came up again, I caught her, and she clung to me tightly. But with her weight I was not strong enough to swim. I could not fight against the waters, they were too mighty for me. Then I knew we must both die, and I gave one wild scream; but as we sank, I faintly saw two figures rushing down upon the log, and after this I knew no more.

I seemed to awake as from an ugly dream; and there I was at home, in my mother's room, and a great many people about me: I saw my mother, pale, and frightened-looking, sitting beside me. Dr. May was talking to my father, and when I opened my eyes they both spoke to me, but I could not hear their words distinctly, there seemed such a ringing in my ears. A little pale figure lay quietly beside me; I knew it was my sister, but whether living or dead I could not tell; and when, at last, I could speak, I moaned out her name, "Annie;" I could not say another word.

"She is safe, Charlie! You are both spared to me: God in heaven, I thank thee for this mercy;" and my poor mother leaned her head down upon the pillow, and cried heartily.

Annie was living, then, and with this knowledge, I fell into a deep sleep; and when an hour after, we both awoke, and Annie saw me, she threw her dear arms around my neck and both of us burst out a crying; we were too weak to say anything to each other. The next day, when mother sat beside us with her work, I told her all; how wicked I had been, breaking God's commandments so foolishly.

"The last thing you said to us, mother, was 'Remember the Sabbath day and keep it holy;' and I knew all the time I was doing wrong; it was every bit my fault; dear Annie was not to blame at all; but how were we saved?"

Then mother told us that Mr. Ellis and Dr. May were passing through the woods, on their way to the Sabbath School, when they heard my cry, and saw Annie and myself struggling in the water; and as they were both strong men, with kind, brave hearts, they plunged in and saved us; and when we were taken from the water, they thought there was no life in Annie. How mother cried when she told us this.

"And now, Charlie and Annie, God in his great mercy, has given you back to us, from the very gates of death, it seems; what a call is this for you to love and serve him, and keep all his commandments."

"I am sure, mother," I said, "I will never again break this one, 'Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy.'"

She shook her head sadly; "Do not say that in your own strength, my dear boy; pray for grace and help to keep you from the sin of Sabbath breaking, and indeed, every other thing displeasing to God. Ask him to give you a new heart, and then you will love to obey his commandments."

"Let us ask him now, mother," said Annie, and she slid down from her pillow to the floor.

So my mother knelt with us, and the prayer she offered for her rescued children was very sweet and fervent; it seemed to go straight from her heart to heaven. Annie and I never forget it.

* * * * * *

Long ago these things happened, but they have never left my mind. And, often, whe. I was tempted to forget God's commands, to break his holy Sabbath, I looked back and saw that terrible creek, and Annie's pale face and long golden curls rising from the depth of the waters; I felt her little hands clinging to me; and when I remembered all this, I saw that it was done in mercy; that God had sent that warning upon me to keep me from becoming a Sabbath breaker, and it was blessed to Annie's heart and mine. The lesson learned at the peril of life, was never forgotten by either.—*Presbyterian Banner.*

What the Boys in Blue Say.

Hear what the boys in blue say: "Yes, Treason is a crime
That should be made odious in ev'ry age and clime;
And even death can scarce efface the sin—so dark its hue."
That's what the boys in blue say—the noble boys in blue!

Hear what the boys in blue say: "We've passed the stern ordeal,
Through seas of blood to help maintain our blessed country's weal;
We want no traitor's hand to guide—we've plenty that are true."
That's what the boys in blue say—the honest boys in blue.

Hear what the boys in blue say: "What! truckle at the shrine
Whose corner stone rests on the bones of friends of yours and mine?
Back! Treason! thou art odious! in vain to plead or sue."
That's what the boys in blue say—the trusty boys in blue.

Hear what the boys in blue say: "No tongue that murmured 'Pause,'
When we were hurling back the hosts of that unholy cause,
Shall speak for us in Congress halls, nor tell us what to do."
That's what the boys in blue say—the sturdy boys in blue.

Hear what the boys in blue say: "We own no kith or kin
With those who claim that Treason is a pardonable sin;
No! sweep the monster from the land—whatever else you do!"
That's what the boys in blue say—the earnest boys in blue.

Now what the boys in blue say will swell the mighty strain,
Whose primal notes have just been heard in loyal-loving Maine;
And when November calls New York to do her duty too,
In thunder tones the boys will speak—the noble boys in blue.

W. C. W.

Albany, Sept. 4th, 1866.

A New Cold Water Song.

BY JOHN PIERPONT.

When the bright morning star the new daylight is bringing,
And the orchards and groves are with melody ringing,
And away to and from them the early birds winging,
And their anthems of gladness and gratitude singing,
Why do they so twitter and sing, do you think?
Because they've had nothing but water to drink.

When a shower in a hot day of summer is over,
And the fields are all smiling with white and red clover,
And the honey bee, busy as plundering rover,
Is tumbling the blossom leaves over and over,
Why so fresh, clean and sweet are the fields, do you think?
Because they've had nothing but water to drink.

Do you see that stout oak on its windy hill growing?
Do you see what great hailstones that black cloud is throwing?
Do you see that stout war-ship its ocean-way going
Against trade winds and head winds like hurricanes blowing?
Why so strong are oaks, clouds, and war-ships, do you think?
Because they've had nothing but water to drink.

Now if we have to work in the shop, field, or study,
And would have a strong hand, and a cheek that is ruddy,
And would not have a brain that is addled and muddy,
With our eyes all "bunged up" and our noses all bloody,
How shall we make and keep ourselves so, do you think?
Why, you must have nothing but water to drink.

BOTH SIDES.

"Kitty, Kitty, you mischievous elf,
What have you, pray, to say for yourself?"

But Kitty was now
Asleep on the mow,
And only drawled dreamily, "Ma-e-ow!"

"Kitty, Kitty, come here to me,—
The naughtiest Kitty I ever did see!
I know very well what you've been about;
Don't try to conceal it, murder will out.
Why do you lie so lazily there?"

"O, I have had a breakfast rare!"

"Why don't you go and hunt for a mouse?"

"O, there's nothing fit to eat in the house!"

Dear me! Miss Kitty,
This is a pity;
But I guess the cause of your change of ditty.
What has become of the beautiful thrush
That built her nest in the heap of brush?
A brace of young robins as good as the best;
A round little, brown little, snug little nest;
Four little eggs all green and gay,
Four little birds all bare and gray,
And Papa Robin went foraging round,
Aloft on the trees, and alight on the ground.
North wind, or south wind, he cared not a groat,
So he popped a fat worm down each wide-open throat;
And Mamma Robin through sun and storm
Hugged them up close, and kept them all warm;
And me, I watched the dear little things
Till the feathers pricked out on their pretty wings,
And their eyes peeped up o'er the rim of the nest.
Kitty, Kitty, you know the rest.
The nest is empty, and silent and lone;
Where are the four little robins gone?
O, Puss! you have done a cruel deed!
Your eyes, do they weep? your heart, does it bleed?
Do you not feel your bold cheeks turning pale?
Not you! You are chasing your wicked tail,
Or you just cuddle down in the hay and purr,
Curl up in a ball, and refuse to stir.
But you need not try to look good and wise;
I see little robins, old Puss, in your eyes.
And this morning, just as the clock struck four,
There was some one opening the kitchen door,
And caught you creeping the wood-pile over,—
Make a clean breast of it, Kitty Clover!"

Then Kitty arose
Rubbed up her nose,
And looked very much as if coming to blows;
Rounded her back,
Leaped from the stack,
On *her* feet, at *my* feet, came down with a whack.
Then, fairly awake, she stretched out her paws,
Smoothed down her whiskers, and unsheathed her claws,
Winked her green eyes
With an air of surprise,
And spoke rather plainly for one of her size.

"Killed a few robins! well, what of that?
What's virtue in man can't be vice in a cat.
There's a thing or two I should like to know,—
Who killed the chicken a week ago,
For nothing at all that I could spy,
But to make an overgrown chicken pie?
'Twixt you and me,
'Tis plain to see,
The odds is, you like fricassee,
While my brave maw
Owns no such law,
Content with viands *a-la*-raw.

"Who killed the robins? O, yes! O, yes!
I *would* get the cat now into a mess!
Who was it put
An old stocking-foot,
Tied up with strings
And such shabby things,
On to the end of a sharp, slender pole,
Dipped it in oil, and set fire to the whole,
And burnt all the way from here to the miller's
The nests of the sweet young caterpillars?
Grilled fowl, indeed!
Why, as I read,
You had not even the plea of need;
For all you boast
Such wholesome roast,
I saw no sign, at tea or toast,
Of even a caterpillar's ghost.

"Who killed the robins? Well, I *should* think!
Hadn't somebody better wink
At my peccadilloes, if houses of glass
Won't do to throw stones from at those who pass?
I had four little kittens a month ago,—
Black, and Malta, and white as snow,
And not a very long while before
I could have shown you three kittens more.
And so in batches of fours and threes,
Looking back as long as you please.
You would find, if you read my story all,
There were kittens from time immemorial.

"But what am I now? A cat bereft.
Of all my kittens, but one is left.
I make no charges, but this I ask,—
What made such a splurge in the waste-water cask?
You are quite tender hearted! O, not a doubt!
But only suppose old Black Pond could speak out.
O, brother! don't mutter excuses to me:
Qui facit per alium facit per se."

"Well, Kitty, I think full enough has been said,
And the best thing for you is to go straight back to bed.
A very fine pass
Things have come to, my lass,
If men must be meek
While pussy-cats speak
Grave moral reflections in Latin and Greek!"

XXIV.—THE SPRING JOURNEY.

O, GREEN was the corn as I rode on my way,
And bright were the dews on the blossoms of May,
And dark was the sycamore's shade to behold,
And the oak's tender leaf was of emerald and gold.

The thrush from his holly, the lark from his cloud,
Their chorus of rapture sang jovial and loud;
From the soft vernal sky to the soft grassy ground,
There was beauty above me, beneath,[54] and around.

The mild southern breeze brought a shower from the hill,
And yĕt, though it left me all dripping and chill,
I felt a new[64] pleasure, as onward I sped,
To gaze where the rainbow gleamed broad overhead.

O, such be life's journey! and such be our skill
To lose, in its blessings the sense of its ill!
Through sunshine and shower may our prŏg'ress be even,
And our tears add a charm to the prospect of heaven.

"When she was just three weeks old," added Burr. "Gentlemen," continued he, turning to us, "I have brought this lady here as an important witness, and such I think she is. The plaintiff's counsel has pleaded eloquently in behalf of the bereaved husband, who escaped the perils of the sea and returned only to find home desolate. But who will picture to you the lonely wife, bending over her daily toil, devoting her best years to the drudgery of sordid poverty, supported only by the hope of her husband's return? Who will picture the slow process of heart-sickening, the anguish of hope deferred, and finally the overwhelming agony which came upon her when her last hope was extinguished, and she was compelled to believe herself indeed a widow? Who can depict all this without awakening in your hearts the warmest sympathy for the deserted wife, and the utterest scorn for the mean, pitiful wretch, who could thus trample on the heart of her whom he swore to love and cherish? We need not inquire into his motive for acting so base a part. Whether it was in love of gain or licentiousness, or selfish indifference, it matters not; he is too vile a thing to be judged by such laws as govern men. Let us ask the witness—she who now stands before us with the frank, fearless brow of a true-hearted woman—let us ask which of these two has been to her a father."

Turning to the lady, in a tone whose sweetness was a strange contrast with the scornful accent which just characterized his words, he besought her to relate briefly the recollections of her early life. A slight flush passed over her proud and beautiful face as she replied:—

"My first recollections are of a small, ill furnished apartment, which my sister and myself shared with my mother. She used to carry out every Saturday evening, the work which had occupied her during the week, and bring back employment for the following one,

Living Tapestry.

The following adventure happened in Bath, in the year 176–, and the lady who narrated it to the writer was (in those days) a young girl staying in the house. It was in the palmy days of Bath, when that now fallen city rivalled London in brilliancy and dissipation, and when all the rich, the gay, and the high born of England, congregated there in the season and graced the balls and assemblies.

Mrs. R—, once the belle of the court of George III, but at this period gradually retiring from general society, possessed one of the largest of the old houses, and gave in it entertainments which were the most popular of the day. She was celebrated for three things (once for *four*, but the fourth—her beauty—was of the days gone by), those things were her fascination and benevolence, and—a set of the most perfect and matchless amethysts.

Her house contained tapestried chambers. The walls of the one in which she slept were hung around with designs from heathen mythology, and the finest piece in the room was that which hung over her dressing-table. It represented Phœbus driving the chariot of the sun. The figures and horses being life-size, it filled up the whole space between the two windows, and the horses were concealed behind the high old-fashioned Venetian looking-glass, while Phœbus himself, six feet high, looked down by day and night upon his mistress at her toilette.

One evening Mrs. R— had an unusually large party at home. She wore all her amethysts. On retiring to her room about four o'clock in the morning, she took off her jewels, laid them on the table, and dismissed the weary maid, intending to put them away herself, but before doing so knelt down as usual to her prayers. While in her devotions it was a habit with her to look upward, and the face of Phœbus was generally her *point of sight*, as it were, the object on which her eyes most easily rested. On this particular night, as usual, she raised her eyes to Phœbus. What does she see? Has Pygmacion been here at work? Has he filled those dull silk eyes with vital fire? Or is she dreaming? No. Possessed nature of wonderful courage and calmness, she continued to move her lips as in silent prayer, and never once withdrew her gaze, and still the eyes looked down on hers. The light of her candles shone distinctly on liquid, living orbs, and her good keen sight enabled her, after a cleverly managed scrutiny, to see that the tapestry eyes of Phœbus had been cut out, and that, with her door locked and every servant in their distant apartments, and all her jewels spread out before her, she was not alone in the room She concluded her prayers with her face hidden in her hands. We can well imagine what those prayers must have been! She knew there was some one behind that tapestry, she knew that bells and servants were equally useless, and she laid down in her bed as usual and waited the issue. her only omission being that she did not put away her jewels. "They may save my life," she said to herself, and she closed her eyes.

The clock struck five before a sound was heard, and then the moment arrived. She heard a rustle—a descent from behind the tapestry, and a man stood at her dressing table. He took off his coat, and one by one he secured the jewels beneath his waistcoat. What would be his next move? Would it be to her bedside? or to the door or window? He turned, and approached her bedside, but by that time she had seen enough, and again closing her eyes, resigned herself to the Providence whose protection she had just been craving. The man was her own coachman.

Apparently satisfied by a brief glance under his dark lantern that he had not disturbed her, he quietly unlocked her door and left her. For two hours—they must have seemed two days—she allowed the house to remain unalarmed, her only movement being to relock the door which her living Phœbus had left ajar. At seven in the morning she rung her bell, and ordered the carriage round immediately after breakfast. All this was done according to her usual habits. On the box was the man who had cost her a night's rest, and most probably all her jewels. However, she drove off; she went straight to the house of a magistrate.

"Seize my coachman," said she, "secure him, and search him. I have been robbed, and I can hardly think he has had time to disencumber himself of the jewels he has taken from me."

She was obeyed, and she was right. The amethysts were still about him, and he gave himself up without a struggle. All he said was, "I wish now I had killed her. I meant to do it, only she was so good I hadn't the heart."

It is probable that after this exciting episode the tapestry of that bed chamber was remorselessly condemned, and the eyeless Phœbus consigned to oblivion.

The Children's Thoughts.

Last evening at twilight I heard Mary call
The children together at the end of the hall;
And I sat on the dining-room stairs, while she told
To the listening group, the sweet stories of old.
First of Joseph in Egypt—how David the youth
Slew Goliah the giant—of Naomi and Ruth,
And lastly the newest though fullest of pain,
The story of Him who for sinners was slain.

There was silence a moment, and then Mary said,
"I don't think your eyes look quite ready for bed;
While we wait for the clock in the kitchen to strike,
Suppose we each tell what those stars are most like."
As I moved a step lower I heard Johnny cry,
"They are ten dollar gold pieces stuck in the sky!"
Beside him sat Lilly, who said with a smile
On her fair quiet face, after musing awhile:
"I think they are children whom all the day long
The Sun keeps shut up in a dungeon, too strong
For a hope of escaping, but when he sees best
To go to his cloud-curtained bed in the West,
He opens the gates, and each prisoner takes
A place in the sky to keep watch till he wakes."

Mary stooped to kiss Lilly; and Thedy, who sat
At her feet, laughed aloud, "Mine is better than that:
They are lanterns which old Mrs. Moon hangs about
When cross Doctor Sun says she musn't go out!"
At this a great shout from the youngsters arose,
And I heard some one cry, "Do get off of my toes!"
"Dear children, keep still or I'll send you to bed,"
Laughed Mary. "Now, Fred, 'tis your turn." And Fred. said:
"They are pitchers of gold which all night pour sweet showers
Of dew on the cheeks of the fast-asleep flowers."

Mary smiled—and Miss Daisy, who sat on her knee,
Turned her eyes (stars themselves) towards the window to see:
"They're not lanterns, nor children, nor pitchers of dew,
They are cracks in Heaven's floor, and God's glory shines through."
Then a sound of great kissing was heard in the hall,
As they voted that Daisy's was best of them all:
And the clock in the kitchen struck eight, so I fled
Lest the children should know I had heard what they said.

Remember the Sabbath.

I shall never forget that bright autumn Sabbath. By our clock it wanted but a few minutes of the time for Sabbath-School, and I was waiting in the hall for my sister Annie. "Do hurry, Annie," I called. "Yes, Charlie," and the next minute she came running down stairs, her sweet face rosy and smiling, and her curls floating loosely from under the present hat she wore. Annie was a dear little girl, my only sister, and I loved her very much; she was about two years younger than myself, and I was about twelve. Annie was a gentle, thoughtful child, never so gay and giddy as myself; but, indeed, in those days, I cared more for play than almost anything else. Well, I took the Bibles and hymn books to carry for Annie, and we were just about starting for Sabbath School, when mother opened the parlor door and called to us—I can almost hear her sweet voice yet—"Charlie, Annie, as you go along, have this in mind, 'Remember the Sabbath day and keep it holy.'"

"Yes, mother," we both answered; but as we were walking down the road, (for our house was in the country) I said to my sister, "Mother tells us that nearly every Sabbath; just those very words; I do wonder why!"

"Because, Charlie, she is so afraid we will forget this is the Lord's day; I'm sure it makes her sorry when we do, for it is wicked, and God will be angry with us."

"Well, now, Annie, just you see. I will keep this day holy; when we get to the school-house, I am going right in; I won't stop a minute with the boys on the steps, oh I shall be so good;" so I spoke, and so I meant to do, but I had not then learned that resolutions made in our own strength are weak and fleeting. It was a beautiful day, and going through the woods in that cheery sunshine, I forgot my mother's counsel; I forgot to keep the Sabbath day holy, and heedless of Annie's pleading looks, I darted off on a chase after two squirrels; they soon got beyond my reach, and I came back to Annie's side, but it was only to pick up the crimson leaves that lay in our path, and shower them over her.

"Now, Charlie, you have forgotten what mother said to you."

I interrupted her roughly; "do let me alone; I am older than you are, and can get along without your preaching;" so the gentle little child walked along in silence by my side, and I saw she was troubled. Soon we came in sight of the creek; it was swollen and high by reason of the many heavy rains the week before, and the water was but a little below the great logs which served as a bridge for the country people. Now our way was not across this creek; the path which led to the school-house only led by it, and if I had heeded my mother's counsels and God's commands, I would have gone right on with Annie, and not stopped by the water. But I was a simple, foolish child, and therefore obeyed the promptings of my own wicked heart.

"Oh, the creek! why, Annie, it is just like a river. I haven't been down here since the rain; and without heeding my sister, who begged me not to stop, I ran upon the logs. "Whew! but the water does sweep along; I must send some boats down;" and I picked up a couple of chips and flung them in.

"You are doing very wrong, Charlie, you are playing on God's day, and he will be angry with you for it, and mother will be sorry; please come off those logs, and let us go to Sabbath School.

"In a minute, Annie, I will just throw one more chip," but I threw another, and another, and Annie stood on the bank, vainly pleading with me to leave my sport.

"Just come on the logs, Annie, and see the water."

"Oh, no, I am afraid; and then it is wrong."

"You little coward, what are you afraid

give me your hand; oh, come, pray for grace and hel

choking with smothered laughter, in of trepidation, now came to the rescue.

"I was never so frightened in all my life! The mean scamp! Who can it be, Hetty?"

But that dutiful daughter was, to all appearances, as innocent as a turtle dove. She soothed the old lady by representing that it might have been one of the neighbors who, having drank too much, had mistaken the housewife. She searched the entry for the missing spectacles, dropped in the scuffle, rearranged the rumpled cap border, wound up the tangled yarn, stirred the fire, all in the most amiable manner possible—and at length had the satisfaction of seeing her mother subside into her chair and her accustomed tranquillity.

Mrs. Thomas was fully awake now. She had a new idea, and instead of settling herself for another nap, she pursued the train of thought and her knitting both at the same time, with wonderful rapidity. At length, stopping and looking keenly at Hetty—"I suppose it's a queer idea of mine, Hetty, but I have a notion that man was 'Siah Hawley.

My! but if Hetty's face did not fire up then! You might have lit a candle by it. These incipient symptoms did not escape the wary inquisitor. "'Pears so to me, because those big whiskers were so much like his'n, and the awkward way he gripped me with his great paws."

Hetty was wonderfully busy. She bent over her work and drew the needle through so quickly that the thread snapped, and then she was so much engaged in threading her needle again that she didn't have time to answer. "I don't believe that kiss was meant for me, after all. Wonder who it was intended for! and I wonder if you don't know something about it, Hetty? "Me! mother!" "Yes, you, Hetty. You was mighty anxious to get me and papa off to Aunt Martha's this evening, but I noticed that you were slicked up extraordinary, for all you weren't going. Now, Hetty I am getting old; but I havn't quite lost my eyesight yet. I've heard something about this between you and 'Siah Hawley. Now what are you playing possum for? Out with it, I say!"

Our little schemer, thus adjoined, made a clean breast of it; much relieved to find that "mother hadn't nothing agin him," and would "give father a talk about it, and bring him round." "But, Hetty, I want you to tell 'Siah I'd rather he'd not make such a mistake again. I don't like the feeling of his big whiskers about my face; I don't approve of promiscuous kissing."

'Siah never heard the last of that blunder. Old 'Squire Thomas used to delight to rehearse the story whenever all the parties interested happened to be present. He would shake his fat sides at Josiah's discomfiture and his wife's tart replies, and Hetty would join him, and both would laugh until tears ran down their cheeks.

"Never mind, 'Siah," Mrs. Thomas would say, consolingly, "let him laugh. He'd have been only too glad to have been in your place twenty years ago. He had hard work to get a kiss from me then. And I hope it will be a lesson to you and Hetty agin the *impolicy* of concealment in underhand doings of all sorts.

A TRUE STORY.

Many years ago I happened to be one of the referees in a case that excited unusual interest in our courts, from the singular nature of the claim, and the strange story which it disclosed. The plaintiff, who was captain of a ship which traded principally with the West Indies, had married quite early with every prospect of happiness. His wife was said to have been extremely lovely in her character.

After living with her in the most uninterrupted harmony for five years, during which time two daughters were added to the family, he suddenly resolved to resume his occupation, which he had relinquished on his marriage, and when his youngest child was but three weeks old, sailed once more for the West Indies. His wife, who was devotedly attached to him, sorrowed deeply at his absence, and found her only comfort in the society of the children and the hope of his return. But month after month passed away, and he came not; nor did any letters, those insufficient but welcome substitutes, arrive to cheer her solitude. Months lengthened into years, yet no tidings were received from the absent husband, and after hoping against hope, the unhappy wife was compelled to believe that he had found a grave beneath the weltering ocean.

Her sorrow was deep and heartfelt, but the evils of poverty were now added to her afflictions, and the widow found herself obliged to resort to some employment in order to support her children. Her needle was the only resource, and for ten years she labored early and late for the miserable pittance which is ever grudgingly bestowed on an humble seamstress.

A merchant in New York, in moderate but prosperous circumstances, accidentally became acquainted with her, and pleased with her gentle manners, no less than her extreme beauty, he endeavored to improve their acquaintance with friendship.

After some months he offered his hand and was accepted. As the wife of a successful merchant she soon found herself in the enjoyment of comforts and luxuries such as she had never possessed. Her children became his children, and received from him every advantage that wealth or affection could procure. Fifteen years had passed away; the daughters were married, and by their step-father were furnished with every comfort requisite to their new vocation as housekeepers. But they had hardly quitted his roof when their mother was taken ill. She died after a few days, and from that until the period of which I speak, the widower had resided with the younger sister.

Now comes the strange part of the story. After an absence of over thirty years, during which time no tidings had arrived from him, the *first* husband returned as suddenly as he had departed.

He had changed his ship, adopted another name, and spent the whole of that long period on the ocean, with only transient visits on shore, while taking in or discharging cargoes, having been careful never to come nearer home than New Orleans. Why he had acted in this unpardonable manner towards the family, no one could tell, and he obstinately refused an explanation.

There were strange rumors of slave trading Saving this wearisome visit to her employers, and her regular attendance at church, she never left the house. She often spoke of my father, and of the anticipated return, but at length she ceased to mention him, though I observed she used to weep more frequently than ever. I then thought she wept because we were poor, for it sometimes happened that our support was only a bit of dry bread; and she was accustomed to see by the light of the chips which she kindled to warm her famishing children, because she could not purchase a candle without depriving us of our morning meal. Such was our poverty when my mother contracted a second marriage, and the change to us was a sudden entrance to Paradise. We found a home and a father." She paused.

"Would you excite my own child against me?" cried the plaintiff, as he impatiently waved his hand for her to be silent.

"You are not my father," exclaimed she, vehemently. "What, call you my father—you who so basely left your wife to toil and your children to beggary! Never! Never! Behold there my father," pointing to the agitated defendant; "there is the man who watched over my infancy—who was the sharer of my childish sports and the guardian of my inexperienced youth. There is the man that claims my affection and shares my home; there is my father. As for yonder selfish wretch, I know him not. The best years of his life have been spent in lawless freedom from social ties; let him seek elsewhere for the companions of his decrepitude, nor dare insult the ashes of my mother by claiming the duties of kindred from her deserted children."

She drew her veil hastily around her as she spoke, and moved as if to withdraw.

"Gentlemen," said Burr, "I have no more to say. The words of the law are expressed in the book before you; the words of truth you have heard from woman's pure lips; it is for you to decide according to the requisition of nature and the decrees of justice."

I need not say that our decision was in favor of the defendant, and the plaintiff went forth followed by the contempt of every honorable person who was present at the trial. and piracy afloat, but they were mere whispers of conjectures rather than truth. Whatever might have been his conduct, he was certainly anything but indifferent to his family concerns when he returned. He raved like a madman when informed of his wife's second marriage, and subsequent death, vowing vengeance upon his successor, and terrifying his daughters by the most awful threats, in case they refused to acknowledge his claims. He had returned wealthy, and one of the mean reptiles of the law, who are always to be found crawling about the halls of justice, advised him to bring a suit against the second husband; assuring him that he could recover heavy damages. The absurdity of instituting a claim for a wife whom death had released from the jurisdiction of earthly laws was so manifest, that it was at length agreed to by all parties to leave the matter to be adjudged by five referees.

It was upon a bright and beautiful afternoon in spring, when we met to hear this singular case. The sunlight streamed through the dusty windows of the court room, and shed a halo around the long, gray locks and broad forehead of the defendant—while the plaintiff's harsh features were thrown into bolder relief by the same beam which softened the placid countenance of the adversary.

The plaintiff's lawyer made a most eloquent appeal for his client, and had we not been informed about the matter our hearts would have been melted by his touching description of the return of the desolate husband, and the agony with which he now beheld his household gods removed to consecrate a stranger's hearth.

The celebrated Aaron Burr was counsel for the defendant, and we anticipated from him a splendid display of oratory. Contrary to our expectations, however, Burr made no attempt to confute his opponent's oratory. He merely opened a book of statutes, and pointing with his thin finger to one of the pages, desired the referees to read it, while he retired a moment for the principal witness.

We had scarcely finished the section which fully decided the question in our minds, when Burr re-entered with a tall and elegant female leaning on his arm. She was attired in a simple white dress with a wreath of ivy encircling her large straw bonnet, and a lace veil completely concealing her countenance. Burr whispered a few words, apparently encouraging her to advance, and then gracefully raising her veil, discovered to us a face of proud, surpassing beauty. I recollect as well as if it happened yesterday, how simultaneous the murmur of admiration burst from the lips of all present. Turning to the plaintiff, Mr. Burr asked in a cold, quiet tone—

"Do you know this lady?"

"I do."

"Will you swear to that?"

"I will; to the best of my knowledge and my belief, she is my daughter."

"Can you swear to the identity."

"I can."

"What is her age?"

"She was thirty years old on the 20th day of April."

"When did you last see her?"

"At her own house about a fortnight since."

"When did you see her previous to that meeting?"

The plaintiff hesitated—a long pause ensued—the question was repeated, and at length the answer was—

"On the 14th of M[illegible]—"

GEORGE W. LYONS, BOSTON HARBOR.

"And all this time you have never had a quarrel?"

"Not one."

"I am truly glad to hear it," continued the hag; "I consider it my duty to warn you, though this is the case, you must not expect it to be so always. Have you not observed that of late Mr. B. has grown peevish and sullen at times?"

"A very little so," observed Mrs. Blueford.

"Have you not noticed," said the hag, "that your husband has a bunch of long harsh hair growing under the chin, side of his throat?"

"Yes."

"These hairs are the cause of the trouble, and so long as they remain, you had better look out. Now as a friend, I would advise you to cut them off the first time you get a chance, and thus end the trouble, and as long as they remain, you had better look out."

Soon after this, the hag started for her home, and made it convenient to meet Mr. B. on the way. Much the same talk in relation to his domestic happiness past between him and the old woman.

"But, friend Blueford," said she, "I think it my duty as a christian to warn you to be on your guard, or I tell you your wife intends your ruin."

Old Mr. B. was very much astonished, yet he could not wholly discredit her words. When he reached home, he threw himself on a bed in perplexity, and feigning himself asleep, studied the matter over in his mind. His wife thinking this a good opportunity for cutting off the obnoxious hair, took her husband's razor, and crept softly to his side. Now the old lady was much frightened at holding a razor so close to her husband's neck; and her hand was not so steady as it once was; so, between the two, she went to work very awkwardly, and pulled the hairs, instead of cutting them off. B. opened his eyes, and there stood his wife with a razor at his throat. After what had been told him, and seeing this, he could not doubt but that she intended to murder him. He sprang from the bed with horror, and no explanation or entreaty could convince him to the contrary. So from that time there was jaw, jaw, quarrelling, wrangling all the time.

With delight the Devil heard of the success of his faithful emissary, and sent her word if she would meet him, at the end of the lane at a certain time, he would pay her her shoes. At the appointed time she repaired to the spot, and found the Devil at his place. He put the shoes on a pole, and standing on the opposite side of the fence, handed them over to her. She was much pleased with them—they were exactly the things.

"But there is one thing, Mr. Devil, I would like you to explain; that is, why you hand them to me on a stick?"

"Very easy to explain," replied he. "Any one who has the cunning and meanness to do as you have done, don't get nearer than twenty feet of me." So saying, he fled in terror.

After awhile the old woman died, and when she applied for admission to the lower regions, the Devil would not let her in, for fear she might dethrone him, as she was so much his superior. So the old woman is yet condemned to wander over the world, creating quarrels and strife in peaceful families and neighborhoods.

Would you know her name?

It is Madam Scandal. When she died, the little Scandals were orphans, but the Devil, in consideration of the past services done by the mother, adopted them; and so you see he is father of that respectable class called scandal-mongers.

KISSED BY MISTAKE.

"Will you be at home to-night, Hetty?" and the speaker, a tall, muscular, well-looking young farmer, reddened to the roots of his hair, as though he had committed some very wicked act, instead of a simple question.

He was bashful, extremely so was Josiah Hawley, at least in the presence of young ladies—most of all in the presence of the girl he loved. No young farmer in all the country possessed a better kept farm, or talked with more confidence among his compeers, of stock and crops, and on kindred subjects. But the glimpse of one pretty face or foot, coming in his direction, affected him like a flash of lightning. On such occasions he never knew what to do with his hands and eyes, and always felt like screwing himself into a mouse hole. How he ever contrived to approach Hester Thomas on the subject of his preference for her, probably remains to this day as much a mystery to himself as it is to others.

But that young lady had quite an amount of tact and cleverness stowed away somewhere in her pretty little head, albeit it was set on the dimpled, inexperienced shoulders of seventeen. Josiah was worth, in a worldly way, much more than any of her other suitors; good looking, and intelligent enough to satisfy any but an over fastidious person; unexceptionable, in short, barring his excessive bashfulness, which was a fruitful sorce of merriment among the young people in their little circle. And so, when Josiah, in his awkward, blundering way, began to exhibit his preference for her in various little ways, such as waiting on her to and from singing school, constituting himself her escort when she rode on horseback to the solitary church in the woods, and singling her out at quilting parties, Hetty took it all in the easiest, pleasantest manner possible. The girls laughed, and the young men cracked sly jokes at the expense of her timid suitor; but Hetty stood up for him independently—encouraged him out of shyness—never noticed any unfortunate blunder—and very likely helped him along considerably when his feelings reached "the culminating point," one moonlight autumn evening, as they were walking home together from prayer meeting. That was a week ago. Hetty had said "yes," and agreed to "bring father and mother around on the subject."

Josiah had not been to the house since—probably feeling like a dog venturing upon talk with him on the subject, said:

"Mother is going over to Aunt Ruth's to spend the evening, and wants me to go. But I guess I won't. I've been working on father's shirts all day, besides doing the dairy work, and I am as tired as I can be. So I guess they will have to go without me. Do not come until eight o'clock. I shall be putting things to rights then, and I will let you in."

Of course Josiah was not too obtuse to understand that, and forgot his bashfulness so far as to petition for a good-bye kiss, which was peremptorily refused, of course.

"No, I shan't. Do take yourself off. Think I didn't see you fidgeting around Sarah Jones at Deacon Badger's last evening? I've not forgotten that, sir!"

"Now, Hetty—"

But the appeal was broken off by a tantalizing little laugh, and as he sprang forward to take a pleasant revenge on his tormentress she slipped away and ran up the path to the house, where he saw her wave her hand as she disappeared within the kitchen porch; and then he turned from the gate and took the road homeward. The tea-things had been carried out, the table set back against the wall, the crumbs brushed from the clean home-made carpet, and Hetty's work-stand drawn up in front of the blazing fire. A bountiful piled waiter of great red apples, and a plate of cracked walnuts were on it, in close proximity to Hetty's work basket.

On one side of the fire sat Mrs. Thomas, fat and fair; and at peace with all the world, rocking and knitting, and refreshing at sundry intervals with a bite from a half eaten apple that lay on the corner of the table, and touching every now and then, in a caressing manner, with her foot, a sleek, lazy looking cat that purred and winked on the rug before her. Hetty sat on the other side sewing, and busy in thinking how she would tell her mother that she expected a visitor. She would have given the world to be able to say in an off-hand manner that she expected Mr. Hawley to drop in about eight. But she recollected with a twinge of conscience how hard she had tried to get the old lady to accompany her husband to Aunt Ruth's in spite of her forewarning of a spell of neuralgia; how she had pleaded headache as an excuse for not going herself. And she knew that her mother was quite sharp enough to draw her own inferences from her being dressed with unusual care to spend the evening at home.

"I shall not dare to tell her now. She will be sure to think that I wanted to get her out of the way, so I might have Josiah all to myself, and I never should hear the last of it." And so, like a wise little puss, she kept silent.

I will venture my word on it, you would not have wondered at our young farmer's desperate inthralment if you could have seen Hetty Thomas as she was sewing by the fireside on that cold November evening. Under pretext of being ready to go to her uncle's (a thing she had no idea of doing) she had, just before tea, indulged in an indiscriminate "fixing up." A neatly fitting dark calico dress, with the store look on it, a fresh linen collar, and a tasteful black apron—these were the chief items of Hetty's toilet; but she looked as sweet and dainty in her plain dress as if hours had been spent in donning lace and jewels. Her rich hair of the darkest auburn tinge fell in shining folds close to her warm, red cheeks, and was caught up in a cunning net behind.

Eight o'clock and past! Mrs. Thomas was dozing in her chair—her shadow on the opposite wall bobbing about in grotesque mimicry as she nodded to and fro—now crushing the voluminous white satin bows on her spruce cap against the back of her chair—now almost falling forward, and her fat hands lay listlessly in her lap, and her ball of yarn had rolled out upon the hearth, and puss was busy converting it in to Gordian knots.

And just then came a double rap at the door, so loud, sudden and self-assured that Hetty started up with a little shriek, and set her foot on puss's tail, who in turn gave voice to her amazement and displeasure. The combined noise roused Mrs. Thomas, and, starting to an erect position, she rubbed her eyes, settled her cap border and exclaimed: "Bless my soul, Hetty, what was that? Somebody at the door? Who can be coming here at this time of night?" "It's not late, mother—only a little past eight o'clock. I'll go and see who it is," says Hetty, demurely, taking the candle from the table. "No. Here, you wind up my ball and sweep up the hearth, while I go to the door," says the old lady, whose feet were struggling in the meshes of the unravelled yarn. "Drat that cat."

All this time Josiah was standing on one foot out in the cold porch, with his hands in his overcoat pockets, wondering if Hetty had fallen asleep, and every now and then giving the door a smart rap by way of variety. In her hurry Mrs. Thomas forgot to take the candle, and as she stepped into the little front entry the sitting room door slammed after her. She had her hand on the handle of the hall door at the moment, and opening it, she suddenly found herself in the embrace of a stout pair of arms, a whiskered face in close proximity to her own, and, before she could think about the strangeness of her situation, she received a prolonged kiss—a hearty smack—full upon her virtuous matron lips.

She had by this time divested herself of the impression that it was her usually sober spouse, who must have come home in an unusually excited condition thus to indulge in such an unwonted expression of affection. "Get out! Get out! I say. Who are you, anyhow? Murder! thieves! Hetty, come here. Here's a man kissing me like mad!"

But the intruder had by this time discovered his mistake—it did not need the indignant scratching and pummeling of the old lady's fists to cause him to relinquish his hold and fly as if pursued by some indignant ghost. Hetty,

give me your hand: oh, come,

[illegible], asking further he left, and the [illegible] to follow him without having any- [illegible] wherewith to earn a fee. As soon as they had gone, the old man started to his feet.

"Sir," he uttered, turning towards Leeman, "what means this? Do you think I can ever pay you back again?"

"Sometime you can, perhaps," returned my companion.

"Yes, John, sometime we will surely pay him."

"Alas! when?"

"Any time within a month will answer," said Leeman.

Both the people look aghast.

"O! you have only planted more misery for us, kind sir," cried the old man. "We could have borne to be stripped of our goods by the landlord, better than we can bear to rob a noble friend. You must take our stock, —our cows and sheep."

"But not yet," resumed Leeman. "I have another way. Listen! Once you had a boy, a wild, reckless, wayward child. And what became of him!"

For some moments the father was silent, but at length said,

"Alas! he fled from home long years ago. One night—we lived far off in North Hamptonshire—my boy joined with a lot of other youths, most of them were older than himself, and went into the park of Sir Thomas Boyle and carried away two deer. He was detected, and to escape punishment he fled, and I have not seen him since. But Sir Thomas would not have punished him for it, for he told me so afterward."

"And tell me, John Leeman, did you ever hear from that boy!"

"Never!" answered the old man.

As soon as I heard my companion pronounce the old man's name, the truth rushed upon me in an instant; and I was not alone in the conviction; the quick heart of the mother had caught the spark of hope and love. At that moment the fire upon the hearth blazed up, and as the light poured into the room, my companion's face was fully revealed. The woman arose and walked towards him. She laid her hand upon his head and tremblingly whispered:

"For the love of heaven don't deceive me. But speak to me, let me call you Nathan—Nathan Leeman."

"And I shall answer, for that is my name," said he starting up.

"And what would you call me!" gasped the woman.

"My mother!"

The fire gleamed more brightly upon the hearth, and I saw that aged woman upon the bosom of her long lost boy, and then I saw the father totter up and join them, and I heard murmured words of blessing and joy. I arose and slipped out of the room and went to the barn.

It was an hour before I returned, and then I found all calm and serene, save that the mother was still weeping and the head of her returned boy was resting upon her shoulders, and her arm was about his neck. Nathan arose as I entered, and with a smile he bade me be seated.

"You know all as well as I can tell you," he said. "When we first stopped here I had no hope of finding my parents here; for when I went away sixteen years ago, I left them in King's Troupe on the Ken. I knew them, of course, but I wished to see if they would know me. But from fourteen to thirty is a changing period. I think God sent them here," he added in a low tone; for only think what curious circumstances combined to bring me to this cot.

On the following morning I resumed my journey alone, but had to promise that I should surely call there again on my return, which I did in eight or nine days, and spent the night there.

Money possessed some strange charm as it had not only given to the poor peasant a home for the rest of his life, but it had brought back health to the sick boy. An experienced physician from Salisbury had visited him and he was now able to be about. I remained long enough to know that an earthly heaven had grown up in that earthly cot. Nathan Leeman told me that he should take his parents and brother to some luxurious home when he found one to his taste.

That was some years ago. I have received several letters from down in the suburbs of Bradford on the banks of the Lower Avon, where he has bought up a large share in several of the large cloth factories in that place; and I am under a solemn promise to visit him if I ever land in England again.

A Fight with a Whale.

Capt. Malloy, of the bark Osceola 3d, of New Bedford, in a letter to his agent, gives a graphic account of an encounter with a whale on the 16th of December last. We quote as follows from the New Bedford Mercury:

"About 300 miles N. W. from St. Nicholas we saw whales close to the ship, lowered the boats as soon as possible, and soon the second mate struck a large whale. In a few minutes the third mate struck and got stove. The whale then went to the second mate and knocked the bottom out of his boat. The first mate then brought the third mate and his crew to the ship. I then sent him off to bring the second mate and his crew to the ship as quick as possible, as I saw the whale was intending mischief. In the meantime the whale was at work on the starboard boat, and soon made a bad boat of her. After getting all hands on board, the first and second mates being anxious to try him again, went off, but didn't get a chance to kill him. In fact they had as much as they could do to keep clear of him; and seeing that he was a dangerous customer, I called the boats on board.

Not liking the idea of being *done* by a whale, I concluded to go at him with the ship; got all ready and made for him. Getting near, he turned and came for us, striking the ship on her port bow with his jaw, his head coming in contact with the cut water, knocking it off and tearing off considerable copper and sheathing. The shock he gave the ship was heavy, taking some of the men off their feet, and giving them considerable of a fright. Had the whale struck the ship fair he would have gone through her as easily as a cat would through wet paper. About the time he struck I gave him a bomb, but did not kill him. So I went at him again. This time he did not seem to like the taste of the ship, and so got out of the way as fast as he could. As he passed, I gave him another bomb and two lances, but these failed to kill him. Again I tried him, but he kept clear of us.

It being late, I sent a boat off to make the wreck of the starboard boat secure to the line to act as a drag, and went after the waist boat now five miles to the leeward. After getting her on board (it being then dark) I worked to the windward all night, and the next morning saw him again with the wreck of the boat fast to him. At 9.30 A. M. we lowered two boats, well manned, and went at him. After a hard tussle we got him under the care of friends, and took him alongside. He was a very large whale; the largest, I think, I ever saw. But he was very poor. I got 115 barrels out of him; had he been fat he would have made 150 barrels easy. His length was 68 feet; spread of flukes, 16 feet 2 inches; and length of jaw 18 feet 4 inches. I found on cutting him that his jaw was badly shattered by his raid on our bow. I lost in the fight one boat entire, with all her traps, except the gun and line; in all 12 oars, one sail, paddles, buckets, tubs.

DID I HEAR ARIGHT?

BY ARTHUR E. JENKS.

The following lines were suggested by the reading of "A Lady Passenger's" thrilling record of the wreck of the Santiago de Cuba:

Over the sea the East wind blew;
And I know my cheek grew pale:
Thoughts of the shipwrecked German crew,*
And a wild December gale,
Into my mind, like phantoms, crept;
Above, the beacon light
Hung like a star, and never slept
Thro' the long and dreary night.
Flash! flash! But my heart was dark;
None were left to tell of the stranded bark!

Down by the sea I walked, one day;
As in a dream I strolled;
To the North, and South, and far away
To the East the waters rolled.
Memory's bells! Oft they will ring;
And they sing the olden song:
Now sad, now sweet, as they gently swing
In the years that glide along.
Flash! flash! It is Faith's pure light,
And it breaks the gloom of Life's dismal night!

Lonely, the lighthouse lifts its head;
Far down the moaning sea
Heaves fitfully; while thoughts of dread,
Like the waves, come over me.
Into the heart will rush sometime,
The tidal drift of Grief;
While far off o'er the sea of time,
Breaks our sorrow's cold, gray reef!
Roar! roar! Did I hear aright—
What the waves told me with their lips so white!

*The ship Newton, from New York bound to Hamburg, was wrecked near the South side of Nantucket, on the fatal night of the 24th of December, 1865.

Summer Time in the Country.

BY LIZZIE BURGESS.

O, I love summer time in the country,
Where we rise at the dawn of the day,
To drive the cows down to the pasture,
And gather wild flowers on the way;
Where the woodlands resound with the music
Of the songsters that flit thro' the trees,
And the scent of the blossoming clover
Is wafted along on the breeze.

Then at home, all assist in the duties:
Nell washes the dishes, while Sue
Is straining the milk in the pantry,
And *I* always find something to do.
The beds are to be made in the chambers,
The rooms to be dusted with care,
Fresh flowers to be placed on the mantle,
That are always my pride to have there.

When duties indoors are completed,
We'll whistle for Rover, and then
We're away to the meadows for lilies,
Or a romp with old Rov. in the glen;
Or taking a walk by the sea-shore
To watch vessels pass to and fro,
Or recline in the shade of the cedars,
And watch the boys harvest and mow.

Yes, give me summer time in the country,
When the woodlands with berries abound;
Where the flowers seem to vie in their beauty,
And the notes of sweet songsters resound
From morn until eve, and dame Nature
Seems clothed in her brightest array,
I enjoy summer time in the country,
Where we rise at the dawn of the day.

Madam Scandal.

A long time ago, in the western part of England, there lived an aged couple, whose time had passed away since early youth in the every-day round of farm-life, and who had never been known to have the least ill-feeling toward each other, since the time when good old Parson Tieknot united them in the holy bonds of wedlock, twenty-five years before. So well was the fact of their conjugal happiness known, that they were spoken of far and near as the happiest pair in England. Now the Devil (excuse the abrupt mention of his name) had been trying for twenty years to create what is called a "fuss in the family" between these two old companions. But, much to his mortification, he had not been able to induce the old gentleman to grumble about breakfast being too late, or the old woman to give a single curtain lecture.

After repeated efforts, the Devil became discouraged, and had he not been a person of great determination, he would doubtless given the work up in despair. One day as he walked along after another attempt to get the old lady to quarrel about the pigs getting into the yard, he met an old lady, a neighbor of the aged couple. As Mr. Devil and the neighbor were very particular friends, they must needs stop on the way and chat a little.

"Good morning, sir," said she, "and pray what on earth makes you look so bad this morning? Isn't the controversy between all the churches doing service?"

"Yes."

"Isn't Deacon W. making plenty of bad whiskey?"

"Yes."

"Well, what is the matter, my highly honored master?"

"Everything is going on well enough," replied the Devil, "but (and he looked as sour as a monkey on a crab-apple tree) old Blueford and his wife over here are injuring the cause terribly by their bad example; and after trying four years to induce them to do right, I must say I consider them hopeless."

The hag stood a moment in deep thought.

"Are you sure you have tried every way?"

"Every way I can think of."

"Are you certain?"

"Yes."

"Well," replied she, "if you will promise to make me a present of a new pair of shoes, in case I succeed, I will make the attempt myself, and see if I can raise a quarrel between them."

To this reasonable request the Devil gladly assented. The old hag went her way to old Blueford's house, and found Mrs. Blueford busily engaged in getting things ready for her husband's comfort on his return from work. After the usual compliments had passed, the following dialogue took place:—

"Well, friend B., you and Mr. B. have lived a long time together."

"Five and twenty years, come November," said she.

GEORGE W. LYONS, BOSTON HARBOR.

The Sea-Captain's Adventure.

A THRILLING SKETCH.

On my last voyage to Bristol, the owners of the ship took passage with me. The whole cargo belonged to them, and they not only wished to do some business in England but they also desired to travel some. Besides the three owners, I had four passengers in the cabin. The passage from New York to England on that occasion was the most severe and stormy I ever made. I have experienced heavier storms but not such continued hard weather. The old ship was on a strain the whole time, and though I ran into the Avon without losing a life or an important spar, yet she received much damage. Her mainmast was sprung, her timbers strained; and for the last week the pumps had to be kept going all the time, owners, passengers, and all, doing their share of work at the brakes.

As soon as we could get the cargo out, the ship was hauled up into the dock for repairs, and we found upon examination that it would be a week before she could be fit for sea; and she had all the repairs she absolutely needed it would take her nearer two weeks. A contract was made for the job, and one of the owners agreed to stay by and superintend the work. This left me at liberty, and I began to look round for some place to visit. I had heard much about Salisbury Plain. The famous Stonehenge was there, and so were there relics of Roman and British antiquities. Accordingly to Salisbury Plain I resolved to go. When I went on board the ship to make arrangements with the owner who had remained, I informed Leeman, one of the owners, of my purpose. He was a man of about thirty years of age, and from his features and idiom, I judged him to be an Englishman. I told him I was going to Salisbury, and he informed me that he was going the same way.

Leeman had been intending to take the stage at Devizes, and then take some of the cross coaches; but I resolved to take a horse and travel where, how and when I pleased; and he liked the plan so well, that he immediately went and bought him a horse and saddle.

It was about the middle of the forenoon when we set out, and I found that Leeman intended to visit the curiosities with me and then keep on toward London, by the way of Andover and Chertsey, he having sent his baggage on ahead to Salisbury by the great mail route, which ran many miles on the way. I found my companion excellent company, and on the way he told me several passages from his life. He was born in England, but this was the first time he had ever been in the Kingdom since he was fourteen years of age, and I was led to infer that was at the time he ran away from his parents. During the last six years of his residence in the United States he had been engaged in western land speculations and he was now independently rich.

We took dinner at Bradford, a large manufacturing town six miles southward of Bath, and as soon as our horses were rested, we set out again. Towards the middle of the afternoon the sky began to grow overcast, and we had a promise of a shower. By five o'clock the great black clouds were piled up in heavy masses, and it began to thunder. At Warminster we took the direct road to Albany, a distance of fourteen miles, and when the storm gathered upon us we were about half way between the two places. I was in no particular hurry, and as I had no desire to get wet, I proposed that we should stop at the first place we came to. In a few moments more we came to a point where a small cross road turned off to the right, and where a guide board said that it was five miles to Debtford Inn.

I proposed that we should turn in this by-way and make for Debtford inn as fast as possible, and my companion readily assented. We had gone a mile when the great drops of rain began to fall; but as good fortune would have it, we spied a small cottage not more than a furlong ahead through a clump of poplars. We made for this place and reached it before we got wet. There was a good sized barn on the premises, and a long shed connected with the house. Beneath this shed we drove and just as we alighted an old man came out. We told him that we had got caught in the storm and asked him if he could accommodate us for the night. He told us that we should have the best his humble place could afford, and said that if we would put up with that, we were welcome.

As soon as the horses were taken care of, we followed the old man into the house. He was a gray-headed man, certainly on the downhill side of three score, and his form was bent by hard work. His countenance was naturally kind and other marks upon his brow than those of old age. The moment I saw him I knew he had seen much suffering. It was a neat room to which we were led, a living room but yet free from dirt and litter. An old woman was building a fire for the supper, and as we entered she rose from her work.

"Some travellers, wife, caught in the shower," said the old man.

"Surely, gentlemen, you're welcome." the woman said, in a tone so mild and free, that I knew she spoke from the depth of her soul. "It is a poor fare that we can give, but the heart of the giver must e'en make up for that."

I thanked the good people, and told them that I would pay them well for all they did for us.

"Speak not of pay," said the old woman, taking the tea-kettle from the hob and hanging it on the crane.

"Stop wife, let not your heart run away with ye," uttered the old man tremulously. "If the good gentlemen have to spare out of their abundance, it becomes not such sufferers to refuse the bounty."

I saw the woman place the apron to her eyes, but she made no reply. The door close by the fire-place stood partly open, and I saw in the room beyond a bed, and I was sure there was some one in it. I asked the old man if he had any sickness.

"Yes," he said, with a shake of the head. "My poor boy has been sick a long time. He is the only child I have, the only helper on the little farm, and he's been sick nearly all the spring and summer. I've taken care of the sheep, but I couldn't plant. It's hard, but we don't despair. My good wife—God bless her! shares the trials with me, and I think she takes the biggest share."

"No, no, John, don't say so," uttered the wife, "no woman can do the work that you do."

"I don't mean to tell too much, Margaret, only you know, you've kept me up.

A call from the sick room took the wife away, and the old man then began to tell me, in answer to my questions, some of the peculiarities of the great plain, for we were on it now; and I found him well informed and intelligent.

At length the table was spread out, the clean white cloth spread, and we were invited to sit up. We had excellent white bread, sweet butter, some fined-stewed damsons, and a capital cup of tea. There were no excuses, no apologies, only we were requested to help ourselves. While we were eating, the rain ceased falling, but the weather was by no means clear, though just as we moved from the table a gleam of light shot through the windows from the setting sun.

It may have been an hour after this when a wagon drove up to the door, in which were two men. The old man had just come in from the barn, and it was not so dark but what we could see the faces of the men in the wagon. They were middle aged men, one of them habited in a sort of jockey hunting garb, and the other in black clothes, with the peculiar style of hat and cravat which marks the officer. I turned toward our host for the purpose of asking him if he knew the new comers, and I saw he was very pale and trembling. A low deep groan escaped him as he arose from his chair. His eye—the jockey coat came first, and his eyes rested upon Leeman and myself.

"Only some travellers, Mr. Vaughan," said our host.

So Mr. Vaughan turned his gaze elsewhere about the room, and at length it fell upon the old man.

"Well, what about the rent?" said he.

"We haven't a penny of it yet," answered the host, trembling.

"Not a penny! Then how'll you pay me twenty pounds?"

"Twenty pounds!" murmured the old man painfully. "Alas! I cannot pay it. You know Walter has long been sick, and what we have earned has been paid the doctor. You know he was to have earned the rent if he had been well."

"I don't know anything about it," returned the landlord doggedly; for Mr. Vaughan owned the little farm as it afterwards appeared.

"All I know is, that you have had house and land for two years, and haven't paid me a penny. You know I told you a month ago that you should have just one month more. If you haven't had time to move in a month, then you must look out for the consequences. To-night you move! If you want a shelter you may go into the old house at the horse-pound."

"But there is not a window in it."

"Beggars should not be choosers," remarked Mr. Vaughan. "If it wasn't for hunting up the officer I should have been here this morning. But it isn't my fault. Now I can have a good tenant right off, and he want's the house to-morrow. So there is not a word to be said. I shall take your two cows and your sheep and if they go for more than £20 after taking out the expenses, you shall have the balance back."

The poor peasant gazed for a moment half wildly into the landlord's face, and then sank into a chair and covered his face with his hands.

"My cows! my sheep!" he groaned spasmodically. "O, kill me, and have done with it!"

"In God's name, Mr. Vaughan," cried the wife, "spare us them. We will leave the cottage, and we will work with all our might until we pay every farthing, but do not take away our very means of life. My poor boy will die! O, sir, you are rich and we are poor."

"Nonsense!" uttered the unfeeling man, "I am used to such stuff. I make a living by renting my farms, and this is one of the best I have. A good man can lay up more than ten pounds a year here."

"But we have been sick," urged the woman.

"That isn't my fault. If you are paupers you know where to go and get taken care of. Now I do not want another word about it. Out with you to-night unless you pay me the twenty pounds, and your cows and sheep go too."

I was just on the point of turning to my companion to ask if he would help make up the sum, for I was determined the poor folks should not be turned out so. The woman had sunk down, and she too, had covered her face with her hands. At that moment Leeman sprang to his feet. His face was very pale, and for the first time I saw that tears had been running down his cheeks.

"Look ye, sir," he said to Vaughan, "how much do these people owe you?"

"Twenty pounds," returned he, regarding his interrogator sharply.

"And when did this amount come due in the year."

"It was just due a month ago. The rent is twelve pounds, but I allowed him four pounds for a bridge on the river."

"Show me the bill."

The man pulled out a large leather pocket-book and from it took a bill. It was receipted. Leeman took out his purse and counted out twenty sovereigns. He handed them to the landlord and took the bill.

"I believe that settles the matter, sir," my companion said, exerting all his power to appear calm.

"Yes sir," he repeated, "this makes it all right."

"Then I suppose they may remain here now undisturbed."

"But I have no surety of any pay for the future. A month has already run on an unpaid term."

"It is right that you should have your way, surely. Come to-morrow, and I will arrange it with you—only leave us now."

Mr. Vaughan cast one glance about the room

give me your hand: oh, come,

...ie window; "open the door—I have ...ss for you."

"Rather past business hours, I should say; but who are you?"

"No one that would harm you," returned the voice, which I imagined was rather feminine for a burglar's.

"Nor one that can!" I replied, rather emphatically, by way of warning, as I tightened my grip upon the hammer, and proceeded to the door. I pushed back the bolt, and slowly opening the door, discovered the stranger already upon the door steps.

"What do you want?" I abruptly inquired.

"I will tell you," answered the same soft voice, "if you dare open the door wide enough for me to enter."

"Come in," said I, resolutely, throwing the door ajar, and proceeding to light a candle. Having succeeded, I turned to examine the visitor. He was a small and neatly dressed gentleman, with a heavy Raglan around his shoulders, and a blue navy cap drawn suspiciously over the eyes. As I advanced toward him, he seemed to hesitate a moment, then raised the cap from the forehead, and looked me curiously in the face. I did not drop the candle, but I acknowledge to a little nervousness as I hurriedly placed the light upon the table, and silently proceeded to invest myself with two or three very necessary articles of clothing. As the Lord liveth, my visitor was a lady, and the same for whom I had opened the little box about a month before! Having completed my hasty toilet, I attempted to stammer an apology for my rudeness, but utterly failed. The fact is, I was utterly confounded.

Smiling at my discomfiture, she said:—

"Disguise is useless; I presume you recognize me?"

"I believe I told you, madam, I should not soon forget your face. In what way can I serve you?"

"By doing half an hour's work before daylight to-morrow, and receiving five hundred dollars for your labor," was the reply.

"It is not ordinary work," said I, inquiringly, "that commands so munificent compensation."

"It is a labor common to your calling," replied the lady. "The price is not so much for the labor, as the condition under which it must be performed."

"What is the condition?" I inquired.

"That you will submit to being conveyed from and returned to your own door blindfolded."

Ideas of murder, burglary, and almost every other crime known to villany, hurriedly presented themselves in succession, as I politely bowed and said—"I must understand something more of the character of the employment, as well as the conditions, to accept your offer."

"Will not five hundred dollars answer in lieu of an explanation?" she inquired.

"No—nor five thousand."

She patted her foot nervously on the floor. I could see she had placed entirely too low an estimate on my honesty, and I felt some gratification in being able to convince her of the fact.

"Well, then, if it is absolutely necessary for me to explain," she replied, "I must tell you that you are requested to pick the lock of a vault, and—"

"You have gone quite far enough, madam, with the explanation," I interrupted; "I am not at your service."

"As I said," she continued, "you are required to pick the lock of a vault, and rescue from death a man who has been confined there for three days."

"To whom does the vault belong?" I inquired.

"My husband," was the somewhat reluctant reply.

"Then why so much secrecy! or rather, how came a man confined in such a place?"

"I secreted him there, to escape the observation of my husband. He suspected as much, and closed the door upon him. Presuming he had left the vault, and quitted the house by the back door, I did not dream until to-day that he was confined there. Certain suspicious acts of my husband this afternoon convinced me that the man is there, beyond human hearing, and will be starved to death by my barbarous husband, unless immediately rescued. For three days he has not left the house. I drugged him less than an hour ago, and he is now so completely stupefied that the lock may be picked without his interference. I have searched his pockets, but could not find the key; hence my application to you. Now you know all; will you accompany me?"

"To the end of the world, madam, on such an errand."

"Then prepare yourself; there is a cab waiting at the door."

I was little surprised, for I had not heard the sound of wheels. Hastily drawing on a coat, and providing myself with the required implements, I was soon at the door. There, sure enough, was the cab, with the driver in his seat, ready for the mysterious journey. I entered the vehicle, followed by the lady. As soon as I was seated, she produced a heavy handkerchief, which, by the faint light of an adjacent street lamp, she carefully bound round my eyes. The lady seated herself by me, and the cab started. In half an hour the vehicle stopped—in what part of the city I am entirely ignorant, as it was evidently driven in anything but a direct course from the point of starting.

Examining the bandage, to see that my vision was completely obscured, the lady handed me the bundle of tools with which I was provided, and then, taking me by the arm, led me through a gate into a house which I knew was of brick, and after taking me along a passage way which could not have been less than fifty feet in length, and down a flight of stairs into what was evidently an underground basement, stopped beside a vault and removed the handkerchief from my eyes.

"Here is the vault—open it," said she, springing the door of a dark lantern, and throwing a beam of light upon the lock.

I seized a bunch of skeleton keys, and after a few trials, which the lady seemed to watch with the most painful anxiety, sprang the bolt. The door swung upon the hinges, and my companion, telling me not to close it, as it was self-locking, sprang into the vault. I did not follow. I heard the murmur of low voices within, and the next moment the lady reappeared, and leaning upon her arm a man, with face so pale and haggard that I started at the sight. How he must have suffered during the three long days of his confinement!

"Remain here," she said, handing me the lantern; "I will be back in a moment."

The two slowly ascended the stairs, and I heard them enter a room immediately above where I was standing. In less than a minute the lady returned.

"Shall I close it, madam?" said I, placing my hand upon the door of the vault.

"No! no!" she exclaimed, hastily seizing my arm; "it awaits another occupant!"

"Madam, you certainly don't intend to—"

"Are you ready?" she interrupted, impatiently holding the handkerchief to my eyes. The thought flashed across my mind that she intended to push me into the vault, and bury me and my secret together. She seemed to read the suspicion, and continued—"Do not be alarmed. *You* are not the man!"

I could not mistake the truth of the fearful meaning of the remark, and I shuddered as I bent my head to the handkerchief. My eyes were as carefully bandaged as before, and I was led to the cab, and thence driven home by a more circuitous route, if possible, than the one by which we came. Arriving in front of the house, the handkerchief was removed, and I stepped from the vehicle. A purse of five hundred dollars was placed in my hand, and in a moment the cab and its mysterious occupant had turned the corner and were out of sight.

I entered the shop, and the purse of gold was the only evidence I could summon, in my bewilderment, that all I had just done and witnessed was not a dream.

A month after that, I saw the lady and the gentleman taken from the vault, walking leisurely along Montgomery street. I do not know, but I believe the sleeping husband awoke within the vault, and his bones are there to-day! The wife is still a resident of San Francisco.

Four Hundred Thousand Men

"Four hundred thousand men"
Have gone to meet their God;
Four hundred thousand gallant men
From city, mountain-side and glen,
Beneath our banner trod;
For love of country firmly stood,
And sealed the Union with their blood.

"Four hundred thousand men,"
By millions loved and lost;
A sea of agonizing tears—
A waste of desolated years,
Of hearth-stones sorrow crossed,
A priceless sacrifice—'twas, when
We gave "four hundred thousand men."

The gallant banners flaunting high,
The bugles sounding victory,
Forth from each brazen throat,
May drown awhile the sighs and tears,
While we forget the griefs and fears,
Forget each change to note—
Forget to ask—What got we then,
For such a host of gallant men?

Peace came on fluttering silver wings,
With Freedom by her side,
In pity God looked down to save,
To stop the slaughter of the brave—
Yet, still untaught, the pride
That lightly holds the boon, even when
It costs "four hundred thousand men."

What reconstruction has been wrought
Save that which God has made?
He shapes the future in His will,
He schools, He chastens, guides us still,
And still will be obeyed;
Yet, halting, we forget this, when
It cost "four hundred thousand men."

Vain politician!—who can boast
Of his great saving schemes,
And jumbled words, and crooked creeds,
Stand in the place of noble deeds
And Truth's eternal themes,
And—haste we to give power again
To those who slew the gallant slain.

Look at the host of bloody graves,
The finger marks of God—
And He who smites is He who saves,
And all that hecatomb of graves
Are guide-boards on the road;
Can we not read them?—read them! when
They cost "four hundred thousand men!"

THE VANISHERS.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

Sweetest of all childlike dreams
In the simple Indian lore,
Still to me the legend seems
Of the Elves who flit before.

Flitting, passing, seen and gone,
Never reached nor found at rest,
Baffling search, but beckoning on
To the Sunset of the Blest.

From the clefts of mountain rocks,
Through the dark of lowland firs,
Flash the eyes and flow the locks
Of the mystic Vanishers!

And the fisher in his skiff,
And the hunter on the moss,
Hear their call from cape and cliff,
See their hands the birch-leaves toss

Wistful, longing, through the green
Twilight of the clustered pines,
In their faces rarely seen
Beauty more than mortal shines.

Fringed with gold their mantles flow
On the slopes of westering knolls;
In the wind they whisper low
Of the Sunset Land of Souls.

Doubt who may, O friend of mine!
Thou and I have seen them too;
On before with beck and sign
Still they glide, and we pursue.

More than clouds of purple trail
In the gold of setting day;
More than gleams of wing or sail
Beckon from the sea-mist gray.

Glimpses of immortal youth,
Gleams and glories seen and lost,
Far-heard voices sweet with truth
As the tongues of Pentacost,—

Beauty that eludes our grasp,
Sweetness that transcends our taste,
Loving hands we may not clasp,
Shining feet that mock our haste,—

Gentle eyes we closed below,
Tender voices heard once more,
Smile and call us as they go
On and onward, still before.

Guided thus, O friend of mine!
Let us walk our little way,
Knowing by each beckoning sign
That we are not quite astray.

Chase we still with baffled feet
Smiling eye and waving hand,
Sought and seeker soon shall meet,
Lost and found, in Sunset Land.

round,—for, bad as he is, I can't forget that he was her husband."

"And about your mother?" asked one of the guests.

"Everything here is just as she left it when she fell asleep a few months ago. She was a humble, holy woman, sir and God saved her the pain of dying;" and thowing open the door of a bedroom, he added, "There, sir, is the pillow where God for the last time gave his beloved sleep. It is a holy place to me, now it's where I hold communion with Heaven; it's my closet."

The strangers glanced with a feeling of reverence at the snowy couch and at the little night-stand which held the old family Bible.

"Before you go I will show you where I laid her," said the faithful son.

"The towns-people said it was barbarous not to bury her in the church-yard; but I wanted her here by me, and I knew she would have chosen to lie near the sea, she loved it so! I buried her to the right of the rocks where you see, about five feet above high-water mark; and there I put a granite headstone with her name and age upon it, and enclosed the grave with an iron railing. That's the last I can ever do for her, and I can assure you it is no small comfort to me now that I neither forsook her in her old age, nor tore her away from her humble home."

"Were little Phebe's grandparents willing you should have her?" asked one of the ladies.

"No; the old farmer came after her; I suppose he did not think a 'mackerel boy' good enough to train her; but he was too late. She was mine, and will be till death severs us. She's the dearest thing I ever had in my life except my mother; and we live alone without being lonesome."

The sun had now set, and the good fisherman, tying his own little boat to the stern of the other, rowed the party back to their hotel, and there refusing to take any payment for his labor, parted with them, leaving them convinced that they had struck a vein of pure gold in nature's mine, which more than repaid them the inconvenience and delay of getting aground in "Half Moon Cove."

THE FIDGETY THING.

It's just as you say, neighbor Green,
A treasure indeed is my wife;
Such another for bustle and work
I never have found in my life.
But then she keeps every one else
As busy as birds on the wing;
There is never a moment for rest,
She is such a fidgety thing.

She makes the best bread in the town,
Her pies are a perfect delight,
Her coffee a rich golden brown,
Her crullers and puddings just right.
But then, while I eat them she tells
Of the care and the worry they bring,
Of the martyr-like toils she endures,
O, she's such a fidgety thing!

My house is as neat as a pin—
You should see how the door-handles shine:
And all of the soft cushioned chairs
And nicely swept floors are mine.
But then she so frets at the dust,
At a fly, at a straw, or a string,
That I stay out of doors all I can,
She is such a fidgety thing!

She doctors the neighbors; O, yes!
If a child has the measles or croup,
She is there with her saffron and squills,
Her dainty-made gruels and soup.
But then she insists on her right
To physic my blood in the spring,
And she takes the whole charge of my bile,
O, she's such a fidgety thing!

She knits all my stockings herself;
My shirts are bleached white as snow;
My old clothes look better than new.
But then if a morsel of lint
Or dust to my trousers should cling,
I'm sure of one sermon at least,
She is such a fidgety thing.

You have read of a spirit so meek,
So meek that it never opposes,
Its own it dares never to seek,—
Alas! I am meeker than Moses!
But then I am not reconciled
The subordinate music to sing,
Submit to get rid of a row,
She is such a fidgety thing.

Just as you say, neighbor Green,
A treasure to me has been given;
Sometimes I fain would be glad
To lay up my treasure in Heaven.
For then every life has its cross,
Best pleasures on earth have their sting,
Is a treasure, I know, neighbor Green,
But she's a fidgety thing.

WHAT WE WANT.

BY B. M. LAWRENCE, M. D.

When what we want comes uppermost,
Old wrong shall surely die;
Then love will conquer evil's host,
And all his power defy.
Then there shall be no starving poor,
Asking the rich to give;
Love will unlock the prison door,
For all shall truly live.

When what we want comes uppermost,
Contentions all will cease,
The din of battles will be lost,
And nations live in peace.
Then spoilers will not lurk for pelf,
Wars will no longer wage,—
Man will not live alone for self,
In that fair golden age.

When what we want comes uppermost,
Bright angels from above
Will fill the air—a mighty host—
With wisdom, light and love.
Then hypocrites with pious cant,
Will not pervert the word,
Nor pharisees, self-righteous, rant,
But all shall know the Lord.

When what we want comes uppermost,
The earth will then be free,
And all may have, devoid of cost,
Homes, light, and liberty.
The right to vote, the right to land,
The right to life and love,
The right to work with willing hand,
All people will approve.

When what we want comes uppermost,
Disease will disappear,
And Christians then may truly boast
Of death they have no fear.
Then trees of Eden for mankind,
Will yield no poison food,
But fruits of knowledge for the mind,
Will all prove very good.

When what we want comes uppermost,
Rum will not rule the mind,
The foul tobacco will have lost
Its hold upon mankind;
Grand temples full of living light,
Our bodies will become,
The blest abode where spirits bright
Make heaven within their home.

When what we want comes uppermost,
Monopolies must fail;
Then capital will cease to boast,
And labor will prevail.
United true hearts strong and brave
Combined for human good,
Will then make wealth become the slave
Of [illegible]

Corn-Flowers.

From dawn till dusk, we followed up
The reapers through the wheat;
And tied the rustling corn, that lay
Like sunshine at our feet.

Kate laughed with Willie all day long,
And Kate sang merrily;
He said she sang like any bird,
And then she laughed to me.

For Kate he reaped the poppies red
That nodded in the corn;
For me he broke a pale sweet rose,
And pulled away the thorn.

He said the flowers were like her cheek:
My heart was sore all day;
And turned my face [illegible]

The blue shades fell; and by the sune
At dusk we sat to rest:
Through tears, I watched the angels' wings
That flickered in the west.

They gossipped; and I heard them say:
"Oh, she is never seen
When Kate is near! She's slight and pale;
And Kate is like a Queen."

And they went gayly by the fields:
And I, to hide my pain,
Slipped from them at the dusky stile,
And went home by the lane.

I heard his step—I would not stay—
And when he came so near
I felt him breathe—I would not look,
And dried a silly tear.

Then bitterly he spoke. He held
The rose I would not wear;
And I said: "Give it Kate; she twined
The poppies in her hair!"

"Oh, hear me now, below the moon
That watches from above!
I jest with merry Kate," he said,
"But never speak of love.

"And what is Kate between us two?
I love but you alone;
Oh! take the sign, and take my heart;
Since, Love, it is your own!"

I took the rose. A little bird
Sang out a song for me;
And broadly smiled the harvest-moon,
Our happy looks to see.

THE IRON VAULT.

I live in San Francisco, and am a locksmith by trade. My calling is a strange one, and possesses a certain fascination, rendering it one of the most pleasant of pursuits. Many who follow it see nothing in it but labor—think of nothing but its returns in gold and silver. To me it has other charms than the money it produces. I am called upon, almost daily, to open doors and peer into long-neglected apartments; to spring the stubborn locks of safes, and gloat upon the treasures piled within; to quietly enter the apartments of ladies with more beauty than discretion, and pick the locks of drawers containing peace-destroying missives, that the dangerous evidences of wandering affection may not reach the eye of a husband or father, in possession of the missing key: to force the fastenings of cash-boxes, and depositories of records, telling of men grown suddenly rich, of corporations plundered, of orphans robbed, of hopes crushed, of families ruined. Is there no charm in all this?—no food for speculation?—no scope for the rage of pleasant fancy? Then, who would not be a locksmith, though his face is begrimmed with the soot of the forge, and his hands are stained with rust?

But I have a story to tell—not exactly a story either—for a story implies the completion as well as the beginning of a narative—and mine is scarcely more than the introduction to one. Let him who deals in things of fancy write the rest.

In the spring of 1856—I think it was in April—I opened a little shop on Kearney street, and soon worked myself into a fair business. Late one evening, a lady, closely veiled, entered my shop, and pulling from beneath a cloak a small japanned box, requested me to open it. The lock was curiously constructed, and I was all of an hour in fitting it with a key. The lady seemed nervous at the delay, and at length requested me to close the door. I was a little surprised at her suggestion, but of course complied. Shutting the door, and returning to my work, the lady withdrew her veil, disclosing as sweet a face as can well be imagined. There was a restlessness in the eye and a pallor in the cheek, however, which plainly told of a heart ill at ease, and in a moment every emotion for her had given away to that of pity.

"Perhaps you are not well, madam, and the night air is too chilly?" said I, rather inquisitively. I felt a rebuke in her reply:—"In requesting you to close the door, I had no other object than to escape the attention of persons."

I did not reply, but thoughtfully continued my work. She resumed:—"That little box contains valuable papers—private papers—and I have lost the key, or it has been stolen. I should not wish to have you remember that I came here on such an errand," she continued, with some hesitation, and giving me a look which it was no difficult matter to understand.

"Certainly, madam, if you desire it. If I cannot forget your face, I will at least attempt to lose the recollection of ever seeing it here."

The lady bowed rather coldly at what I considered a fine compliment, and I proceeded with the work, satisfied that a sudden discovered partiality for me had nothing to do with the visit. Having succeeded, after much filing and fitting, in turning the lock, I was seized with a curiosity to get a glimpse at the precious contents of the box, and suddenly raising the lid discovered a bundle of letters, and a daguerreotype, as I slowly passed the box to its owner. She seized it hurriedly, and placing the letters and picture in her pocket, locked the box, and drawing the veil over her face, pointed to the door.

I opened it, and as she passed into the street, she merely whispered—"Remember!" We met again, and I have been thus particular in describing her visit to the shop, to render probable a subsequent recognition.

About two o'clock in the morning, in the latter part of May following, I was awoke by a gentle tap upon the window of the little back room of the shop in which I lodged. Thinking of burglars, I sprang out of bed, and in a moment was at the window, with a heavy hammer in my hand, which I usually kept at that time within convenient reach of my bedside.

"Who's there!" I inquired, raising the hammer, and peering out into the darkness—for it was as dark as Egypt when under the curse of Israel's God.

"Hist!" exclaimed a figure, stepping in

give me your hand: oh, come,

end of it, and then, taking a hand of ... assisted them to spring on shore.

"Now," he said, "I'll get the ladies off and shelter them till the shower blows over; and taking the hand of the matron of the party, he led her to the end of the plank, when he unceremoniously lifted her in his arms and carried her to a dry rock. Returning to the boat he remarked, "I'm good at lifting old ladies and little children, for I've served my apprenticeship at that; but these two"—pointing to the young ladies—"are more delicate wares than I'm used to handling. But I guess I can get them above high-water mark without breaking them."

This good natured jest, uttered in a respectful tone, brought a peal of laughter from those on the boat and those on the shore. And the "delicate wares" were soon landed without breaking.

"Follow me now, friends," said this rough owner of a gentle heart, "and I'll entertain you just like a king. That is, I'll give you the best I have, and a king could do no more."

As they turned ronnd the cliff, three or four cottages of the humblest class met their eyes; and half a dozen little children ran forward to look at the rare sight of strangers.

Raising the latch, the fisherman threw open the door of his dwelling and stood back while his visitors entered a common room, which was the perfection of neatness. The floor was well scoured and sanded, and overspread here and there with gay mats of rags braided or ornamented in *applique*. The stove shone gloriously in its sable polish, and the crockery and tin ware glittered on the open "dresser." The whole length of the mantelpiece—save a space at each end for a tall brass candlestick—was filled up with a model fishing-smack, in full sail, with flag and pennon flying to the breeze. Every chair was cushioned with gay patch-work, and the chimney corners were decorated with holders on whose black groundwork a spread eagle had evidently been the artist's incipient design; but the result was a deformed rooster; and from nails at the window side hung shears, scissors and a needle book; all showing the deft, though untrained skill of woman. But although the host had fled into an adjoining room to deck himself with coat and shoes for the occasion, no wife appeared to entertain them.

"Where's your mother, little girl?" asked one of the ladies of the child, who sat with her forefinger in her mouth, stealing glances at the strangers from under her sunbonnet.

'Dead;" was the sole reply.

"Is this your father?"

"No, ma'am."

"Have you a father?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Where is he?"

"I don't know. Nobody knows. I guess he don't know himself. He often don't know where he is:" and after this burst of words little Phebe courageously threw back her sunbonnet and exclaimed, "Look, uncle's been cutting off my hair with grandma's big shears! He but the curls in her big Bible; want to see them? She's going to see God now, and we're going by-and-by."

Here the little prattler was stopped by the entrance of the fisherman, outwardly a new man.

"Going to meeting, uncle?' cried the child in amazement at the unusual sight of the Sunday garments on a week day.

"No, child," he answered, taking a chair and jumping Phebe on to his knee. "I dressed up in honor to my company. Do you see how the rain pours, friends? A poor shelter's better than none in such a gale. I think it will soon pass over, and I hope the waves won't be very high. Perhaps you will be able to get off a while after sundown."

"After sundown?" cried one of the gentlemen. "I must be at the hotel before the mail goes out."

The fisherman leaped forward, and looking into the speaker's face with a smile, said,

"You are a minister, sir, I see by the cut of your vest; but for all that I shouldn't be surprised if I could preach you a little sermon that might profit you more than your own do. The man in the pulpit learns more from book than the men below do; but he doesn't always learn more from experience. 'Must' and 'shall' and, 'will' used to be great words with me; but I've given them up altogether. They don't move God, and we may as well submit to His plans first as last. It's no use saying 'I will and I shall land,' when He has fixed the prow in the sand."

"Thank you, my friend," said the minister, "for your lesson. I hope when we become better acquainted, you'll know that I'm a servant of God by a better sign than the cut of my vest. I wish you would give us the experience which made you throw away 'must and 'shall.'

"Phebe, dear," said the fisherman, "take your china now and run with the children to the net sheds. But first run into neighbor Lunt's and ask the old lady if she will come in and sit beside you to-night, as I'm going to row some company round to the hotel at the South Cove."

When the door closed behind little Phebe and her glass of broken china, the minister asked,

"But where's your wife, my friend?"

"Wife? I never had one; and it was in submitting to God's will in *that*, that I gained the victory which lifted me to where I stand today,—*above high-water mark*,—where neither gales nor waves can harm me," replied the fisherman. "Before I was eighteen years old, a promise had passed between little Phebe's mother and me, to be married as soon as we were old enongh. Her father was a pretty rich old farmer up on the high land there, and he thought 'a mackeral boy' wasn't quite smart enough for a son-in-law for him; but he was too crafty to rouse human-nature, and so let matters slip along. When my father died here, the farmer told me I had better sell all the boots, &c., and try a new life. He hinted that they wanted a bar-keeper at the hotel, and that as he supplied them with poultry, he thought he could get me the place, and then I might have Ruth.

"I said 'No, sir, I'm not going to sell my soul, even for a wife! If my mother will leave the cottage in the cove, I'll go up back and take a farm. I can get my bread off God's land, as well as out of His sea. But I shan't *tear* her away from her home."

"The old man muttered something about not keeping Ruth waiting till she was gray, for a husband—she was nineteen then and I was twenty-three—and I went home to talk to mother.

"Says I, "How would you like me to be barkeeper up at the new brick hotel, mother?"

"I'd rather see you a sick pauper in the brick poor-house?" she cried, "trusting in your father's God and doing his will."

"Well," says I, "how would you like to live on a farm? I think of making some little changes in life now."

"O my boy," cried she, "what has put that into your head? Don't you remember that rolling stones gather no moss? I should soon die if I was taken away from the sound of the waves on the sand. Build a parlor on to the cottages, and buy a sofa and a carpet, and then bring Ruth here and we'll be happy. She'll be contented with you."

"I never told her what the old farmer had said, and there it dropped.

"I told Ruth to take her choice—to come to the cottage when it was in order for her, or wait till God took mother home, and then I'd go wherever she wanted me to. She said she'd come here then; and said she'd be very tender to my mother, and should be ashamed to wait for her to die; and so we set Thanksgiving Day for the wedding.

"Soon after this I met the old man up at the store, and he growled out something about my being gray before I should call Ruth my wife, and then said she was going away to school. He had a brother that kept tavern somewhere that there was a ladies' school.

"I went up the next evening, but she had gone—they had hurried her off on purpose.

"He then told me again that I might have her on his terms; but I told him God would forgive me for not marrying, but not for deserting or grieving my mother. He was polite enough to call me a fool, and so I bid him goodnight, in a worse tempest than that which drove you in here.

"I had one or two letters from Ruth, very kind but very timid. The next news was, she had found somebody to fill my place that pleased her father better. Then my craft was run, prow first, into the sand—and there was no way to set my foot on dry land! Then I knew what David meant when he said, 'All thy waves and thy billows have gone over me.' I had professed for three years submission to Christ; but I now found the work wasn't begun. I liked him for a master as long as his law ran in accordance with my will, but really, I wanted to rule my own destiny.

"Well, I beat about among the brakers till they well nigh swallowed me up, declaring that I must and should have my own way! When my will was at the highest, one night, I felt sure that the strife couldn't last much longer, and then I cried out of the depths unto God. That was the first time through all the storm that I had asked that his will might be done. Then he came out to me in the tempest, and took me by the hand. He brought no board to me, as I did to you, but only his own right arm, and grasping that, I trod the billows and they were like molten silver under my feet. He led me up and placed me on a rock above high-water mark, and from that day to this—ten years—I've never been once in the deep. Then I told my blessed old mother all the struggle, and testified to God's mercy in breaking my will. I've had no 'musts' and 'wills' since then.

"The old man seemed bent on bar-keepers, and poor, easy Ruth married one. Her only failing was, that she always yielded to the one that had her in hand for the time, be it who it might; and her uncle and father settled matters between her and this dandy fellow, whom they thought far before the 'mackerel boy,' who would have given his life to save her from trouble."

"Well, years passed, and every now and then poor Ruth came home, and although little was said, we all knew that she had been sacrificed to a worthless man.

By-and-by she came home to die; and one bleak winter day, we laid her and a little baby in the grave together. These hands helped to lower the coffin, as they had done before that of her first-born; and I thanked God that she was at rest, poor child.

Then there rose a quarrel betwen the two grandfathers as to who should take little Phebe, each saying it was the other's place. I told mother I'd give half I was worth to have her and work for her myself; but she said, 'Folks would laugh at you Sam.' Then I turned from her and told God I wanted the child, and promised him to be a father to her; and there I left it.

"One night I was up at the hotel with a boat load of fish, and who should be there but this German, making a fool of himself, and there was little Phebe asleep in a chair in the barroom! He was a vagrant, and dragging poor Ruth's child about the world, another vagrant?

"I asked him why he did not put her where she would have care; and he said no one would take her. Then I said, 'I'll take her and make her like my own child. And he said he'd give her to me for a pair of new boots.

"I went out with him and bought boots and a hat, and knowing he was not in a condition to make the transfer lawful, I brought him and the child home in my boat. The next day we went before a lawyer, and I adopted little Phebe, and such a joy she was to my mother! I also orderd the folks at the tavern to give him a bed and a supper whenever he comes

The Poor Musician and his Mate.

One beautiful summer day there was a great festival in the large park at Vienna. This park is called by the people the Prater. It is full of lovely trees, splendid walks, and little rustic pleasure houses. At the time of which I am speaking there were people there, some young and some old, and many strangers too. And all those who were there enjoyed such a scene as they probably never beheld before. Be that as it may, the Prater was almost covered with the crowds of people.—Among the number were the organ-grinders, beggars, and girls who played on harps. There stood an old musician. He had once been a soldier, but his pension was not enough to live on. Still he didn't like to beg; therefore, on this particular festival-day he took his violin and played under an old tree in the park. He had a good faithful old dog along with him which lay at his feet, and held an old hat in his mouth so that passers by might cast coins in it for the poor old man.

On the day of the festival which I have now mentioned, the dog sat before him, with the old hat. Many people went by and heard the old musician playing, but they didn't throw much in. I wonder the people did not give him more, for he was truly a pitiable object. His face was covered with scars received in his country's battles, and he wore a long gray coat, such as he had kept ever since he had been in the army. He even had his old sword by his side, and would not consent to walk in the streets without carrying his trusty friend with him. He had only three fingers on his right hand, so he had to hold the bow of his violin with these. A bullet had taken off the two others, and almost at the same time a cannon ball had taken off his left leg. The last money he had, he spent in buying new strings for his violin, and he was now playing with all his strength the old marches he had learned so often when a boy with his father. He looked sad enough as he saw the multitude pass by in their strength and youth and beauty, but whenever they laughed it was like a dagger to his soul, for he knew on that very evening he would have to go to bed supperless, hungry as he was, and lie on a straw couch in a little garret room. His old dog was better off, for he often found a bone here and there to satisfy the cravings of hunger. It was late in the afternoon, his hopes were almost like the sun—they were both going down together. He placed his old violin down by his side, and leaned against an old tree. The tears streamed down his scarred cheeks. He thought that none of that giddy crowd saw him, bnt he was much mistaken. Not far off stood a gentleman in fine clothes who had a kind heart. He listened to the old musician, and when he saw that no one gave him anything, his heart was touched with sympathy. He finally went to the dog, and looking into the hat saw only two little copper coins in it. He then said to the old musician, "My good friend, why don't you play longer!"

"Oh," replied the old man, "my dear sir, I cannot; my poor old arm is so tired that I cannot hold the bow; besides, I have had no dinner, and have little prospect of supper."

The old man wiped his feeble hands. The kind gentleman with whom he talked resolved to aid him as best he could. He gave him a piece of gold, and said, "I'll pay you, if you will loan me your violin for one hour."

"Oh!" said the musician, "this piece of money is worth more than half a dozen old fiddles like mine."

"Never mind," said the gentleman; "I only want to hire it one hour."

"Very well; you can do what you will," said the owner.

The gentleman took the fiddle and bow in his hands, and then said to the old man,

"Now, my mate, you take the money, and I will play. I am quite sure people will give something."

Now, was not that a singular musical association! They had just become acquainted, and immediately entered into an agreement to work together for the public. The strange gentleman began to play. His mate looked at him with great wonder; he was so stirred that he could hardly believe it was his old violin that such beautiful sounds came from. Every note was like a pearl. The first piece had not been finished before the people, observing the strange sight, and hearing such strange music, stopped a moment in curiosity. Every one saw that the fine-looking gentleman was playing for the poor man, but none knew who he was.

By and by the people began to drop money into the hat, and the old dog seemed delighted to receive so many pieces of gold for his master. The circle of hearers became larger and larger. Even the coachmen of the splendid carriages begged the people inside to stop and hear the music. Still the money increased. Gold, silver, and copper were thrown into the hat by old and young. The old dog began to growl. What in the world could be the matter? One gentleman, as he dropped a large piece of money into the hat, had struck him on the nose, and he came very near letting the hat and money fall. But it soon became so heavy he could not hold it any longer.

"Empty your hat, old man," said the people, "and we will fill it again for you."

He pulled out an old handkerchief and wrapped the money in it, and put it in his violin bag.

The stranger kept on playing, and the people cried out "Bravo!" "bravo!" in great joy. He played first one tune, then another—even children seemed carried away with rapture. At last he played that splendid song, "God bless the Emperor Francis!" All hats and caps flew off their heads, for the people loved their Emperor. The song finally came to an end. The hour was ended, and the musician handed back the violin to the old man.

"Thank you," said he. "May God bless you!" and he disappeared in the crowd.

"Who is he? Who is he?" said the people. "Where does he come from?"

A certain person sitting in one of the coaches said:

"I know him. It is Alexander Boucher, the distinguished violinist. It is just like him. He saw that old man needed help, and he determined to help him in the best way he could."

The people then gave three cheers for Boucher, and put more money in the old man's hat. When he went home that evening he was richer than he had ever been before.—When he went to his bed he folded his hands and prayed God might bless good Boucher, so that when he should get to be an old man he might have good friends.

Now, I believe that there were two happy men that night in Vienna. Of course, the poor old musician rejoiced now that he was out of want; but of more value to him than all his money was the consolation that somebody had proved a friend to him. For it does us all good to know that we have friends, even though they are of no farther advantage to us. There was another who was happy, and that was the good man Boucher. How could he go to bed that night without thanking God for putting it into his heart to be kind to the friendless, starving soldier?

Next to the benefit which our good deeds confer, is that which they confer on ourselves.

Now, children, this is a big world. Look around you, and you will always find that you can do something to make this world of ours better, as well as yourselves happier.

Childhood's Days Reviewed.

BY LIZZIE BURGESS.

In a cool shady nook, by the side of a rill,
Stood Aunt Mary's cot, at the foot of a hill,
Inclosed by a network or paling of white,
With a bed of moss-roses and pinks on your right;
The woodbine and jessamine climbed by the door,
And a pebbled path led on your left to the shore;
In front, on the green, stood the old cherry-tree,
Like a Fairy's abode was this cot by the sea.

In my ankle-tie days that have passed long ago,
Here I've chased through the clover with Ella and Joe,
To capture the butterflies, gaudy of wing,
Or gather the lilies that grew by the spring;
Here we've held our camp meetings beneath the green trees,
And spread feasts of berries on dishes of leaves;
Here I've made soldier-caps out of mullen leaves green,
And pinned sprigs of cedar, for plumes, in between.

And ofttimes we've roved on the white pebbled shore,
To gather the shells that were strewn the beach o'er;
Then each one selecting a pearly-lined craft,
Would launch it afloat, and the light breeze would waft
It swiftly along, o'er the water's bright crest,
As a sea-bird might float on its broad heaving breast;
And as sparkling and bright o'er the waters they'd glide,
We'd watch our frail barks floating out on the tide.

Ah, well I remember the long sunny hours
I've passed in the woods, weaving garlands of flowers,
Or picking the berries that hung ripe and red,
Or watching the squirrels that played overhead;
List'ning, perhaps, to the robin's sharp trill,
Which sang from the cedar-tree up on the hill;
Ah, well I remember those days long ago,
When I played in the woodland with Ella and Joe.

Long ago, yes, the days of our childhood have flown,
And we all have to manhood and womanhood grown,
Yet still by a word, or a thought, we'll allude
To the playmates of yore, or our school-days reviewed;
And tho' they are now only dreams of the past,
Fond memory will keep them still fresh to the last;
And I ne'er shall forget, let me roam where I will,
The little white cot at the foot of the hill.

THE FISHERMAN'S STORY.

ABOVE HIGH-WATER MARK.

A party of amateur voyagers—two gentlemen and three ladies—were suddenly overtaken by a gale on the coast along which they were sailing. The inexperienced oarsmen drew in the canvas and pulled toward the sandy beach. A semicircular cove—hidden till then behind an abrupt rise of rock covered with scrub-pines and red runners—opened before them, and seemed to beckon them into its shelter. They had fixed their eyes on a rock at which to land, and were discussing the probability of finding a dwelling near by, when the keel of the boat dragged upon the sand, and in a moment was immovably imbedded there. They were many feet from the shore, with no means of reaching it but by wading—a most undesirable mode for gentlemen in patent leathers and ladies in holiday attire. Soon comprehending their situation, they looked at each other in blank amazement, when a sudden burst of childish laughter struck merrily on their ears, and told them they were within call of help.

High on the rocks at whose base they had struck just as they were turning into the little cove, stood a rough-looking man in his shirt sleeves, with his pants rolled up and his feet bare, spreading out nets to dry; while a child, four or five years old, in a pink sunbonnet, prattled sweetly to him, as with mimic care she swept the top of the rock with a tiny broom.

"Do you think my floor is clean, now, uncle," she asked, and then added, "It must be very clean before I set my table and spread out my china, and——"

Here a loud "halloo" from the boat stopped both the net-spreading and the sweeping; and in a kind tone the fisherman called back from his high place, "I see your trouble, friends, and will put you all right in half a minute." And down he came over the rugged rock with the child following him, as swiftly as a kitten could have run over the velvet grass. The oars—poor gang planks as they would have been—were by far too short to reach from the boat to the shore, and the good fisherman, seeing the difficulty, ran to his cottage behind the cliff, for a board. This reached to within a few feet of the dry sand; and wading far into the water he led the gentleman



DEPARTURE OF TRANSPORT STEAMERS FROM NEW YORK FOR WASHINGTON WITH VOLUNTEERS, SUNDAY, APRIL 21, 1861.

What is the Use.

BY LESLIE WALTER.

Oh what is the use of your sighing,
Sorrowful, sorrowful heart,
Since he shall no longer know it,
Living and loving apart?

What is the use of your blooming,
Beautiful, beautiful rose,
Since he is not here to see you
Or mark when your buds unclose?

What is the use of your shining,
Sun of the cloudless day,
Since you only mark the hours
That draw him farther away?

What is the use of your flowing,
Changeable, changeable sea,
Since he shall walk beside you,
Never again with me?

For the rose shall droop and wither,
And the dull waves ebb from shore,
And the sun go down in darkness,
And he shall return no more.

Brightness and bloom and duty
Are over for him and for me,
Father! When comes the hour
That shall set the prisoner free?

Love.

I sometimes think there is no love
In all this world below;
But only in that world above,
Where all earth's good do go.

And how can I think otherwise,
Seeing as oft I do,
So much of hatred in disguise,
So much of love that's true.

So little of feeling for the poor,
Clothed not in garments warm,
Turned empty away from many a door,
To brave the howling storm.

Without a home or hovel where
To rest their weary head;
And not a crust of bread to share,
With the almost famished dead.

Oh! it seems to me if there was love
In the hearts of men below,
Such scenes as these the heart would move
More sympathy to show.

But when I see, as oft I do,
God's poor, neglected, die,
I sometimes think, as well I may,
Love only reigns on high.

To my Mother.

Thou art not here, my mother dear,
To soothe thy child and dry each tear,
Thou art not near me at this hour,
But still methinks I feel thy power.

I see thy lovely eyes of blue,
Which tell me that thou'rt kind and true
And then I hear thy silvery voice,
Which makes my lonely heart rejoice.

But days have passed since last we met,
Since last thou strokst my curls of yet,
Since last I pressed thee to my heart
Upon that morn when doomed to part.

Oh! often do I think of thee,
And vainly wish that I could see
My mother dear, and childhood's home,
And that I ne'er again might roam.

But days must pass ere we can meet
To spend an hour to each so sweet,
Long, long will seem the hour to me,
Until thy cherished form I see.

What shall be My Angel Name

In the land where I am going,
When my earthly life is o'er,
Where the tired hands cease their striving,
And the tired heart aches no more;
In that land of life and beauty,
Where exists no earthly pain
To o'ercloud the perfect glory,
What shall be my angel name?

When the spirits who await me,
Meet me at my entering in,
With what name of love and music
Will tender welcoming begin?
Not the one so dimmed with earth-strains,
Linked with thoughts of grief and pain!
No; the name that mortals gave me
Will not be my angel name!

I have heard it all too often,
Uttered by unloving lips;
Earthly care and sin and sorrow
Dim it with their deep eclipse:
I shall change it like a garment,
When I leave this mortal frame,
And at life's immortal baptism,
I shall have another name!

For the angels will not call me
By the name I bear on earth;
They will speak a holier language
Where I have my holier birth:
Syllabled in heavenly music,
Sweeter far than earth may claim,
Very gentle, pure, and tender,
Such shall be my angel name.

It has thrilled my spirit often,
In the holiest of my dreams,
But its beauty lingers near me,
Only like the morning beams:
Weary of the jarring discord
Which the lips of mortals frame,
When shall I with joy and rapture
Answer to my angel name?

DISASTERS, &c.

Br barque Celeste, Mackey, from London for Boston, put into Halifax Feb 5 in distress.

Steamer Idaho, Patten, from Bath for San Francisco, which arrived at Lodi, 40 miles from Valparaiso, Dec 25, from Rio Janeiro, experienced very heavy weather and contrary winds the entire passage.

Ship Tartar, from Calcutta, ashore at Deal Beach, has had mizzenmast cut away to keep her from swinging broadside to.

Sch W L Burrough, for NOrleans, before reported put back to Bordeaux in distress, was considerably damaged, and had lost sails &c and will undergo repairs. She encountered severe gales in the Bay of Biscay, and narrowly escaped total loss. The first mate was washed overboard and drowned during the storm: he was a native and a subject of Poland. The Captain was obliged to throw overboard a portion of the cargo to lighten the vessel and stay the leak, which had greatly increased.

Brig Almon Rowell, of Portland, which went ashore on Dutch Island several weks since, and was subsequently towed into Newport and taken upon the marine railway, has completed repairs, and is waiting orders to proceed.

Sch Arthur Burton, (of Bath) Frehock, from Savannah for Boston, which put into Newport with loss of sails, &c, has completed repairs, and will proceed the first fair wind.

Br brig Lena, Fox, from Port au Prince Jan 11 for NYork, put into Newport Feb 6 for a harbor, had experienced heavy weather and lost mizzen mast. Was blown across the Gulf Stream three times.

Quills are things that are sometimes taken from the pinions of one goose to spread the opinions of another.

An old bachelor is a traveller on life's railroad who has entirely failed to make the proper connections.

"I'm going to raise your rent," said a landlord to his tenant. "Thank you," replied the tenant, "for I'm blessed if I can raise it myself."

It was an apt answer of a young lady who, being asked where was her native place, replied, "I have none; I am the daughter of a Methodist minister."

Somebody who writes more truthfully than poetically, says: "An angel without money is not thought so much of now-a-days, as a devil with a bag full of guineas."

A lady leaving home, was thus addressed by her little boy: "Mamma, will you remember and buy me a penny whistle, and let it be a religious one, so that I can use it on Sunday."

A crusty old doctor declined to pay his paver's bill, saying "his pavement had been spoiled and then covered up with earth to hide his bad work." "Doctor," was the reply, "mine is not the only bad work they put earth over."

An old miser, who was notorious for self-denial, was one day asked why he was so thin. "I do not know," said the miser; "I have tried various means for getting fatter, but without success." "Have you ever tried victuals?" inquired the friend.



KATIE LEE AND WILLIE GREY

Two brown heads with tossing curls,
Red lips shutting over pearls!
Bare feet white and wet with dew,
Two eyes black and two eyes blue;
Little boy and girl were they,
Katie Lee and Willie Grey.

They were standing where a brook,
Bending like a shephead's crook,
Flashed its sliver, and thick ranks
Of green willow fringed the banks;
Half in thought or half in play,
Katie Lee and Willie Grey.

They had cheeks like cherries red,
He was taller 'most a head;
She, with arms like wreaths of snow,
Swung a basket to and fro
As she loitered, half in play
Chattering to Willie Grey.

"Pretty Katie," Willie said—
And there came a dash of red
Through the brownness of his cheek—
"Boys are strong, and girls are weak,
And I'll carry, so I will,
Katie's basket up the hill."

Katie answered with a laugh,
"You shall carry only half;"
And then tossing back her curls,
"Boys are weak as well as girls;"
Do you think that Katie guessed
Half the wisdom she expressed?

Men are only boys grown tall;
Hearts don't change much after all;
And when long years from that day,
Katie Lee and Willie Grey,
Stood again beside the brook,
Bending like a shepherd's crook,

Is it strange that Willie said—
While again a dashing red
Crossed the brownness of his cheek—
"I am strong and you are weak;
Life is but a slippery steep
Hung with shadows cold and deep.

"Will you trust me, Katie dear—
Walk besides me without fear?
May I carry, if I will,
All your burdens up the hill?"
And she answered with a laugh,
"No, but you may carry half."

Close beside the little brook,
Bending like a shepherd's crook,
Washing with its silver hands
Late and early at the sands,
In a cottage, where to-day
Katie lives with Willie Grey.

In a porch she sits, and lo!
Swings a basket to and fro—
Vastly different from the one
That she swung in years agone;
This is long and deep and wide,
And has rockers by its side!

THE FIDGETY THING.

It's just as you say, neighbor Green,
A treasure indeed is my wife;
Such another for bustle and work
I never have found in my life.
But then she keeps every one else
As busy as birds on the wing;
There is never a moment for rest,
She is such a fidgety thing.

She makes the best bread in the town,
Her pies are a perfect delight,
Her coffee a rich golden brown,
Her crullers and puddings just right.
But then, while I eat them she tells
Of the care and the worry they bring,
Of the martyr-like toils she endures,
O, she's such a fidgety thing!

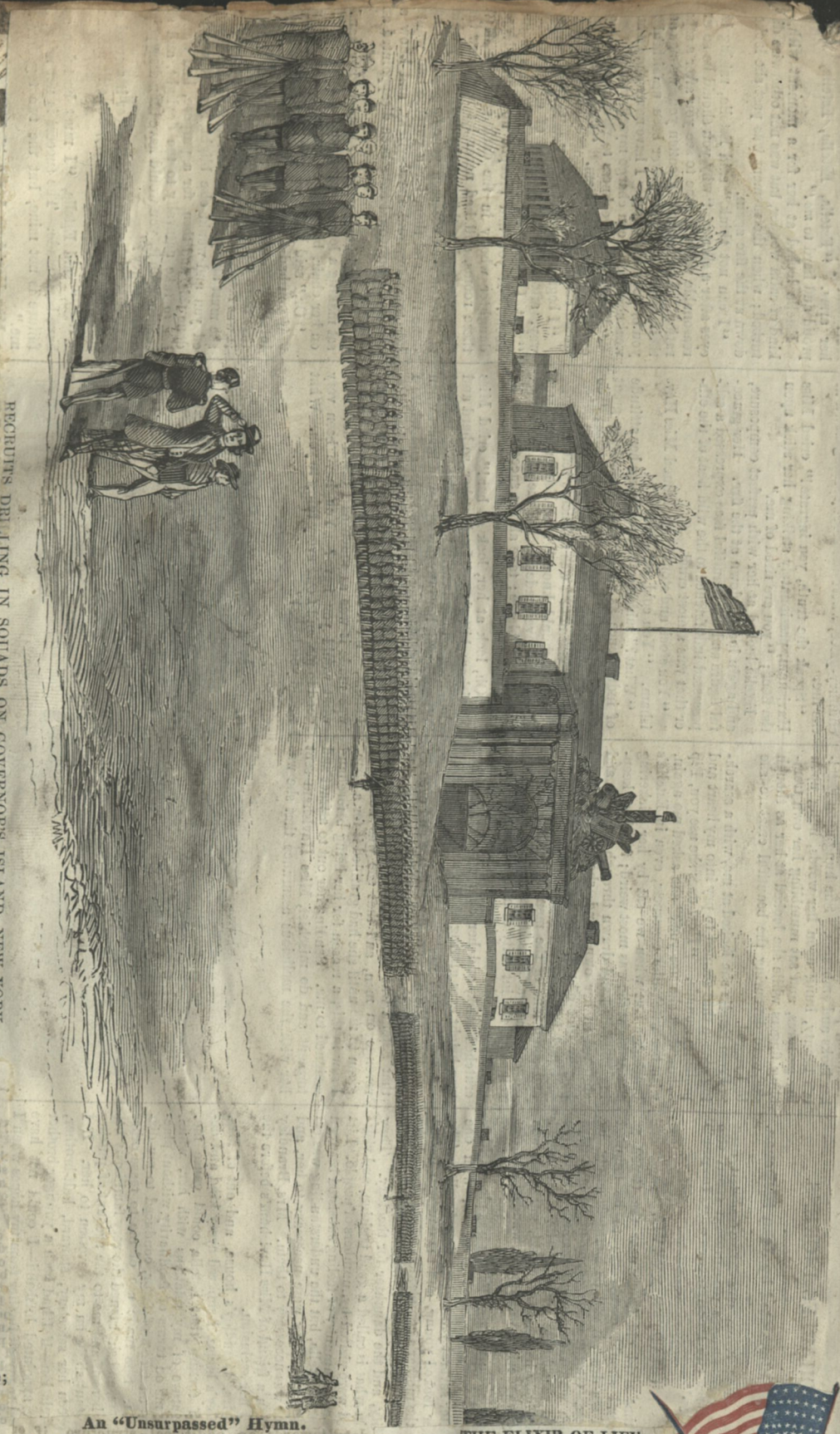
My house is as neat as a pin—
You should see how the door-handles shine;
And all of the soft cushioned chairs
And nicely swept floors are mine.
But then she so frets at the dust,
At a fly, at a straw, or a string,
That I stay out of doors all I can,
She is such a fidgety thing!

She doctors the neighbors; O, yes!
If a child has the measles or croup,
She is there with her saffron and squills,
Her dainty-made gruels and soup.
But then she insists on her right
To physic my blood in the spring,
And she takes the whole charge of my bile,
O, she's such a fidgety thing!

She knits all my stockings herself;
My shirts are bleached white as snow;
My old clothes look better than new.
But then if a morsel of lint
Or dust to my trousers should cling,
I'm sure of one sermon at least,
She is such a fidgety thing.

You have read of a spirit so meek,
So meek that it never opposes,
Its own it dares never to seek,—
Alas! I am meeker than Moses!
But then I am not reconciled
The subordinate music to sing,
I submit to get rid of a row,
She is such a fidgety thing.

It's just as you say, neighbor Green,
A treasure to me has been given;
But sometimes I fain would be glad
To lay up my treasure in Heaven.
But then every life has its cross,
Most pleasures on earth have their sting,
She's a treasure, I know, neighbor Green,
But she's a fidgety thing.



RECRUITS DRILLING IN SQUADS ON GOVERNOR'S ISLAND, NEW YORK

An "Unsurpassed" Hymn.

In the New Englander for August, 1865, Dr. Bacon pronounces the following exqusiite hymn "unsurpassed in the English or any other language," and adds that "perhaps it is as near perfection as any uninspired language can be." It was written by Augustus L. Hillhouse, who died near Paris in March, 1859:

Trembling before thine awful throne,
O Lord! in dust my sins I own;
Justice and mercy for my life
Contend! Oh! smile and heal the strife.

The Savior smiled! upon my soul
New tides of hope tumultuous roll—
His voice proclaims my pardon found,
Seraphic transport wings the sound.

Earth has a joy unknown in heaven—
The new-born peace of sins forgiven!
Tears of such pure and deep delight,
Ye angels! never dimmed your sight.

Ye saw of old on chaos rise
The beauteous pillars of the skies;
Ye know where morn exulting springs,
And evening folds her drooping wings.

Bright heralds of Eternal Will,
Abroad His errands ye fulfill;
Or throned in floods of beamy day,
Symphonious in His presence play.

Loud is the song—the heavenly plain
Is shaken with the choral strain—
And dying echoes, floating far,
Draw music from each chiming star.

But I amid your choirs shall shine,
And all your knowledge shall be mine;
Ye on your harps must lean to hear
A secret chord that mine will bear.

THE ELIXIR OF LIFE.

BY BLANCHE D'ARTOIS.

Give me one draught of the ether of life!
One sip of the wavelet of strength;
My spirit is torn with the bickerings of strife,
And life drags a wearisome length:
I crave but one boon—the elixir of life!
I would drink and rejoice in its strength.

It revives me! I'm living a life in its strength,
While time like a cloud rolls away;
Suffering pain, anguish! we've parted at length,
The future seems on-coming day—
I am musing of youth and rejuvenate strength:
I would thus dream existence away.

Strength to the weary! the battle of life!
I must on! for the fight is renewed;
The hand may not tremble or weary of strife—
My heart is a steed 'neath the goad!
Heaven be praised for the boon—the elixir of life;
It has strengthened my purpose of good.

What though weary? all weary of life and its cares
There is no one to pity me now!
The heart often bends 'neath the burden it bears,
And the traces of grief mar the brow:
O, I weary of life—for the manifold snares
Of the tempter encircle me now!

I have longed—I have prayed, O Elixir of Life!
For a draught of thy deep healing wave;
Behold! thou art mine! the emotions of strife
Now sink 'neath oblivion's wave—
As I drink—to the past: O, Elixir of Life!
To Lethe engulfed in the grave!



Flag of the seas! On land or w
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the



THE PRESIDENT'S ORDER No. 252.

[R. LINCOLN. "Look here, JEFF. DAVIS! if you lay a finger on that boy, to hurt him, I lick this *Ugly Cub of yours* within an inch of his life."

SONG OF IRON

I am mighty in the saber,
Fiercely wielded by the brave;
Glorious in the stalwart steamer,
Laughing at the storm and wave

Beauteous in the palace pillars,
Saving in the pointed rod,
As it brings the deadly lightning
Quelled and harmless to the sod.

But there is a glorious essence,
Where I take my grandest power
Giving to the RACE my surest,
Sweetest aid, in danger's hour.

See! before me fly diseases!
See the darkest hydras bow!
See the rose of health and beauty
Take the palest cheek and brow.

Fly, dyspepsia! fly consumption!
Yes, all ills are crushed at length
For I give what nature
Only ever needed—STRENGTH!

Shall I tell in what great essence
I can thus your spirits cheer up?
Pallid, trembling, dying sufferer,
'Tis the famed "PERUVIAN SYRUP.



THE LATE BRIGADIER-GENERAL GEORGE C. STRONG.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

THE LATE COLONEL ROBERT G. SHAW.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

AN ARCTIC VISION.

Where the short-legged Esquimaux
Waddle in the ice and snow,
And the playful polar bear
Nips the hunter unaware;
Where by day they track the ermine,
And by night another vermin—
Segment of the frigid zone,
Where the temperature alone
Warms on St. Elias's cone;
Polar dock, where Nature slips
From the ways her icy ships;
Land of fox and deer and sable,
Shore end of our western cable—
Let the news that flying goes
Thrill through all your Arctic floes
And reverberate the boast
From the Cliffs of Beechey's coast,
'Till the tidings, circling round
Every bay of Norton Sound,
Throw the vocal tide-wave back
To the isles of Kodiac.
Let the stately polar bears
Waltz around the pole in pairs,
And the walrus in his glee
Bare his tusk of ivory;
While the bold sea unicorn
Calmly takes an extra horn;
All ye polar skies, reveal your
Very rarest of parhelia;
Trip it, all ye Merry Dancers,
In the airiest of lancers;
Slide, ye solemn glaciers, slide,
One inch further to the tide,
Nor in wild precipitation
Upset Tyndall's calculation.
Know you not what fate awaits you,
Or to whom the future mates you?
All ye icebergs make salaam—
You belong to Uncle Sam!

On the spot where Eugene Sue
Led his wretched Wandering Jew,
Stands a form whose features strike
Russ and Esquimaux alike,
He it is whom Skalds of old
In their Runic rhymes foretold;
Lean of flank and lank of jaw,
See the real Northern Thor!
See the awful Yankee leering
Just across the Straits of Behring.
On the drifted snow, too plain,
Sinks his fresh tobacco stain
Just beside the deep inden-
Tation of his Number 10.

Leaning on his icy hammer
Stands the hero of this drama,
And above the wild duck's clamor,
In his own peculiar grammar,
With its lingual disguises,
Lo, the Arctic prologue rises;
"Wa'll, I reckon 'taint so bad,
Seein' ez 'twas all they had;
True the Springs are rather late
And early Falls predominate;
But the ice crop's pretty sure,
And the air is kinder pure;
'Taint so very mean a trade,
When the land is all surveyed.
There's a right smart chance for fur chase
All along this recent purchase,
And unless the stories fail,
Every fish from cod to whale;
Rocks, too; mebbe quartz; let's see—
'Twould be strange if there should be—
Seems I've heard such stories told:
Eh!—why, bless us—yes, it's gold!"

While the blows are falling thick
From his California pick,
You may recognize the Thor
Of the vision that I saw—
Freed from legendary glamour
See the real magician's hammer.

F. H. B

Prayers Not Pleasant to Hear.

I do not like to hear him pray,
With bended knee about an hour,
Or grace to spend aright each day,
Who knows his neighbor has no flour.

I'd rather see him go to mill,
And buy his luckless neighbor bread,
And see his children eat their fill,
And laugh beneath their humble shed.

I do not like to hear him pray,
"Let blessings on the widow be!"—
Who never seeks her home to say,
"If want o'ertakes you, come to me."

I hate the prayer so loud and long,
That's uttered for the orphan's weal
By him who sees them crushed by wrong,
And only with the lips can feel.

I do not like to hear her pray,
With jeweled ears and silken dress,
Whose washer-woman toils all day,
And then is asked to work for less.

Such pious shavers I despise,
With folded hands and air demure,
They lift to heaven their holy eyes,
Then steal the earnings of the poor.

I do not like such soulless prayers;
If wrong, I hope to be forgiven;
No angel-wing them upward bears,
They're lost a million miles from heaven.



HUNTING A BEAR IN VERMONT AND FINDING A PANTHER. On Wednesday afternoon a party of hunters discovered what they supposed to be a bear track, which crossed the road twice within sight of Downer's Hotel in Weathersfield, Vt. They followed it up the side of a steep hill for about forty rods and found it led into a cave through the mouth of which the animal had evidently passed several times. A dog was sent into the cave, harsh growling ensued, and the dog beat a hasty retreat. The hunters concluded to close the mouth of the cave, and pay his supposed bearship another visit on the following morning. Accordingly on Thursday a party numbering one hundred and fifty went to the cave, and having worked a hole through the top of the cave with an iron bar, an ash stake was inserted, which was immediately seized by the animal and a large piece torn out of it. A green crooked stick was then put in the hole which the animal grappled, and was thus drawn to the hole by the hunters, who fired a ball from a revolver into his head. The yelling and screaming which ensued from the enraged animal was indescribable. Again the stick was introduced which was again seized, and the animal brought within reach of another charge. This finished him, for he fell back, gave one awful yell and was heard no more.

On being brought out of the cave the hunters were astonished at finding—not a bear, but a large male panther, seven feet long from tip to tip, thirty-three inches high, and, though rather thin in flesh, weighing 121½ pounds. This was the largest panther ever killed in the State. Thompson, in his account of animal, says the average weight of a full panther is one hundred pounds, and the largest he ever knew killed in the State weighed one hundred and eighteen pounds.—

An old lady being asked to subscribe for a newspaper declined on the ground that when she wanted news she manufactured it.

NO GOD!

"No God! No God!" The simplest flower
That on the wild is found,
Shrinks as it drinks its cup of dew,
And trembles at the sound:
"No God!"—astonished Echo cries
From out her cavern hoar,
And every wandering bird that flies
Reproves the Atheist's lore.

The solemn forest lifts its head,
The Almighty to proclaim,
The brooklet, on its crystal urn,
Doth leap to grave his name.
How swells the deep and vengeful sun,
Along his billowy track,
The red Vesuvius opes his mouth
To hurl the falsehood back.

The palm tree, with its princely crest,
The cocoa's leafy shade,
The bread-fruit bending to its lord,
In yon far island glade;
The winged seeds that, borne by winds,
The roving sparrow feed,
The melon on the desert sands,
Confute the scorner's creed.

"No God!" With indignation high
The fervent Sun is stirred,
And the pale Moon turns paler still,
At such an impious word;
And from their burning thrones, the stars
Look down with angry eye,
That thus a worm of dust should mock
Eternal Majesty.



THE "R. R. CUYLER" SAILING FROM NEW YORK WITH THE SEVENTY-FIRST REGIMENT NEW YORK STATE MILITIA ON BOARD, APRIL 21, 1861.

heir hard hearts. The captain treated em as human beings with a soul to save; they appreciated his kindness, and through the combination of circumstances they were brought as penitents to the foot of that Cross which they had so long turned from. Their mothers' prayers had not been thrown away, but when, to all human appearance, they were lost, God answered them in a most remarkable manner.

Is my reader a *mother*? O let me beseech you to lay up a good store of prayers for your children.

Are you a *father*, or one holding a responsible position! Take heed how you use your talents. Had Capt. P—— been an irreligious man, in all probability these two young men would have been eternally lost.

Are you a *son*? Take heed that you follow not evil, and beware of the drunkard's cup. You may not always have an outstretched arm to save.

Let you be in what position of life you may, take heed that you sin not, that the cup of poison has no charm for you; and that you despise not the day of grace. If you have done so, like the prodigal son, return to your Father, your home, and to your Saviour, who longs to pardon and bless you.

A DIRGE.

"Earth to earth, and dust to dust
Here the evil and the just,
Here the youthful and the old,
Here the fearful and the bold,
Here the matron and the maid,
In one silent bed are laid;
Here the vassal and the king,
Side by side, lie withering:
Here the sword and scepter rust:
"Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"

Age on age shall roll along,
O'er this pale and mighty throng;
Those that wept them, those that weep,
All shall with these sleepers sleep:
Brothers, sisters of the worm,
Summer's sun, or winter's storm,
Song of peace, or battle's roar,
Ne'er shall break their slumbers more;
Death shall keep his sullen trust:
"Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"

But a day is coming fast,
Earth, thy mightiest and thy last!
It shall come in fear and wonder,
Heralded by trump and thunder:
It shall come in strife and toil;
It shall come in blood and spoil;
It shall come in empires' groans,
Burning temples, trampled thrones:
Then, ambition, rue thy lust!
"Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"

Then shall come the judgment sign;
In the east, the King shall shine;
Flashing from heaven's golden gate,
Thousands, thousands round his state;
Spirits with the crown and plume,
Tremble, then, thou solemn tomb;
Heaven shall open on our sight:
Earth be turned to living light,
Kingdom of the ransomed just!
"Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"

IT SNOWS.

"It snows!" cries the School-boy, "Hurrah!" and his shout
Is ringing through parlor and hall,
While swift as the wing of a swallow, he 's out,
And his playmates have answered his call;
It makes the heart leap but to witness their joy,
Proud wealth has no pleasures, I trow,
Like the rapture that throbs in the pulse of the boy,
As he gathers his treasures of snow;
Then lay not the trappings of gold on thine heirs,
While health, and the riches of nature, are theirs.

"It snows!" sighs the Imbecile, "Ah!" and his breath
Comes heavy, as clogged with a weight;
While, from the pale aspect of nature in death,
He turns to the blaze of his grate;
And nearer and nearer, his soft-cushioned chair
Is wheeled toward the life-giving flame;
He dreads a chill puff of the snow-burdened air,
Lest it wither his delicate frame;
Oh! small is the pleasure existence can give,
When the fear we shall die only proves that we live!

"It snows!" cries the Traveler, "Ho!" and the word
Has quickened his steed's lagging pace;
The wind rushes by, but its howl is unheard;
Unfelt the sharp drift in his face;
For bright through the tempest his own home appeared,
Ay, though leagues intervened, he can see:
There 's the clear, glowing hearth, and the table prepared,
And his wife with her babes at her knee;
Blest thought! how it lightens the grief-laden hour,
That those we love dearest are safe from its power!

"It snows!" cries the Belle, "Dear, how lucky!" and turns
From her mirror to watch the flakes fall;
Like the first rose of summer, her dimpled cheek burns,
While musing on sleigh-ride and ball:
There are visions of conquests, of splendor, and mirth,
Floating over each drear winter's day;
But the tintings of Hope, on this storm-beaten earth,
Will melt like the snowflakes away:
Turn, turn thee to Heaven, fair maiden, for bliss;
That world has a pure fount ne'er opened in this.

"It snows!" cries the Widow, "Oh God!" and her sighs
Have stifled the voice of her prayer;
Its burden ye 'll read in her tear-swollen eyes,
On her cheek sunk with fasting and care.
'T is night, and her fatherless ask her for bread;
But "He gives the young ravens their food,"
And she trusts, till her dark hearth adds horror to dread,
And she lays on her last chip of wood.
Poor sufferer! that sorrow thy God only knows;
'T is a most bitter [illegible] to be poor, when it snows!

To My Wife.

The following lines were taken by a friend from the desk of a member of Congress from one of the Western States. They are understood to be his reply to a letter from his wife, asking "Do you ever think of me?" The devotion of a true husband to a true wife is most beautifully described:

When daylight breaks over the craggy east mountain,
And silently strikes on the low cottage door,
And noiselessly lights up the silvery fountain;
When crystal gems sparkle on meadow and moor;
When sweet feathered songsters their morning songs waken;
When the lark from her wings shakes the bright pearly dew;
When the lab'rer his early and humble meal's taking;
When morning first blushes—I then think of you.

When the day-god has risen high up in the heaven;
When nature in splendor shines brightly and gay;
When the rays of the sun to all things have given
The brilliance of noon-tide, the diamond's bright ray;
When the noise of the harvester's sickle is singing;
When the clear-sounding horn calls him homeward in glee;
When the bright summer sun makes the wild birds cease singing;
When the kine seek the shade—then I'm thinking of thee.

When even-tide cometh, and day has less lightness;
When the storm-king is riding supreme on the blast;
When the lightning is flashing in coldness and brightness;
When labor is o'er, and day closes at last;
When the husbandman's weary frame toiling since morning;
When the shadows grow long on the flowery lea;
When the lustre of evening the landscape's adorning;
When stars 'gin to twinkle—I'm thinking of thee.

When the pure vault of Heaven, with gems of great beauty,
The moon for their queen, and space for their home,
Reflects the bright sun—each thus doing duty
In nature's great system, in ether's blue dome—
When night has thus settled, in silence and glory,
On mountain and valley, on land and on sea;
When the whole astral system's repeating its story
Of God's great creation—I'm thinking of thee.

MOLLY WARE.

BY C. E. LATIMER.

There's a lovely maid with sparkling eye,
And heart that laughs at care,
Who every morning passes by;
Her name is Molly Ware.

She's a lovely casket filled with pearls,
And diamonds rich and rare;
O, a precious gem and beautiful,
Is this same Molly Ware.

In all the train of college girls
There's none that can compare
In beauty, wit and gracefulness,
With lovely Molly Ware.

Were I the "Chief of Ulva's Isle,"
My happiness I'd share
With this dear subject of my muse,
This lovely Molly Ware.

O, had I but the confidence
That many men could spare,
I would present my compliments
To lovely Molly Ware.

But this has been withheld from me,
And I can but declare,
In humble verse, my high regard
For lovely Molly Ware.

IN ABSENCE.

BY PHŒBE CARY.

Watch her kindly, stars—
From the sweet protecting skies
Follow her with tender eyes;
Look so lovingly that she
Cannot choose but think of me;
Watch her kindly, stars!

Soothe her sweetly, night—
On her eyes, o'erwearied, press
The tired lids with light caress;
Let that shadowy hand of thine
Ever in her dreams seem mine;
Soothe her sweetly, night!

Wake her gently, morn—
Let the notes of early birds
Seem like love's melodious words:
Every pleasant sound, my dear,
When she stirs from sleep, should hear;
Wake her gently, morn!

Kiss her softly, winds—
Softly, that she may not miss
Any sweet, accustomed bliss;
On her lips, her eyes, her face,
Till I come to take your place;
Kiss and kiss her, winds!

A Story of the War.

That fact is stranger than fiction is exemplified in the following true story of two brothers, twins, which occurred during the memorable siege of Port Hudson. Passing, one day, through the streets of that little town, we noticed two corpses lying upon the gallery of the carpenter's shop, awaiting their turn for the boxes dignified with the title of coffins, to consign them to their last resting place. They were bodies of tall stature, stout and well built, betokening the hardy backwoodsmen of the southwest. Over the face of each was thrown a cloth, through which the blood was oozing, showing that they had received their death wounds through the head. It was no uncommon sight, during the siege, to see death in every form, the body pierced by the single bullet to the one shattered to atoms by the cannon ball or mortar shell. Yet there was something in the appearance of those bodies which riveted our attention and caused the inquiry as to who they were. A rough, grizzly confederate soldier was sitting by their side, whose arm, tied up, showed, that, for the present, he was unfit for active service. The tears were trickling down his cheeks as he gazed mournfully upon the dead before him, while his quivering lip told, better than words, that they had been more to him than simple comrades of the tent and field.

He related their story in a few words:

"They were my sons," said he, "and were twins. One of them joined at the same time I did. We came here with Gen. Beale, and have done our duty to the best of our knowledge, and, I believe, to the satisfaction of our officers.

"This morning, sir, while at the breastworks, one of my boys, in order to get good aim at the sharpshooters outside, thoughtlessly raised himself too high, when a rifle ball pierced his brain, and he fell dead at my feet. His brother, seeing him fall, sprang forward to pick him up, but, in so doing, exposed himself above the line of defences, when he, too, received a ball through the brain, and fell dead upon the still quivering corpse of his brother. As they came into the world, so they went out of it,—together. In removing their bodies from the breastworks, I got this wound, which has shattered my arm. Would that I had died with them, sir, for I have no one to love now upon this earth."

"And their mother, your wife?"

"Died, sir, in giving them birth."

One coffin received the remains of the twins; and, a few days after, while sitting in front of his tent, an exploding shell gave a death-wound to the heart-broken father.

What Kindness Will Do.

About four years ago a British merchantman might have been seen at anchor in one of the bays of Bermuda. The cargo was nearly all stowed away, and preparations were being made to sail for England. But one portion of his cargo had not been spoken of even to the captain. You might have seen a tall gentleman walking down the beach; seating himself in a small boat, he was soon making his way toward the ship. His commanding appearance, combined with his military uniform, soon drew the attention of the ship's crew. Information was given to the captain of the vessel, and with his usual frankness he came and met the officer at the gangway.

"Capt. P——?" said the military gentleman, with a semi-military salute.

"Yes, *sir*," replied the captain.

"Then, Capt. P——, I have the honor to inform you that you must prepare to take two prisoners to England, privates of H. M. —— regiment.

"Two soldiers!" said the captain of the ship, in utter amazement.

"Yes," answered the military gentleman; "and they are the two worst men on the island. They are in chains, and you must keep them so all the voyage."

"Then," said our blunt captain, "I won't take them."

"There's no option. Here are your orders, signed by the Governor," said the military gentleman, handing him an official document.

The captain took it, read it, rubbed his bald forehead, and as he saw that there was no way of escape, he did what most men under similar circumstances would do; made the best of it. "When will they be here?" asked the captain.

"As soon as ever the ship is ready to sail," was the reply.

"Then I start at noon to-morrow."

"They shall be here in time;" and wishing him adieu, he gave the semi-military salute and departed.

The evening shades were beginning to deepen, and by this time the crew had given over work. The captain retired to his cabin. What to do? to resume his writing? No; but to reflect upon the charge imposed upon him. And so he began to ask himself some questions. Why am I chosen to take two of the worst characters in the island to mar the harmony of my ship? Suppose they escape? These, and various other things, floated through his mind; but like a good man as he was, he said to himself, "Here's a responsibility. I must go to my Master, and seek assistance from Him."

If you had been near his cabin door, you might have heard an earnest prayer ascending to the throne of God, pleading for guidance and strength.

The night wore away and morning broke. The golden sun was coursing his heavenly way, and all was gladsome in the bright sunshine. But very soon the scene was changed, and the two men were marched down in irons between their fellow-men, and handed over to the captain of the ship, who put them in a place of safety, and strongly secured the door.

Noon came; the ship sailed away with a promising wind over the bosom of the waters, with her richly-laden cargo of merchandize, but a much more valuable cargo of human souls.

As the day began to wear away some small clouds began to arise, which were soon noticed. Sail was shortened, and every thing prepared for a storm. The wind gradually arose, the rain came down, first in smart showers, then in torrents; very soon the lightning gleamed forth from the heavens, which were black overhead; and the boomings of heaven's artillery sounded far and wide.

The captain might have thought that such a storm was a token of ill-luck on the voyage; but not so. He knew in whom he trusted; and come what would, he felt safe 'neath his Father's protection.

That evening prayers which were wont to be offered up at the close of each day were omitted; but we may be quite sure that many a silent breathing went up to God's presence during the darkness of that night. Towards morning the storm abated, and the next day things were pretty much in their usual way.

The sun is just setting. At a signal from the boatswain the crew (except those who are compelled by duty) assemble. The captain comes on deck, his bare forehead and gray locks kissing the wind as it passes by. Under his arm he has his chart, the Bible. His face is radiant with contentment, and sweet peace is settled on his countenance. He looks around him; he misses some one. Turning to the chief officer, he says,

"Where are the prisoners?"

"Locked up, sir," is the answer given.

"Fetch them here," says the captain. All is dead silence till they appear except the wind and the waves. "Take those chains off."

His order is obeyed. Then, taking hold of one in each hand, he led them on either side of him, and said "Let us pray." All with one consent fell down on their knees, and the captain offered up an earnest prayer to Him whose eyes never fail to perceive, and whose ear is always open to the prayers of those that are His. It was an humble but fervent prayer, asking the God of all mercies to watch over them, to give all new hearts, and that the precious blood of Christ might wash away all stains from their guilty souls.

A short period elapsed, when they arose; but oh, what a change! Each of the crew seemed as though he had felt some comforting assurance from the prayer just offered up. But the poor fellows who had come on board with chains on, and as represented by the official, with hearts as hard as the chain itself, how with them? Why, they arose with tears and sobs.

Yes, that prayer had penetrated those hard hearts, had led them to think of Him whom they had so long slighted, and it aroused up memories of childhood which had long since been forgotten. Yes, they thought of the pryers offered up to the Throne of Grace by their own mothers when they were boys, free from the trammels of sin, when it was their delight to listen to the words of love, as they fell from their mothers' lips. Alas! they had erred from the truth, had grown in sin, until as the military gentleman had said, "they, were the two worst men on the island."

The captain noticed their tears, and heard their sobs, but he proceeded without saying a word to them. They read the fifteenth chapter of St. Luke, verse about. One of the prisoners had to read the 18th verse. He began, "I will arise and go to my Father, and will say unto Him, Father, I have"—but he could go no further. Sob after sob followed, and bending his head down in his hands, he gave himself up to his emotions.

His companion was as much troubled as himself, and in that little company there was scarce a dry eye among them. After a few moments, the captain finished the remainder of the chapter himself, and with a few well-timed remarks, spoke of the joy of the angels in heaven, and of God himself, over the returning penitent, assuring them that their Heavenly Father always has compassion on even the most vile; and he exhorted all who had wandered away from their Father, to return at once, and receive pardon through Jesus Christ.

The crew were dismissed, but the prisoners were taken into the captain's cabin, where he kindly inquired into their state, and eventually concluded his most fatherly advice to them, by telling them that so long as they behaved themselves on board his ship, they would be free from the irons. He liberated them on parole of *honor*, a thing which it might be very much doubted if they had in their possession when on shore, but which the captain was going to put to the test.

"Day after day followed, with the usual events of a voyage, but at the close of each day the Bible was brought forth, and the united prayer made for grace to help them over the ocean of life; each day found "the worst characters on the island" more and more advancing in the straight path, which leadeth to eternal life. At last the voyage came to an end, and the ship was lying quietly in the Thames. The captain proceeded to finish his mission by handing his prisoners up to the proper authorities. He accordingly hired a cab to convey them in, and after a short drive, they arrived at their destination. He alighted, and, rang a bell, which was answered by a turnkey looking as stern as only a turnkey can look. The captain said, "I have brought you two prisoners."

"Wrong door—round the corner, second door to the left."

"Thank ye;" and bang went the ponderous door. He went to the place as directed, leaving the cab and prisoners. Ringing another bell, he told another official that he had brought two prisoners, at the same time handing him the document. It was scrutinized from top to bottom. "Ah! and where are the prisoners?" he inquired.

"Outside in a cab," was the answer.

"Guarded, of course?"

"Not at all," said the captain.

"You will have them escape," suggested the official.

"No, they will not," was the rejoinder.

"Well, bring them in."

So, at the conclusion of this little dialogue, Capt. P—— went round to the cab, and said to the prisoners, "How was it you did not make your escape while I have been away?"

One of them made answer, "If we had done such a thing you would have been punished for leaving us without irons."

And the other said, "How could we do so, when you have been so kind to us? We have done wrong, we will now go to prison and suffer punishment, and I trust when we come out again we shall make a new and good start in life."

"Amen," said the captain, "I believe you will."

He took them in, and they were formally received, and then he asked that he might be shown the cells in which they were going to be confined. His wish was complied with. After shaking hands with them and speaking a few words of encouragement to them, they parted. When the keeper and himself had left the cells he said, "Now I want you to promise me that you will be kind to those lads, for my sake; encourage them in their good intentions, and I am sure you will be repaid for your kindness." The promise was given; and the captain then gave an account of their conduct on the voyage. Before he had finished the recital, the good keeper's heart was warmed towards the captain's protegees; and there is every reason to believe that the warmth was felt by themselves. With an anxious heart for their welfare, Capt. P—— left them, not to themselves, but commended them again and again to their Heavenly Father for His protection.

Now, let us see what made these men "the two worst men on the island." Where they were stationed, rum was to be had very cheap; accordingly they gave way to the use of it, until the habit had become so firmly fixed that they could not break it off; it led them into all sorts of excesses, and at one of these times, when mad with the rum they had drunk, they committed an assault on one of their comrades, who was trying to wean them from their debauchery, and inflicted such blows upon him that for some time after his life was despaired of.

They were sent on board, where they got no liquor, for the captain was a total abstainer of twenty-five years' standing. While under their compulsory abstinence it pleased God to bring them under the power of that grace which, we have seen, was able to penetrate

---

A man asked a servant, "Is your master at home?" "No; he's out." "Well, I'll just step in, and take a warm at the fire till he comes." "Missis," said a little red-haired girl, with pug nose and bare feet, "mother says you will oblige her by leading her a stick of firewood, filling this cruet with vinegar, putting

e you, and shall have the old share of ver. And I fear she is not always kind to you."

"Has Lydia told you so?" asked Albert.

"Lydia," uttered Mr. Gorham, in surprise. "She told me?" Ah, you do not know her if you think so. No, no; she has only told me what a good and faithful wife Abby was. But I see as my presence grows more common, the restraint wears off, and Abby begins to show the face she keeps for home. I speak this to you, Albert, because I would not lie to you. But—but—I will see you again. I'll see Abby again!"

Abby listened to him no longer. With a wildly tearing, bursting heart she hastened to her room, and threw herself upon a bed, and there she lay a long time. When her husband came up she was sick, and when he asked her what he could do for her, she said she would be left to herself. In a moment he mistrusted that she had heard a part of her father's conversation, and left her.

One day little Nellie looked pale and sick, and cried a great deal with pain. It was the youngest—the baby. Abby was fractious, but she did not speak as harshly as usual. She had tried to reform since her father left a week before, but she allowed a spirit of anger to come into her soul on account of the course he had pursued, so her trial did not amount to much. When Albert came home the child was worse, and by this time it had become so sick that the mother was sorry she had been so harsh through the day.

Mr. Leeman went for the doctor, and when he came he said Nellie had the scarlet fever. All night the little one suffered much, and its cheeks seemed on fire. On the next day she grew sicker and weaker; then Abby feared she might die. Oh! what a thought!

Sabbath night came, and little Nellie had grown very white and thin; during the whole day she had been very calm and quiet. Could she be dying? "Oh, God, spare my child!" the frantic mother prayed upon her knees.

The clock struck nine, when Nellie raised her eyes, and they looked very strange.

"Mamma—good mamma," she whispered, "Kiss little Nellie."

The mother pressed her lips upon her child's brow, and kissed her fervently.

"Mamma—you love little Nellie; and you love George and Mary."

The mother could not speak. Just then Albert entered the room.

"Papa—papa—one kiss for little Nellie; and you love little Nellie always. Love George and Mary, and love mamma."

When Abby Leeman next looked upon her child the spirit had fled. The little sufferer was free from all earthly pain. One moment the mother gazed upon the broken casket, and then she sank down upon her knees as though her heart would break. Her husband knelt by her side; he placed both his arms about her neck, and with one deep burst of passionate grief, she pillowed her head upon his bosom.

On the morning Lydia came and took care of the body of little Nellie. She dressed it sweetly, combed its golden hair back, and when she placed it in the coffin she spread new and fragrant flowers all around it. She had done all this when Abby entered.

The sisters were alone by the dead child. The bereaved mother gazed awhile upon the face of the little sleeper, and then she turned to her sister. Lydia opened her arms and the next moment the estranged ones were in each other's embrace. It was a long, long while ere either could speak. They could only weep and sob, and cling more closely, heart to heart.

We will not tell the thoughts which dwelt in Abby Leeman's mind upon this occasion; nor will we tell of the long hours she spent upon her knees in prayer while others of the household slept.

"*Love George and Mary. Love little Nellie always. Love mamma!*" Oh! how those words rang in that mother's soul. And how other words came back upon her—the harsh, unkind words that had been spoken to the cherub that was gone! But she found a balm in the solemn resolution she took to herself never to be unkind again.

And the resolution was solemnly kept. Albert and Abby mourned for the departed one, but they felt, too, that the gentle spirit of the heaven-born child was dwelling still with them, making a paradise of their home, and leading them on in joy and peace.

Ere long the old man came to live awhile with his oldest daughter, and from that time he divided his months equally between them, and he could no more feel that one home was pleasanter than the other; but were alike joyous, peaceful and happy. When he now looked upon Abby's smiling face, he knew that she had no other face for domestic use. The beaming, genial countenance that welcomed the visitor to her dwelling was never laid aside. Its sunshine was for her husband and children, and the cloudy brow was put away forever.

A scrub-headed boy having been brought up before the court as witness, the following colloquy ensued:

"Where do you live when at home?" said the Judge.

"Live with mother."

"Where does she live?"

"She lives with father."

"Where does he live?"

"He lives with the old folks."

"Where do they live?" says the Judge, getting very red, as an audible snicker goes round the room.

"They live't home."

"Where in thunder's their home?" roars the Judge.

"That's where I'm from," says the boy, sticking his tongue in a corner of his cheek, and slowly closing one eye on the Judge.

"Here, Mr. Constable," says the Court, "take the witness out and tell him to travel; he evidently does not understand the nature of an oath."

"You'd think different," says the boy, going toward the doorway, "if I was once to give you a cussin'!"



CAPTAIN JOHN RODGERS, OF THE "WEEHAWKEN."—[See Page 613.]



GENERAL QUINCY A. GILMORE.—Photographed by Haas.—[See next Page]

The Two Faces;

One for Home, the Other for Company.

A CAPITAL STORY.

Of course we never mean to be personal, but yet we know that the following Life Lesson must find application somewhere, else it would never have been written. Or, like the preparation of the universal physician, it may be laid up for use in case of disease, or even a preventive.

Mrs. Abby Leeman was thirty years old and had been married just ten years. She had a good husband, and three good children. She was naturally a kind, excellent woman, and endeavored to do right; she had one fault; and small as it seemed to her, it occasioned much unhappiness in the family circle. She was not always pleasant, though for the life of her she could not tell what had occurred to ruffle her feelings. She had everything about her calculated to beget joy, and every reasonable wish was answered. But after all, she often wore a sour face, and her tongue would run in strains far from sweet and accordant.

"What is the matter, Abby?" her husband asked, as he returned one evening from the store and found his wife with a sour face on.

"Nothing," was the answer, given rather moodily.

"But something must be the matter. You never look so when you are happy."

"How can I help looks? Can't I look as I feel without disturbing you?"

"Pshaw! Abby; don't talk so," said the husband, at the same time placing his arm about her neck and kissing her. "Now tell me what has happened."

"Nothing has happened more than usual," uttered the wife still unpleasantly. "Who wouldn't be sober, I'd like to know, stuck up here from morning until night; with squalling young ones to look out for all the time."

"Squalling *young ones*?" repeated Albert Leeman, while an expression of pain passed over his face.

"There! look at that!" cried the wife, pointing to where the youngest child, a girl of four years, was just climbing upon the tea-table after the sugar-bowl. "Get out of that, you little brat!—there, take that! Now let me catch you up there again, and I'll give you such a licking as you won't want!"

The poor child tried in vain to hush its sobbings, and instantly crept to its father's side. He placed his arm about the little one and raised it to his knee, and in a moment more its reddened, inflamed cheek, where the mother's blow had fallen, was pillowed upon its father's bosom.

"Oh, yes," said the wife, "now you'll pet the brat. I'd like to have you take charge of 'em all day; we'd see how much patience you'd have."

"I would at least remember she was my child," said he, somewhat reproachfully, "and also bear in mind the simple fact that the young disposition may gain all his impulses from the example it receives at the hands of its guardian."

"O yes, that's it. Of course, I am always wrong." And then Abby Leeman put her apron to her eyes and began to cry.

Of course the husband could say no more. He had often, very often, suffered all this before, and he had tried to make his wife see how much real unhappiness she was making for herself; but she would not listen; or, if she did the impression was not lasting. In fact she had no patience with her children, and the single ruffle of a moment was sure to make unhappiness for her. She loved her husband fondly; and her children she loved, too. She was proud of them, and for their comfort she would sacrifice any amount of personal convenience. Many and many an hour of blissful joy did she pass with her husband when the sky was clear; but a cloud was sure to bring a storm. For years not a day had passed that had not seen some unpleasant passage between herself and children, and she would not understand that her very mode of treatment—the disposition she manifested and the language she used—was surely warping the minds of her little ones. In pain and anguish, her husband had tried to show her this, but she would not listen; and when she was calm and reasonable, Albert could not find it in his heart to destroy the peace by such allusions.

On the present occasion supper was eaten almost in silence. The husband was pained and the wife angry. The child once cried for a lump of sugar, and the mother jerked a piece on her plate, with the words:

"There, take that! you want everything you set your eyes on."

The little one ate the sugar in silence, while the mother felt more dismal still for this new outburst. And thus matters went on for an hour, at the end of which time the door-bell rang, and some company was introduced. It was a neighbor and his wife. In a moment the whole expression of Abby's face was changed. Smiles took the place of frowns, and her words were as sweet as could be; and during the whole evening she was as happy and as gay as though frowns had never rested upon her brow.

"Abby," said her husband, after the visitors had gone, "since we have been married have I not done all in my power to make you happy? Have you ever expressed an earnest, heart-felt wish that I have not gratified?"

"I don't know," replied the wife, rather reluctantly.

"Yes, you do know," replied Albert; "and what I wish to know is this: Why you could not strive as much to make me happy as you will those who are not dependent on you for happiness. When I came home this evening, worn and fatigued with the labors of the day, why could you not have met me with a smile and cheerful welcome?"

"Because I didn't feel like smiling!" was the answer.

"But you smiled the moment Mr. Bixee and his wife came; and that, too, when your feelings were anything but pleasant a moment before. Can you do for their comfort what you are not willing to do for mine?"

"I do the best I can," sobbed Mrs. Leeman, beginning to cry. "I wish you had found a wife who could have suited you better than I do. I never can suit you—never!"

Abby was in tears, and her husband could say no more. He could only wish she could understand him. Oh! how often when she was good and kind, did he wish she would always be so; and again, when she was making company so happy, how fervently did he pray that she would always do the same for him.

She was a neat, tidy, industrious woman, and only her own family knew of this dark trait in her character.

In the same town with Abby lived her only sister, who had married a young man by the name of Charles Frye. Charles was some eight-and-twenty, and Lydia, his wife, Abby's sister, three years younger. This young man was a carpenter by trade; strong, healthy, generous, and of superior intellect and intelligence. His business was good, and though he wore a paper cap and apron ten or twelve hours a day, yet he was laying up money. Lydia Frye was unlike her sister in one respect. That sweet smile which visitors found upon her face never faded in her husband's presence, and the words which the stranger heard her speak to her child were never more harsh in the presence of her little one. She loved her husband and she loved her child; and never did she knowingly speak a word that could bring a cloud upon a member of her household.

And between these two sisters there was an estrangement. Several times Lydia had expostulated with Abby on her fractious treatment of her children, and once she had even gone so far as to put her arm about her sister's child to protect it from the mother's rage; and it unfortunately happened that on that very evening, Mr. Leeman asked his wife why she could not be as kind and mild always as her sister was. Then, added to this, Abby shortly afterwards learned, through a meddlesome neighbor, that her sister had given her husband, Albert, some advice as to how he might best punish his fractious wife. This capped the climax in Abby's mind, and from that time there was no intercourse between the sisters.

One day Albert came home with the pleasing intelligence for his wife that her father would be there the next morning; and that he intended to settle down with him and find a home. Abby was in ecstacies. She loved her father, for he was a good man, and had ever been kind to his children. And he was wealthy, too.

On the following day Moses Gorham came. He was an old man now, past sixty, with white hair, and mild, benevolent look; and Abby was very happy. Her father told her that he had finished his travels, and meant to settle down with one of his children for the remainder of his days.

"Oh, of course you'll come and stay with us," Abby said. "We've got the most room and are best able to keep you."

"Ah, my child," returned the old man with a smile, "I am better able to keep myself. But I can tell you better about that after I have been here a spell."

At the end of a week, Mr. Gorham informed Abby and her husband that he had that day deposited in the bank twenty thousand dollars in their name, and that they might draw it as they pleased. He thus wished them to enjoy a part, at least, of their partrimony while he lived. Of course the reader can imagine how this announcement was received. But the old man did not stop long to hear their thanks, for he had the same errand to deliver to Lydia and her husband.

He found Charles Frye and his wife both occupying one chair when he entered—Lydia sitting in Charles's lap, and the child in her's.

He told them what he had done, and it was some time ere one of them could speak. But Charles was the first to break the silence.

"Mr. Gorham," he said, in a low, tremulous voice, "I accept your generous offer, and the more readily, too, because I know that it comes from the hands of love. But, sir, I could not have asked—I could not have expected it—on the ground that I am your son-in-law. No, no, for in this noble woman you have given me a treasure such as few men possess. Oh! you cannot know what a heaven on earth my home is while—while—my wife—"

But Charles had undertaken a work he could not perform. The words stuck in his throat, and the speech ended in a flood of tears. His gentle wife sank upon his bosom, and the old man went to the window and pretended to be looking at something in the street, notwithstanding it was very dark out there, and he had his handkerchief before his eyes all the while.

Another year passed away, and during most of the time the old man remained with Abby. After this time he began to see the cloudy disposition manifest itself. He was pained and shocked. He spoke with her, but she pretended she could not help it. Another week passed on, and during that time Mr. Gorham spoke with his child touching her fault; but still she did not amend.

Saturday evening came, and Abby Leeman was in her chamber. Her oldest child, a girl, came up and told her that grandpapa was going away—that he had got his trunk at the door. Abby could not believe it. She started for the setting room at once.

"No, no, Albert," she heard the old man say, "I cannot remain here; I had intended to make my home with Abby, for she is my oldest, living, but I cannot bear it. Nearly every day my heart is made to ache with the harsh unkind words I hear spoken to our little ones. Oh! such good, sweet children! and I love them so! But Abby will not even listen to me. Once I might have borne it, but now, when my heart is lonely and sad from recent bereavement, I cannot bear it. I will come

half a dozen other soldiers, he was standing at the doorway of the jail as Joseph came out with the attendant. A look of grim satisfaction was on his face when he caught sight of the chattel; but it changed to an expression of serious concern as he noticed that neither his hands nor his feet were manacled. Turning to the soldiers, he said:

"Here, give me a piece of rope. I'm sure the general don't know you haven't tied the boy."

The general was in high favor with the slave owner, and deservedly so. He had not only poured out loyal gold by the bushel in payment for rebel crops,—which gold was at once converted into the sinews of rebel war,—but had also allowed every kidnapper in Virginia free access to his camp in pursuit of runaways; and thus afforded Johnston full information of the strength and probable movements of his army. History will be at no loss for the reason why Patterson, with "twenty thousand men, marched up a hill, and then marched down again."

The lieutenant gave no heed to the planter's request; but one of the men threw him a piece of tent-rope, with which he attempted to tie Joseph's ankles together. But, strange as it may seem, the ankles objected to being tied! Only one of them could possibly be made to submit to the operation; and, after tugging away at the other until he was out of breath and red in the face, the planter turned to the officer, and said,—a sickly smile playing round the corners of his sunken mouth,—"I say leftenant, just let one of your men lend me a hand to tie the boy's legs. He's durned light-footed."

The officer was a Boston boy, and this was work he was not accustomed to. With great effort he had smothered his wrath until then; but then it burst forth like a clap of thunder. "Begone, you infernal ruffian!" he cried. "Take your property, and begone! If one of my men touches your rope, I'll give him what will make him hate rope as long as he lives! Begone, I say! Take your property, and begone!"

The planter had heard thunder before; but never any thunder that foretold such a storm as then was brewing. Hastily turning to Joseph, he said, in a whining pleading tone: "Joseph—won't you—won't you—get into the wagon!"

Joseph could gain nothing by a refusal. He could not possibly escape in the midst of the camp, surrounded as he was by thousands bound to obey the orders of the general; so, releasing his ankle from the rope, he stepped nimbly into the wagon, and bade good by to the soldiers. His master took a seat beside him, and applying the whip to the horse, drove rapidly away.

He drove down the broad street which runs through the centre of the town; but what was Joseph's consternation when, reaching the outskirts, he turned into a road leading directly away from the plantation. By a flash of thought the slave lad took in "the situation." He was not going "home." He could not be liberated by the captain. His master had already sold him, and was driving away for "delivery." These thoughts flashed upon him, and his plan was formed in an instant. It involved an old man's life; but he would be free, if the lives of forty old men had to be sacrificed.

"Massa," he said, coolly, "you'se tuck de wrong road."

"I know which road I've taken, boy," said the master; "we've not far to go." And he put the whip to the horse, and urged him on even more rapidly.

An ordinary meal-bag lay in the bottom of the wagon. What was in it Joseph did not know; but it evidently contained something which his master would not care to leave behind. When the planter's face was turned a trifle, Joseph touched the bag with his foot, and tossed it into the road, exclaiming "Golly, massa, who'd a tort sich a leetle kick as dat would send de bag ober. But you needn't neber mind, I'll jess get out and hab it in a jiffin."

The master looked at him for a moment, and then said: "No, I reckon not. I reckon, if you get out, you'll take to your legs. I'll get the bag myself."

Joseph's heart beat faster; a cold shudder passed over him; for by this ruse he had hoped to save his master's life, and now he saw him rushing blindly on his fate! The planter got out of the wagon, and with the reins backed the horse to where the bag lay in the highway. Then he threw it into the wagon, and was preparing to get in himself, when a happy thought struck Joseph,—a thought which no doubt saved the planter's life. The reins were in the planter's hand, and his hand was on the side of the wagon, when, quickly drawing his knife, Joseph severed them at a blow, and, springing up, applied the whip to the horse's back. The frightened animal bounded away, leaving the astonished planter standing in the middle of the road. His shouts and curses came down the wind, but they only struck fire from the horse's heels, and widened the distance between him and his property. On they went, over the stones, through the mud and mire, till the poor animal could go no further. Then Joseph halted, tied him to a tree by the roadside, and opened the meal-bag. In it were a pair of handcuffs, and a flask of whiskey.

"Dese yere is contraband ob war," said Joseph to himself; "but I'll jess be fa'r, and divide wid massa. I'll lebe him de bag and de han' cuffs; and tuck de 'volver and de whiskey. If I don't, what wid his wrof, and de whiskey, he'll kill hisself wid de 'volver, jess to releab his feelin's."

But he must have uttered this soliloquy as he walked forward; for he lost no time in plunging into the woods, and making his way into Pennsylvania. It was two days before he reached a place of safety; and, meanwhile, he lived upon the whiskey. For nearly three years after these events he remained at home, working for the good Quaker, and happy with Deborah in the little room in the fourth story. Then he went to the war again.—*Edmund*

An Obedient Private.

During the war, a good story used to be told of a private in one of the Massachusetts regiments, (the fourteenth, I think.) It seems that his captain was noted for his love of good things, and one day told the high private to go for some oysters; also giving him, in his usual jocose way, the command—

"Don't come back without them."

Off went the man, and no more was seen of him for several days; and the indignant and disappointed captain reported him a deserter, and gave him up as a "lost child." But, lo! after the lapse of nine days the captain beheld his reported deserter, Baily, coming into camp, leading in a train of four wagons loaded with oysters. Approaching and respectfully saluting the amazed captain, Baily reported,—

"Here are your oysters, captain; couldn't find any at Alexandria; so I chartered a schooner, and made a voyage to Fortress Monroe and Norfolk for them. There's about two hundred bushels; where do you want them?"

Baily, it seems, did really make the trip, hired his men, and sold oysters enough in Georgetown, before "reporting," to pay all expenses, and leave him a profit of a hundred and fifty dollars.

The two hundred bushels were divided among the regiment, and Baily returned to his duty as if nothing had transpired.

ASHAMED.—A little girl of three years, who had disobeyed her parents, was ordered to go and sit on the cellar stairs for punishment. The little thing obeyed, and after she had been seated there for some time, her father opened the door and asked her if she was not ashamed? The little girl replied, "Yes." "What are you ashamed of?" asked her father. She replied, "I am ashamed of my pa." The kind-hearted father appreciated the answer and released her from her imprisonment.

"Only Remembered by What I Have Done."

Up and away, like the dew of the morning
Soaring from earth to its home in the sun,
So let me steal away, gently and lovingly,
Only remembered by what I have done.

My name, and my place, and my tomb all forgotten—
The brief race of time well and patiently run,
So let me pass away, peacefully, silently,
Only remembered by what I have done.

Up and away like the odors of sunset
That sweeten the twilight as darkness comes on,
So be my life—a thing felt but not noticed,
And I but remembered by what I have done.

Yes, like the fragrance that wanders in freshness,
When the flowers that it came from are closed up and gone;
So would I be to this world's weary dwellers,
Only remembered by what I have done.

Needs there the praise of the love written record,
The name and the epitaph graved on the stone?
The things we have lived for—let *them* be our story—
We ourselves but remembered by what we have done.

I need not be missed if my life has been bearing—
As its summer and autumn moved silently on—
The bloom, and the fruit, and the seed of its season;
I shall still be remembered by what I have done.

I need not be missed, if another succeeds me
To reap down those fields which in spring I have sown—
He who plowed and who sowed is not missed by the reaper;
He is only remembered by what he has done.

Not myself—but the truth that in life I have spoken,
Not myself—but the seed that in life I have sown—
Shall pass on to ages—all about me forgotten,
Save the truth I have spoken, the things I have done.

So let my living be, so be my dying:
So let my name lie, unblazoned, unknown;
Unpraised and unmissed, I shall still be remembered—
Yes—but remembered by what I have done.

The Boys in Blue.

BY LIZZIE BURGESS.

It seems but to-day that the cannon's loud rattle
Resounded throughout our dominions afar;
And fond ones that we prized marched away to the battle,
One and all seemed enrolled in the mantle of war.
How daily we scanned the long list of the wounded
And killed, dreading lest the fond name that we knew,
Should be found gathered there, in the columns before us,
Of soldier-boy heroes, our brave boys in blue.

From the North to the East, at the sound of the bugle,
Came hastening forth the old banner to save,
Manly forms from the field, from the workshop, the anvil,
In the garb of the soldier, with hearts true and brave.
Even here, on our sea-beaten Isle, did they gather
To assist in the cause that was loyal and true;
To uphold the loved flag that must float on forever,
Sustained by our soldiers, our brave boys in blue.

No longer the war-cry resounds thro' our Union,
From North and from East, where the roll of the drum
Called the dear boy to battle, some lone heart is sighing,
Awaiting the footsteps that never shall come.
There is one vacant chair, as we gather at even,
We miss the loved form that has passed from our view,
And we cherish the thought that our Willie's in Heaven,
Our soldier-boy martyr who left us in blue.

Thus the garb of the soldier will ever be honored
Throughout our broad land where our flag proudly waves,
And the loved ones who died to sustain the old standard,
But rest with the heroes in time-honored graves;
Still the past seems recalled when the uniform glistens
On those still upholding the right and the true,
And the ones who are crowned with the victor's own laurels,
Seem to smile on our soldiers, our brave boys in blue.

[SEE PAGE 8.]

TWICE FREE.

In this right loyal book is a story of an escaped slave named Joseph, who was living in Philadelphia when the war broke out, and though prevented by his color from enlisting as a soldier, managed to get to the front as servant of a captain in the 9th New York. The progress of the war brought him again to the neighborhood of his old master, who was not above turning a penny by selling indigestible trash to the Yankee soldiers:

The planter got out the old market-wagon, filled it with stale hams, unripe fruit, and pastry heavy enough to sit hard on even his conscience; and then, with old David as driver, set out for Charlestown. Entering the village not far from sunset, he directed his steps at once to the spot where the largest number of people were gathered. This happened to be a street corner, where a Union soldier, mounted on a barrel, was holding forth to a motley collection of whites and negroes on the inestimable blessings of freedom,—how it was a good thing for the white man, and would not do any sort of harm to the black one. At the close of one of his finest periods, the wagon came to a halt, and old David sung out:

"Dat am all so, gemmen and ladies; but yere am yer fine fresh pies, yer nice, juicy ham, and boilin' hot coffee. So walk up, gemmen and l-a-d-i-e-s. Only s-e-v-e-n-t-y f-i-v-e cents for a slice ob ham, a cup ob coffee, and a piece ob pie what wasn't made o' shoe-leather."

The orator was at the beginning of another glowing sentence; but he turned abruptly on the old negro, and called out:

"Shut up, you old fool; take your apple-cart somewhere else."

And dat'm de sort ob freedom you's come down yere to talk 'bout?" responded old David, grinning very widely. "I reckons I haint lib'd yere for sebenty years, widout findin' out dat dat haint no freedom ter preach in dese diggins."

"Go it, old man!" "Give it to him, Yankee!" "Hustle him out!" and a score of similar exclamations arose from the crowd, which now swarmed round the wagon, like an army of flies round a molasses hogshead, threatening to devour its sweets without paying the revenue officer. The keen eye of the old darky saw the danger; and, mounting upon the top of the pile, he laid about with his whip in a way that kept both friends and enemies at a distance. At last his lash, unluckily, came in contact with a soldier's profile. This was more than the freedman could bear, and, with a blow on the old man's breast, he sent him sprawling into the middle of the street.

The planter, meanwhile, had slunk away into the crowd, leaving his load of eatables and his faithful old servant to their fate; and there is no telling what that fate might have been, had not a new actor appeared on the scene. It was Joseph. Seizing the soldier by the collar, and tossing him over the wheels of the wagon as if he had been a bag of feathers, he planted himself above the prostrate old man, and cried out to the now half-riotous crowd:

"Come on! you cowards, dat takle a ole man loike dis. Come on! and I'll guv you a lesson in freedom dat's wuth larnin'."

No one seeming disposed to come on, the old darkey, rising to his feet, added his invitation:

"Yas, come on!" he cried. "One Suddern man can whip five Yankees, and two can whip twenty. We am Suddern men, so you come on!"

This ridiculous challenge restored the good nature of the assemblage; and, after old David had sufficiently hugged his unexpected deliverer, they "come on," and emptied the master's wagon, leaving in the hands of Joseph, who acted as sub-treasurer and money-changer, a larger number of current coin than could then be found in the vault of any bank in the "Old Dominion."

In this altered condition of affairs, the planter emerged from the mass of people, and came towards Joseph, with a face as smiling as an April day after a shower.

"Ah! Joseph!" he said, "I am glad to see you back,—glad to see you serving your old master!"

Joseph drew himself up with all the dignity of an exalted functionary receiving some cringing supplicant for office, and answered:

"And who am you, sah?"

"Why, I'm your old master!" replied the planter, with a look of blank amazement.

"My massa, sah!" exclaimed "the property," "I hain't no massa 'cept Uncle Sam, as you kin see by my clo'es—and you! Now I 'member you, you's one ob dem ole secesh what hung John Brown, and we's come out yere ter hang you—'spressly ter do dat, sah!"

The planter was now half petrified with astonishment; but he faltered out in a conciliatory tone:

"Old friends shouldn't quarrel, Joseph. I make no claim to you. You have earned your freedom."

At this the dignity of the "chattel" suddenly forsook him, and bending forward he whispered in the ear of his master:

"Make out de free papers, den,—make o'm out ter night; and den you'll sabe you' neck, and get you' money," and he coolly placed the bag of specie in the breast of his coat.

The planter watched the vanishing bag as the British bondholders may be supposed to have watched the falling confederate loan,—going down inch by inch, till it sunk at last with a sudden plunge, fully out of sight; but he coolly said:

"Well, I will. Come to the plantation to-night, at nine o'clock, and the papers shall be ready."

"No, sah," said Joseph, "you don't cotch ole birds wid salt! You come ter me,—ter de camp ob de Ninsth New York,—dat's de rigimen' I b'longs ter!"

"Well, I will," answered his master. "At nine o'clock—you'll be there!"

"I'll be dar!" answered the colored gentleman, walking away with the dignified strut of a New York alderman, who has just thrust his hand into the "public crib," and—is proud of the achievement.

In much the same mood, he was, about nine o'clock that night, pacing the grass in front of his captain's tent, when his master and another gentleman approached him. The latter wore a blue uniform, and Joseph saw, at a glance, was the provost marshal of the army. What could the officer be doing with his master? But Joseph was not long in doubt about his errand.

"That is the boy!" said the planter, pointing to his property, without giving it even a look of recognition.

"Come with me, boy," said the marshal, laying his hand on Joseph's shoulder.

"Scuse me, sah," answered Joseph, with considerable of his recent dignity—for so much could not be expected to evaporate in a moment, "I'se engaged wid de cap'n."

"Never mind the captain; come with me," said the officer.

"I t'anks you, sah! I'd rudder not," answered Joseph, stepping back to the door of the tent.

The captain, who had listened to this conversation from the inside of the tent, now came out, and said to the marshal:

"Major, what does this mean? What do you want with Joseph?"

"He is claimed by this gentleman as his slave," said the officer; "and the general's orders are to harbor no runaways."

"But Joseph is not a runaway. I got him in Philadelphia. What evidence have you that he ever belonged to this man?"

"Heaps of evidence," cried the planter, in an excited tone. "My word, sir! I tell you he is my property, and he has stolen a bag of my money. He has it now about him."

"You lie, you old debble!" shouted Joseph, drawing out the bag, and launching it at the head of the planter. "I hain't got you' money!"

According to rule, Joseph "aimed low," and missing his face, the bag struck the master in the region of his pocket. The blow brought him down, and at the same time loosened the fastening of the bag, and scattered the coin, in a silver shower, all over the ground.

Rising soon to his knees, the planter groped about for his runaway dollars, apparently forgetful of his other runaway property, which, even then, was not of much value for general circulation in Virginia.

While the planter was searching for his stray gold, the captain and the provost marshal continued the conversation. The former declined to give up the fugitive without express orders from the general; but, it being too late to obtain access to that officer that evening, he at last consented to Joseph's being lodged over night in jail, to await his decision in the morning. So, in half an hour, the slave lad found himself a tenant of the little cell from which John Brown went forth to die on the scaffold.

His reflections, when the great key turned in the lock, and he was left alone in the gloomy room, were, you may imagine, not of a very cheerful character. He thought of Deborah, of Robert, and of Robert's mother, from all whom he soon would be separated forever; he thought of the far South, of its hot sugar fields and deadly rice swamps, to which he would be sold as soon as the army went away; and he thought of the faithless government, for which he had offered his life, and which was now plunging him again into the abyss of slavery. He thought of all this, for already he knew his fate. The captain had whispered, as he bade him "good night" at the door:

"Get away, Joe, if you can,—it is your only chance. Old Patterson is a pro-slavery man, if not a traitor. I shall do all I can; but I have no hope. He will give you up."

"Get away? A camel may go through the eye of a needle; a rich man may go to heaven; but no human creature ever went through these prison walls."

So thought Joseph, as he looked round his gloomy cell, and laid down to rest on a bundle of straw in the corner.

In the morning a soldier came in with his breakfast. The man had a kindly face, and Joseph, drawing him into conversation, soon learned that he was from Massachusetts.

"You didn't cum out yere ter stand guard ober runaway darkeys—shore!" said Joseph.

"Well, I didn't," answered the man; "I enlisted for another sort of work,—for freeing 'em. I'd help you if I could; but I must obey orders. What do you mean to do?"

"Die, sooner den go back ter slavery!"

"That's the talk," responded the soldier, "and here's a knife to help you. But, whatever happens, don't hurt yourself. Kill the men-stealers—never kill yourself."

"Dar's a gal up Norf would keep me from doin' dat, anyhow," said Joseph, putting the weapon—which was half dirk, half butcher-knife—into the lining of his jacket. "Wid dis I'll get my freedom!"

The soldier left him, and the hours wore slowly away until he came again with his dinner. The man's face wore a look of more than usual animation, and closing the door carefully, he said:

"Your captain has just been here. He did all he could, but old Patterson has decided against you. The captain says your master will no doubt come here within an hour; and he wants you to go with him peaceably; for to-night, with half a dozen men, he'll kidnap you, and have you twenty miles away by morning. He'll do it, if it costs him his commission."

Tears were in the slave boy's eyes as he sat down and ate his dinner in silence. He was not utterly forsaken; white men were not utterly false; some of them had yet hearts somewhere about their bodies. This feeling was uppermost within him, when, an hour or two later, he was summoned to meet his master.

The old man had come alone, with an open wagon. With the lieutenant of the guard,

...n! a ten pound note doubled down over the names. I'm sure when I thought he was a poor forlorn creature, he was kindly welcome. So my master laid out part of the money in tools, and we rented a garden, and he goes over on market days to sell what we grow; so now, thank God we want nothing."

This is how she generally concludes the little history, never failing to add that the young lord kissed her baby.

But, said my friend, I have not told you what I thought the best part of the anecdote. When this poor Christian woman was asked what had induced her to take in a perfect stranger, and trust him with the best clothing her home afforded, she answered simply,

"Well, I saw him shivering and shaking, so I thought thou shalt come in here for the sake of Him that had not where to lay His head."

The old woman in the other cottage may open her door every night of her future life to some forlorn beggar, but it is all but certain that she will never open it to a nobleman in disguise!

Let us do good, not to receive more good in turn, but as an evidence of gratitude for what has been already bestowed. In a few words, let it be "all for the love and nothing for reward."

Breaking Up a Setting Hen.

"Timothy, that air yallar hen's settin' agin," said Mrs. Hayes to her son one morning at breakfast.

"Well, let her set," remarked Timothy, helping himself to a large piece of cheese, "I reckon I can stand it as long as she can."

"I do wish you would try to be a little more equinomical to cheese, Timothy; I've cut the very last of my every day lot, and it's only the first of May. And now, as soon as you've done eating, I want you to go out and break up that hen. She's setting on an old axe and two bricks now."

"I hope she'll hatch 'em," returned Timothy.

"If she was set now she'd hatch the fourth week in May. It's a bad sign; something allers happens arter it. Stop giggling, Helen Maria; by the time you get to be as old as yer ma, you'll see further than you do now. There was Jenkins' folks, their gray top knot hatched the last of May, and Mrs. Jenkins, she had the conjunction of the lungs, and would have died if they hadn't killed a lamb and wrapped her in the hide while it was warm. That was all that saved her."

With such a startling proof of the truth and the omen before him, Timothy finished his breakfast in haste and departed for the barn from which he soon returned bearing the squalling biddy by the legs.

"What shall I do with her, mother? She'll get on again, and she's cross as bedlam—she skinned my hand, and would be the death of me if she could get loose."

"I've hearn it said that it was a good plan to throw 'em up in the air," says Mrs. H. "Aunt Peggy broke one of setting only three times trying. Spose'n you try it."

"Up she goes, head or tail," cried Tim, as he tossed the volcano skyward.

"Land-a massy," exclaimed Mrs H., "she's coming down into the pan of bread that I set out on the great rock to rise. Tim, it's strange you can't do nothing without overdoing it."

"Down with the traitors, up with the stars," sang on Tim, elevating biddy again with something less than a pint of batter hanging to her feet.

"Good gracious me: wuss and wuss," cried Mrs. Hays, and Tim agreed with her; for the hen had come down on the well-polished tilt of Esquire Bennett, who happened to be passing, and the dignified old gentleman was the father of Cynthia Bennett, the young lady with whom Tim was seriously enamored.

The Squire looked daggers, brushed off the dough with his handkerchief, and strode on in silence.

"Yes, but its going up again," said Tim, spitefully, seizing the clucking biddy and tossing her at random into the air. Biddy thought it time to manifest her individuality, and with a loud scream she darted against the parlor window, broke through, knocked down the canary cage and landed plump in the silken lap of Mrs. Gray, who was boarding at the farm house.

Mrs. Grey screamed with horror, and starting up, dislodged biddy, who flew at her reflection in the looking glass with an angry hiss. The glass was shattered and down came the hen, astonished beyond measure, against a vase of flowers, which upset, and in falling knocked over the stand dish and deluged with water a pair of drab-colored velvet slippers, which Helen Maria was embroidering for her lover, Mr James Henshaw.

Helen entered the room just as the mischief had been done, and viewing the ruin she at once laid it to her brother Timothy. She heard his step behind her, and the unfortunate hen she flung full into his face.

There was a smothered oath, and the hen came back with the force of a twenty pound shot.

Helen was mad. Her eyes were nearly put out with the feathery dust and dough, and she went at Timothy with true feminine zeal. She broke his watch guard into a dozen pieces, crushed his dickey and began to pull his whiskers out by the roots when she suddenly remembered that Timothy had no whiskers to pull out by the roots.

But when she came to look closer she perceived that the man she had nearly annihilated was not Timothy, but James Henshaw.

Poor Helen burst into tears and fled into her chamber, the usual refuge for heroines; and James, after washing his face at the kitchen sink, went home sternly resolved never to marry a woman with such a temper as Helen Hayes had.

The hen, meanwhile, who is the heroine, returned to the barn to establish herself on the ruins of her nest, determined to set if the heavens fell.

Mrs. Hayes soon discovered her, and having heard that dipping in water would cure "broodiness," she set forth for the brook with the fowl in her apron.

Mrs. Weaver, an old lady of very quarrelsome temperament, who resided near, and was at sword's point with Mrs. Hayes, was just coming to the brook for a pail of water, and spied the yellow head of the bird peeping out from Mrs. Hayes's apron.

"There!" she exclaimed, "now I've found out what puzzled me to death nigh about a week. I've found where that yellow pullet has gone to. Mrs. Hayes, I allers knowed you was a wicked, desateful woman, but I didn't think you'd steal."

"Steal? me steal? who are are you talking to, Mrs. Weaver?" said Mrs. Hayes, on her dignity.

"I'm talking to you, madame, that's who I'm talking to! You've stole my hen what I got over to Uncle Gillies, and paid for in sassengers. She's a real Dorking. Give her to me right here, or I'll use force."

"She's my hen, and touch her if you dare!"

"I'll show you what I dare!" yelled Mrs Weaver, growing purple, and seizing the ill-starred fowl by the tail, she gave a wrench, and the tail came out in her hand.

The sudden cessation of resistance upset Mrs. Weaver's balance and she fell backward into the brook, splattering the mud and astonished poliwogs in every direction.

She was a spry woman, and was soon on her feet again ready to renew the assault.

"Give me my hen," she cried, thrusting her fist into Mrs. Hayes' face, "you old hag and hypocrite you!" and she made a second dive at the bird.

The hen thought it proper to show her colors, and uttering an unearthly yell, she flew out of the covert square into the face of Mrs. Weaver, which she raked down with her nails until it resembled the pages of a ledger, crossed and recrossed with red ink.

Mrs Hayes caught a stick of brushwood from the fence—Mrs. Weaver did the same, and a regular duel would probably have been fought if the bank of the creek had not suddenly gave way and precipitated both the indignant women into the water.

They scrambled out on opposite sides and the hen sat perched on an apple tree and cackled in triumph.

The ladies shook themselves and by consent went home. They have not spoken since.

The hen disappeared and was not seen for three weeks afterwards, when she made her appearance with eleven nice yellow chickens. She found some other fowl's nest and had set in spite of fate.

But although not "broken up" herself, she broke up two matches—for Cynthia Bennett was not at home the next time Timothy called, and Mr. Henshaw never forgave Helen for having such a temper.

"How do you like the character of St. Paul?" asked a parson of his landlady one day. "Ah! he was a good, clever old soul, I know, for he once said, you know, that we must eat what is set before us, and ask no questions for conscience sake. I always though I should like him for a boarder."



View on the Mississippi.



A View on the Hudson River.



A Scene in Switzerland.

spinning in one of these cottages before a moderately cheerful fire. Her kettle was singing on the coals; she had a reed candle, or home-made rushlight on her table, but the full moon shone in, and was the brighter light of the two. These two cottages were far from the road, or any other habitation; the old woman was therefore surprised, as she sat drawing out her thread, crooning an old northern-country song, to hear a sudden knock at the door.

It was loud and impatient, not like the knock of her neighbors in the other cottages; but the door was bolted, and the old woman rose, and shuffling to the window, looked out, and saw a shivering figure, apparently that of a youth.

"Trampers!" said the old woman, sententiously, "tramping folks be not wanted here," so saying she went back to the fire without deigning to answer the door.

The youth upon this, tried the door and ped asleep; but his third knock roused her, and wrapping her apron around her child, she opened the door a very little way and demanded what he wanted.

"Good woman," the youth began, "I have had the misfortune to fall in the water this bitter night, and I am so numbed I can scarcely walk."

The woman gave him a sudden, earnest look, and then sighed.

"Come in," she said; "thou art so nigh the size of my Jem, I thought at first it was him come home from sea."

The youth stepped across the threshold, trembling with cold and wet; and no wonder, for his clothes were completely incased in wet mud, and the water dripped from them with every step he took on the sanded floor.

"Thou art in a sorry plight," said the woman, "and it be two miles to the nighest housen; come and kneel down before the fire; the teeth chatter so pitifully, I can scarce bear to hear them."

She looked at him more attentively, and saw that he was a mere boy, not more than sixteen years of age. Her motherly heart was touched for him.

"Art hungry?" she asked, turning to the tables;—"thou art wet to the skin. What hast thou been doing?"

"Shooting wild ducks," said the boy.

"Oh!" said his hostess, "thou art one of the keeper's boys, then, I reckon?"

He followed the direction of her eyes, and saw two portions of bread set upon the table, with a small piece of bacon on each.

"My master be very late," she observed, for charity did not make her use elegant language, and by her master she meant her husband; "but thou art welcome to my bit and sup, for I was waiting for him; may be it will put a little warmth in thee to eat and drink;" so saying she took up a mug of beer from the hearth, and pushed it toward him, with her share of the supper.

"Thank you," said the boy, "but I am so wet I am making quite a pool before your fire with the drippings from my clothes."

"Ay, thou art wet indeed," said the woman, and rising again, she went to an old box in which she began to search, and presently came to the fire with a perfectly clean shirt in her hand, and a tolerably good suit of clothes.

"There," said she, showing them with no small pride, "these be my master's Sunday clothes, and if thou will be very careful of them I'll let thee wear them till thine be dry." She explained that she was going to put her 'bairn' to bed, and proceeded up a ladder into the room above, leaving the boy to array himself in these respectable and desirable garments.

When she came down her guest had dressed himself in the laborer's clothes; he had time to warm himself, and he was eating and drinking with a hungry relish. He had thrown his muddy clothes in a heap on the floor, and as she proceeded to lift them up, she said:

"Ah! lad, lad, I doubt thy head has been under water; thy mother would have been called her to beg admittance. She heard him rap the snow from his shoes against her lintel, and again knock as if he thought she was deaf, and he should surely gain admittance if he could only make her hear.

The old woman, surprised at his audacity, went to the casement, and, with all the pride of possession opened it, and inquired his business.

"Good woman," the stranger began, "I only want a seat at your fire."

"Nay," said the old woman, giving effect to her words, by her uncouth dialogue, thou'lt get no shelter here; I've naught to give to beggars—a dirty wet *critter*," she continued, wrathfully slamming to the window, "it's a wonder where he found any water, too, seeing it freezes so hard, a body can get none for the kettle, saving what's broken up with a hatchet."

On this the beggar turned hastily away.

And at this point in his narrative, the person who told it to me stopped and said, "Do you think the old woman very much to blame?"

"She might have acted kindly," I replied, "but why do you ask?"

"Because," said he, "I have heard her conduct so much reflected on by some who would have thought nothing of it if it had not been for the consequences."

"She might have turned him away less roughly," I observed.

"That is true," he continued, "but in any case, I think, though we might give them food or money, we should hardly invite beggars in to sit by the fire."

"Certainly not," I replied; "and this woman could not tell that the beggar was honest."

"No," said he, "but I must go on with my narrative. The stranger turned very hastily from her door, and waded through the deep snow toward the other cottage. The bitter wind helped to drive him toward it. It looked no less poor than the first; and when he tried the door, found it bolted, and knocked twice without attracting attention, his heart sank within him. His hand was so numb with cold, that he had made scarcely any noise; he tried again.

A rush candl was burning within, and a matronly-looking woman sat before the fire. She held an infant in her arms, and had dropsorely frightened if she could have seen thee awhile ago."

"Yes, said the boy, and in imagination the cottage dame saw this sad mother a care-worn, hard-working creature like herself; while the youthful guest saw in imagination, a beautiful and courtly lady;—and both saw the same love, the same anxiety, the same terror at sight of a lonely boy struggling in the moonlight through breaking ice, with no one to help him, catching at the frozen reeds, and then creeping up, shivering and benumbed, to a cottage door.

But even as she stooped, the woman forgot her imagination, for she had taken a waistcoat in her hands, such as had never passed them before; a gold pencil-case dropped from the pocket, and on the floor, among a heap of mud that covered the outer garments, lay a white shirt sleeve, so white indeed, and fine, that she thought it could hardly be worn but by a squire.

She glanced from the clothes to the owner. He had thrown down his cap, and his fair, curly hair and broad forehead convinced her that he was of a gentle birth; but while she hesitated to sit down, he set a chair for her, and said with a boyish frankness,

"I say, what a lonely place this is; if you had not let me in, the water would have frozen on me before I reached home. Catch me a duck shooting again by myself!"

"It's very cold sport that, sir," replied the woman.

The young gentleman assented most readily, and asked if he might stir the fire.

"And welcome, sir," said the woman. She felt a curiosity to know who he was, and he partly satisfied her by remarking that he was staying at Deen Hall, a house about five m[illegible] off, adding that he had broken a hole in the ice very near the decoy, but it had iced over so fast, that in the dusk he had missed it and fallen in, for it would not bear him. He had made some land-marks and taken every precaution, but he supposed the sport had excited him so much that, in the moonlight he had passed them by.

He then told her of his atttempt to get shelter in the other cottage.

"Sir" said the woman, "if you had said you were a gentleman—"

The boy laughed. "I don't think I knew it myself, good woman," he replied, "my senses were so benumbed; for I was sometime struggling at the water's edge among the broken ice, and then I believe I was nearly an hour creeping up to your cottage door. I remember it all rather indistinctly, but as soon as I had felt the fire and drank the warm beer, I was a different creature."

While they still talked the husband came in; while he was eating his supper, they agreed that he should walk to Deen Hall, and let its inmates know of the gentleman's safety; and when he was gone they made up the fire with all the coal that remained to that poor household, and the woman crept up to the bed and left her guest to lay down and rest before it.

In the gray dawn the laborer returned, with a servant leading the horse, and bringing a fresh suit of clothes.

The young gentleman took his leave with many thanks, slipping three half crowns into the woman's hand, probably all the money he had about him. And I must not forget to mention that he kissed the baby, for when she tells the story, the mother always averts to that circumstance with great pride, adding that her child being as "clean as wax, was quite fit to be kissed by anybody!"

"Missis," said her husband, as he stood in the doorway, looking after their guest, "who dost think that be?"

"I don't know," answered the Mrs.

"Then I'll just tell thee, that be young Lord W.; so thou mayest be a proud woman, thou sits and talks with lords, and asks them in to supper—ha, ha!" So saying, her master shouldered his spade and went his way, leaving her clinking the three half crowns in her hand, and considering what she should do with them.

Her neighbor from the other cottage presently stepped in, and when she heard the tale and saw the money, her heart was ready to break with envy and jealousy.

"Oh! to think that good luck should have come to my door, and I should have been so foolish as to turn it away! Seven shillings and a sixpence for a morsel of food and a night's shelter, why it is nearly a week's wages!"

So there as they both supposed, the matter ended, and the next week the frost was sharper than ever. Sheep were frozen in the fenny fields, and poultry on the perches, but the good woman had walked to the nearest town and bought a blanket. It was a welcome addition to their bed covering, and it was many a long year since they had been so comfortable.

But it chanced one day at noon, that looking out at her casement, she spied three young gentlemen skating along the ice toward her cottage. They sprang on to the bank, took off their skates, and made for the door. The young nobleman informed her that he had had such a severe cold he could not come to see her before.

"He spoke as free and pleasantly," she observed, in telling the story, "as if I had been a lady, and no less! and then he brought a parcel out of his pocket, 'and I have been over to B.,' he says, 'and brought you a book for a keep sake, and I hope you'll accept it.' And then they all talked as pretty as could be for a matter of ten minutes, and went away. So I waited till my master came home, and we opened the parcel, and there was a fine Bible inside, all over gold and red morocco, and my name was written inside; and bless

...es, carefully maturing his plans, and ...in barns or under hedges. On one ...casion he was stopped by two Prussian gendarmes, who inquired where he was going.

"To the neighboring town," replied Schurz.

"Would you like to earn a handful of pfennings?" asked the others.

Certainly."

"Very well; come with us to our barracks, We intend to give a dance this evening, and the airs of your organ will suit our purpose exactly."

It was impossible to decline the offer of the soldiers without exciting suspicions; so Schurz accepted, with a great show of gratitude, and during the whole night ground out waltzes and quadrilles for a battalion of gendarmes. Leaving, undiscovered, the dangerous society of the military police, young Schurz continued his journey, and, a short time subsequently, information reached him that Kinkel's prison had been changed. He was now incarcerated in Spandau, and placed under the personal supervision of the prison director.

Late one night when the streets had become deserted, a post chaise escorted by a guard of four dragoons, drove rapidly through the town of Spandau, and halted before the prison. An officer in the uniform of a Colonel of the Royal Guard, alighted from the vehicle and was soon in the presence of the Director into whose hands he placed a letter from the Minister of the Interior at Berlin, and bearing the official seal. Receiving the packet with the respect due to a communication from the King's Minister, the Director opened the important missive and read as follows:

"A deep-laid plot has been organized at Berlin, the object of which is to effect the forcible release of the convict Kinkel from the hands of the authorities. We are now watching the movements of the conspirators, and are preparing to arrest them. In order, however, to prevent the possibility of a surprise, the bearer of the present letter, Col. ——, is commanded to take charge of your prisoner, whom he will immediately conduct to the citadel of Magdebourg, and place him in the hands of the Governor of that fortress."

Upon reading this ministerial injunction, the director of the Spandau prison at once had the unfortunate Kinkel awakened, caused him to be securely ironed and placed in the post chase, which set off on the road to Magdebourg, accompanied by the Colonel and the four dragoons, who rode with drawn sabres. All night long they travelled at rapid speed; fresh horses were instantly furnished at each relay, the Colonel's demand being accompanied by the magical expression, "the King's service." The unhappy prisoner, crouched in a corner of the vehicle, cared not what might be his fate—Germany had forgotten him, and nothing could be worse than the noisome dungeon at Spandau. Morning came at last, a gray winter's dawn, and the carriage stopped. The Colonel himself opened the door, and bade the prisoner alight. Without a word, poor Kinkel obeyed, and found himself standing on the seashore, a boat waiting a few feet from the spot where he stood, and a ship, with the English flag at her masthead, lying-to within sight. The prisoner uttered a cry of mingled hope and despair.

"Do you not know me, my dear old master?" sobbed the pseudo Colonel, tearing off his false moustache, and clasping Kinkel in his arms. "I am your friend and pupil, Carl Schurz. Let us embrace each other once more on German soil, and then, away for England!"

Kinkel could not reply, but burst into tears. In a few moments more they were in the boat, and rowing lustily toward the vessel in the offing, which had now hoisted the German Republican flag, in token of recognition and welcome. As they reached the ship's side, Kinkel, pale and trembling, leaned upon Schurz' shoulder, and murmured: "My wife, my children—where are they?"

He had time to say no more, for, in another moment, Mme. Kinkel was in her husband's arms and his children were clinging about his knees.

"My mission is accomplished," said young Schurz. "I had sworn, dear master, to restore you to liberty and to your family. My duty is done."

Upon their arrival in London, the patriots were received with transports of enthusiasm. The rich German residents of the British metropolis took upon themselves to provide for the brave young fellows who, in the disguise of Prussian dragoons, had aided Schurz in successfully carrying out his noble project, and Prof. Kinkel himself commenced giving lectures on German literature, which met with immense success. Carl Schurz soon afterward parted from his old preceptor, and set out to seek his fortune in the promised land across the broad Atlantic. His career in the United States is well known. He had left in Germany an aged father, who longed to see again his favorite son; but it is not easy for a man to visit a country where certain death awaits him if detected. Still, fortune smiled on Schurz. Risen high in favor with President Lincoln, the German-American General was appointed Envoy Extraordinary to the Court of Madrid, and fifteen years after his flight with Kinkel, he quietly revisited his birthplace. No Prussian *gendarme* dared to lay a finger upon the condemned felon, now a diplomatic representative of one of the most powerful nations on the globe.—*Paris Correspondent N. Y.*

A Little Hero.

Grace Greenwood writes the following little story—and a true one it is—for the Little Pilgrim, a child's paper. She gets the facts from an incident described in the Hartford Daily Times, some years ago, as having happened in Colt's Meadows:

"In the city of Hartford, Conn., lives the hero of the true history I am about to relate—but no longer 'little,' as the perilous adventure, which made him for the time famous in his native town, happened several years ago.

Our hero was then a bright, active boy, of fourteen years—the son of a mechanic. In the severe winter of 18—, the father worked in a factory about a mile and a half from his home, and every day the boy carried him his dinner across a wide piece of meadow land.

One keen frosty day, he found the snow on this meadow nearly two feet deep, and no traces of the little footpath remaining. Yet he ran on, as fast as possible, plunging through drifts—keeping himself warm by the most vigorous exercise, and brave and cheerful thoughts.

When in the midst of the meadow, full half a mile from any house, he suddenly felt himself going down, down!—He had fallen into a well! He sunk down into the icy water, but arose immediately to the surface. There he grasped hold of a plank which had fallen into the well as he went down. One end of this rested on the bottom of the well, while the other rose about four feet above the surface of the water.

The poor lad shouted for help until he was hoarse and almost speechless, but all in vain, as it was impossible for him to make himself heard from such a depth and at such a distance from any house. So at last he concluded that if he was to be saved at all, he must save himself, and begin at once, as he was getting extremely cold in the water. So he went to work.

First, he drew himself up the plank, and braced himself at the top of it and the wall of the well, which was built of brick and had become quite smooth.—Then he pulled off his coat, and taking out his pocket knife, cut off his boots that he might work to greater advantage. Then with his feet against one side of the well, and his shoulders against the other, he worked his way up, by the most fearful exertion, about half the distance to the top. Here he was obliged to pause and take breath and gather up his energies for the work yet before him. Far harder was it than all he had gone through, for the side of the well being from that point completely covered with ice, he must cut with his knife, grasping places for his fingers, slowly and carefully, all the way up.

It was almost a hopeless attempt, but it was all that he could do. And here the little hero lifted up his heart to God, and prayed fervently for help, fearing that he could never get out alone.

Doubtless the Lord heard his voice calling from the deep, and pitied him.—He wrought no miracle to save him, but breathed into his heart a yet larger measure of calmness and courage, strengthening him to work out his own deliverance.

After this the little hero cut his way upward inch by inch. His wet stockings froze to the ice, and kept his feet from slipping, but his shirt was quite worn from his shoulders ere he reached the top. He did reach it at last—crawled out into the snow, and lay down a moment to rest, panting out his breath in little white clouds on the clear, frosty air.

He had been two hours and a half in the well!

His clothes soon froze to his body, but he no longer suffered with the cold, as full of joy and thankfulness, he ran to the factory where his good father was waiting and wondering.

The poor man was obliged to go without his dinner that day, but you may be sure he cared little about that, while listening with tears in his eyes to the thrilling story his son had to relate to him.

He must have been very proud of him that day, as he wrapped him up in his own warm overcoat, and took him home to "mother."

And how that mother must have wept and smiled over the lad, and kissed him, and thanked God for him.

The Wild Duck Shooter.

BY JEAN INGELOW.

The charity of the rich is much to be commended, but how beautiful is the charity of the poor!

Call to mind the coldest day you ever experienced. Think of the bitter wind and driving snow; think how you shook and shivered—how the sharp white particles were driven against your face—how, within doors, the carpets were lifted like billows along the floors, the wind howled and moaned in the chimneys, windows creaked, doors rattled, and every now and then heavy lumps of snow came thundering down with a dull weight from the roof.

Now, hear my story.

In one of the broad, open plains of Lincolnshire, there is a long, reedy sheet of water, a favorite resort of wild ducks. At its northern extremity stand two mud cottages, old and out of repair.

One bitter, bitter night, when the snow lay three feet on the ground, and a cutting east wind was driving it about, and whistling in the dry frozen weeds by the water's edge, and swinging the bare willow trees till their branches swept the ice, an old woman sat

vessel being thus cleared, was fired by the rebels, when the Merrimac and her two iron-clad companions opened with shell and shot on the Newport News batteries. The firing was brisk ly returned. Various reports have been received, principally from frightened sutler's clerks. Some of them represent that the garrison had been compelled to retreat from the batteries to the woods. Another was that the two Rebel steamers had been compelled to retreat from their guns.

In the meantime the steam frigate Minnesota having partly got up steam, was being towed up to the relief of the two frigates, but did not get up until it was too late to assist them. She was also followed up by the frigate St. Lawrence, which was taken in tow by several of the small harbor steamers. It is, however, rumored that neither of these vessels had pilots on board them, and after a short engagement, both of them seemed to be, in the opinion of the pilots on the Point, aground.

The Minnesota, either intentionally or from necessity, engaged the three steamers at about a mile distance, with only her two bow guns. The St. Lawrence also poured in shot from all the guns she could bring to bear, and it was the impression of the most experienced naval officers on the Point that both had been considerably damaged. These statements, it must be borne in mind, are all based on what could be seen by a glass at a distance of nearly eight miles, and a few panic-stricken non-combatants, who fled at almost the first gun from Newport News.

In the meantime darkness approached, though the moon shone out brightly, and nothing but the occational flashing of guns could be seen. The Merrimac was also believed to be aground, as she remained stationary at a distance of a mile from the Minnesota, making no attempt to attack or molest her.

Previous to the departure of the steamer for Baltimore, no guns had been fired for half an hour, the last one being fired from the Minnesota. It was the intention of the Minnesota, with her picked and gallant crew, to run into close quarters with the Merrimac, avoid her iron prow, and board her. This the Merrimac seemed not inclined to give her an opportunity to do.

At 8 o'clock, when the Baltimore boat left, a fleet of steam-tugs were being sent up to the relief of the Minnesota and the St. Lawrence, and an endeavor was to be made to draw them off the bar, on which they had grounded. In the meantime, the firing had suspended, whether from mutual consent or necessity could not be ascertained.

FORTRESS MONROE, March 9, 1862.

About 8 o'clock last evening, the Congress at Newport News, was set on fire by the Rebels, and in a short time was a pyramid of flame—a spectacle at once splendid beyond description, and well calculated to fill loyal hearts with patriotic indignation. She continued to burn for hours, witnessed by the whole country round. Gen. Wool made every preparation in view of the probability of a land attack, either on Camp Hamilton or Camp Butler at Newport News. The Minnesota was still aground midway between the Fortress and the latter place, and arrangements were made likewise, in case the Merrimac or any of the Rebel boats should pay us a visit or attempt to go out during the night, to give them a proper reception. During the day, while the bloody scenes on the Cumberland and Congress were in progress, the prayer of all hearts was that the Monitor, (the Ericsson, rather, as everybody persists in calling her,) would come. As if in answer to that prayer, in company with the Currituck and Sachem, about 10 1-2 o'clock she entered the Roads, with a modesty little denoting the terrible thing she really was. The satisfaction with which her arrival was hailed may be imagined. The only regret was that she did not come twelve hours sooner. Preparations were immediately made for placing her in condition for the terrible contest which, untried and an experiment as she was, she would have to engage in within the next few hours. At about 1 1-2 the magazine of the Congress, whose flames had for hours illumed the Roads and Bay, blew up. The concussion shook the earth like an earthquake. The glare for an instant made the night almost as light as day. The gloom that followed seemed to be an appropriate closing scene to the work of carnage. Beyond the unsuccessful efforts to release the Minnesota by a number of tugs, nothing else of moment occurred during the night.

At early dawn this morning, the Merrimac, Jamestown, Yorktown, and a number of other rebel craft were seen drawn up off Sewall's Point, apparently waiting for the smoke and haze to lift before resuming the contest. The Monitor had taken her station to the left and in advance of the Minnesota, and our other gunboats were in the neighborhood of the frigate. Shortly after 8 o'clock the Merrimac began to move up toward the Minnesota, about three miles distant. Her path lay across the bows of the Monitor, whose presence or real character it is probable she was not then aware of. When within about a mile, the ball was opened by the Monitor firing a shot, which struck the side of the iron-hided monster, the Merrimac at the same time slackening her speed. Her intention evidently was to make directly for the Minnesota and serve her as she had served the Cumberland and Congress. But suddenly she found a lion in her path. The firing was kept up for some time at the distance of about one mile, when the Monitor began to move toward her antagonist, delivering her fire deliberately and with precision. The Merrimac, six times her size, and with an armament equally out of proportion, awaited her at rest. At a distance of a quarter of a mile, or less, both opened their terrible batteries—the Merrimac firing much the oftenest of course. It was the first trial of an experiment in a fearful ordeal. The scene was witnessed by those who crowded the ramparts and lined the docks with almost breathless interest. It would not have disappointed many at that moment had it become apparent that the unpretending Monitor was unequal to the contest. By this time the two iron-clad combatants seemed to touch, fighting at close quarters, delivering their shots seemingly into the muzzles of each other's guns. But so far from being unequal to her adversary, the Monitor moved around her, planting her shots where she would. The contest was so hot that for a time the smoke obscured both the Monitor and the Merrimac. As if realizing that she had found at least her match, if not her superior, the Merrimac drew off toward Craney Island, the Monitor pursuing, planting her shot with the same deliberation which had characterized her movements from the outset. After keeping up the pursuit for half an hour, the Monitor returned toward the Minnesota. I should have mentioned that shortly after this engagement commenced, one of the rebel gunboats, apparently the Yorktown, steamed out and boldly engaged the Monitor. A shot through her, which must have done serious injury, sent her back again, and she did not venture within range of the guns of the new comer during the day.

As if having rested from the first round, and recovered from the bewilderment resulting from finding such a terrible antagonist in so small a one, the Merrimac returned to the contest, and, as before, was met fearlessly by the Monitor. The Merrimac being now within range of the Minnesota, delivered several of her thundering broadsides, and showers of solid shot went crashing against the side of the iron monster. The gunboats also went into the fight gallantly. Though the Monitor again sought close quarters, the Merrimac, having already had a taste of that sort of thing, kept at a prudent distance. For more than an hour the battle was kept up without either side showing damage, when, at about 11 A. M., the Monitor retired beyond the Minnesota to allow her guns to cool. The contest now raged between the Merrimac and Minnesota and the gunboats. The terrible broadsides of the frigate, chained to the bottom as it were, shook the earth, and the solid shot glanced in every direction from the sides of the Merrimac.

Having given her guns an hour to cool, the Monitor returned to the contest, and the Merrimac was apparently ready for her, for she did not retreat, but stood her ground. Nothing could exceed the accuracy of the firing on both sides. After keeping up the contest for half an hour at a range of half or three-quarters of a mile, the Monitor began to advance on her antagonist, who awaited her with apparent confidence. Delivering her fire with deliberation and unerring precision the Monitor went straight ahead and at full speed for the Merrimac, till the men on both boats, if they had not been hidden by the iron covering, might have engaged in a hand to hand fight. Now followed one of the most remarkable and exciting scenes ever witnessed in naval warfare. The vessels touched, and delivering their broadsides simultaneously, the shots crashed upon the sides of both, either glancing off and falling into the water, or crumbling into atoms. As if determined that the conflict should have an end, the Monitor moved round the Merrimac at a distance of only a few yards, plunging her shots into her sides. With well-directed aim, she planted one into her hull below her iron coating, and below her water line. Three gaping holes now appeared in her iron coating. Passing deliberately round the stern of the Merrimac, the Monitor aimed a shot at her screw, and several others at vital points.

The Merrimac now began to make off toward the cove flanking Craney Island, and as it became apparent that she was disabled cheers went up from the ramparts and the shore. The Monitor did not pursue, probably on account of the heating of her guns, or some other equally good reason. After lying for a short time near the shore, the Merrimac slowly rounded out, and turned her prow toward the place she was seen in the morning, where the other rebel boats were assembled spectators of the fight. They gathered around her like the backers of a whipped bully. At this time it was the general opinion of those who had the best means for observing, that the Merrimac had sunk at least two feet, and that she was fast going down. Her deck was thronged with her crew. She gave no sign of steam or smoke. Small boats put off from her, and tug-boats came to her sides, as if to render assistance. As soon as arrangements could be made for doing so, the boats took her in tow, and at about three-quarters past 12, the Merrimac, the Yorktown, the Jamestown and the other Rebel craft, either towing or pulling the former, might be seen, constituting a mournful procession, as they passed into the dim distance under Craney Island.

Thus ended probably the most remarkable naval engagement on record; certainly the first between two iron-clad antagonists.

The timely appearance of the Monitor was the salvation of the Minnesota, and probably most of the shipping in the Roads, and perhaps of the property beside. Had she come a day sooner, she would have saved two of the noblest frigates in the service, and hundreds of lives.

Three weeks ago General Wool received strictly trustworthy information that the Merrimac would soon come out. This intelligence he sent specially to the War and Navy Departments, together with every particular concerning her, at the same time giving the Secretaries to understand that as we were situated we should be at her mercy. The Monitor came a day or two later, followed by the acting Secretary of the Navy, to order her away. Eight months the Rebels have been preparing, building batteries, and putting iron clothing on the Merrimac. We have seen one result of indifference. Shall we see others?

How Gotfried Kinkel was rescued from an Austrian Prison.

The illustrious German poet, philosopher and patriot, Gotfried Kinkel, has come to Paris for the purpose of delivering before his numerous countrymen, residing in the French capital, a series of artistic lectures on the Galleries of the Louvre. I remember very well the excitement created last May among the usually phlegmatic sons of Teutonia, by a visit of Kinkel during the German gymnastic festival, when he delivered before them an impromptu address, which was greatly praised at the time by the French liberal press. In the literature of Germany, Kinkel occupies a high position as a poet and a historian. When the Revolution of 1848 broke out, he was a Professor at the University of Bonn, and his strong democratic opinions induced him to take a prominent part in the struggle. He fought, was made prisoner by the royal authorities, was tried for treason, and was sentenced to many years' imprisonment at hard labor.

Among Kinkel's companions at this time was a young student, not yet twenty years of age named Carl Schurz, who was also captured, tried by court-martial, and sentenced to be shot. Schurz however, more fortunate than his Professor, succeeded in escaping across the French frontier and was safe. Kinkel was sent to a common prison, placed among criminals of the vilest sort, and set to work making shoes. Young Germany, still trembling with the excitements of the recent Revolution, learned with indignation the treatment inflicted upon the eminent poet and scholar, and numerous petitions were sent to the Prussian Government, praying that his situation might be ameliorated. To all this the authorities paid no attention whatever, the protestations ceased, and Kinkel seemed likely to be abandoned by his friends. There was one, however, who did not desert him. Carl Schurz left Paris, disguised himself in rags, and, defying the scaffold, re-entered Prussia, with an organ on his back. In the day, he begged his bread on the high road; at night, he laid aside his organ, and visited the abodes of his former companions and the friends of German liberty, to endeavor to re-awaken their interest in the fate of the imprisoned patriot. In this way he travelled three hundred leagues on foot, playing the organ through many towns

AGE OF THE GOOD SHIP UNION.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

'Tis midnight: through my troubled dream
Loud wails the tempest's cry;
Before the gale, with tattered sail,
A ship goes plunging by.
What name? Where bound?—The rocks around
Repeat the loud halloo.
—The good ship Union, Southward bound:
God help her and her crew!

And is the old flag flying still
That o'er your fathers flew,
With bands of white and rosy light,
And field of starry blue?
—Ay! look aloft! its folds full oft
Have braved the roaring blast,
And still shall fly when from the sky
This black typhoon has past!

Speak, pilot of the storm tost bark!
May I thy peril share?
—O landsman, these are fearful seas
The brave alone may dare!
—Nay, ruler of the rebel deep,
What matters wind or wave?
The rocks that wreck your reeling deck
Will leave me nought to save!

O landsman, art thou false or true?
What sign hast thou to show?
—The crimson stains from loyal veins
That hold my heart-blood's flow!
—Enough! what more shall honor claim?
I know the sacred sign;
Above thy head our flag shall spread,
Our ocean path be thine!

The bark sails on; the Pilgrim's Cape
Lies low along her lee,
Whose headland crooks its anchor flukes
To lock the shore and sea.
No treason here! it cost too dear
To win this barren realm!
And true and free the hands must be
That hold the whaler's helm!

Still on! Manhattan's narrowing bay
No Rebel cruiser scars;
Her waters feel no pirate's keel
That flaunts the fallen stars!
—But watch the light on yonder height,—
Ay, pilot, have a care!
Some lingering crowd in mist may shroud
The capes of Delaware!

Say, pilot, what this fort may be,
Whose sentinels look down
From moated walls that show the sea
Their deep embrasures, frown?
The Rebel host claims all the coast,
But these are friends, we know,
Whose footprints spoil the "sacred soil,"
And this is?———Fort Monroe!

The breakers roar,—how bears the shore?
—The traitorous wreckers' hands
Have quenched the blaze that poured its rays
Along the Hatteras sands.
—Ha! say not so! I see its glow!
Again the shoals display
The beacon light that shines by night,
The Union Stars by day!

The good ship flies to milder skies,
The wave more gently flows,
The softening breeze wafts o'er the seas
The breath of Beaufort's rose.
What fold is this the sweet winds kiss,
Fair-striped and many-starred,
Whose shadow palls the orphaned walls,
The twins of Beauregard?

What! heard you not Port Royal's doom?
How the black war-ships came
And turned the Beaufort roses' bloom
To redder wreaths of flame?
How from Rebellion's broken reed
We saw his emblem fall,
As soon his cursed poison-weed
Shall drop from Sumter's wall?

On! on! Pulaski's iron hail
Falls harmless on Tybee!
Her topsails feel the freshening gale,
She strikes the open sea;
She rounds the point, she threads the keys
That guard the Land of Flowers,
And rides at last where firm and fast
Her own Gibraltar towers!

The good ship Union's voyage is o'er,
At anchor safe she swings,
And loud and clear with cheer on cheer
Her joyous welcome rings:
Hurrah! Hurrah! it shakes the wave,
It thunders on the shore,—
One flag, one land, one heart, one hand,
One Nation evermore!

A NOBLE GIRL.—A traveller coming east from Detroit, relates the following pleasing incident:—

"On reaching the depot, at Suspension Bridge, the conductor told a young man—whose health was very feeble, and who was on his way to Springfield, (Mass.) where he had friends—he must leave the cars, as he had no money with which to pay his fare.—Notwithstanding the debilitated appearance of the young man, he was suffered to be led out of the car without any movement being made for his relief. As the young man was about stepping off the platform, a young lady rose in the cars and asked the conductor how much the young man's fare would be to Albany. He replied eight dollars. She immediately stepped to the door, and told the invalid to return and resume his seat. He did so, and then some of the male passengers began to exhibit a little charity, offering to pay a portion of the fare. The young lady declined their proffered aid, saying she preferred to pay the amount herself. She did so and beside gave him a "script" to keep him in Albany over Sunday, promising to see him forwarded to his friends on Monday.

REMINISCENCE OF 1837.—AN AMERICAN EXILE.—Not long since an elderly man, bent almost double with age and work, in garments tattered and torn, while passing through Rome, New York, stopped at one of the stores and asked for food or money. He volunteered the remark that he was ashamed to beg, but stated as an explanation, and in extenuation, the following as the cause of necessity: His home was Saratoga, and he chanced to be in Canada at the time of the rebellion in that country in 1837. He was charged with being engaged in that outbreak, was tried and convicted for being in complicity with the "Patriots," and sentenced to Van Dieman's Land for life. He said he was not guilty, but that the feeling was so strong against the "Yankees" at the time of his trial, it required but slight evidence to convict. He was then some twenty-one or twenty-two years of age; he was taken to that penal colony and there subjected to the severest drudgery and the most inhuman treatment; he, with other convicts, was compelled to draw the plough and cart like oxen, and to labor early and late, and treated not much better, if any, than the dumb beasts. Thus were twenty-eight years of life passed, never hearing from friends or home, nor allowed to communicate therewith. He with others, was finally pardoned, and allowed to reach his home as best he might. He left the country a hale hearty youth, erect and full of life and vigor. He returns to it, after thirty years' absence, a decrepit old man, bent over with age and work, and with shattered health and a broken constitution. The narration he gave of his life there and the details of his treatment, fully impressed his hearers with the truth of his statements, and that he was no impostor. He was on his way home, not knowing as he would find a being who knew him when a boy.—*Utica (N.*

THE SAILOR BOY'S SLEEP.

Down by the whispering, murmuring sea;
Down by the crags at the end of the lea;
Down on the shore, where the silver sands glow;
Down where the conch-shells their serenades blow;
Down where the sea-weed its crimson dyes pale;
Down where the petrels can shriek for the gale;
Down where the waters toss ice on the steeps,
Lulled by the silence the sailor boy sleeps.

Away from the purple, the distant old hills,
Away from the woodland and fresh water rills;
Away from the rose climbing cords by the door,
Away from the sun spelling names on the floor;
Away from the beauty that's ever entailed;
Away from the love that ne'er faltered or failed;
Away from the home where his heart trio weeps;
Alone by the ocean the sailor boy sleeps.

No longer on shipboard at mid-sea he sings;
No longer at morning on mast-head he swings;
No longer he watches the moon in the night;
No longer he wonders what made it so bright;
No longer he laughs at the red lightning's glee;
No longer he asks to be laid by the sea;
No longer a night-watch for mother he keeps;
For fondness in sea-sand the sailor boy sleeps.

No more at his prayer will the ship-men rejoice;
No more will he list for the mermaiden's voice;
No more will he welcome, with childhood's delight,
No more, on the billows, the rainbows at night;
No more will he sigh to be out from the shore;
No more to the pirate-craft shout as before;
No more will his memory keep tales of the deeps,
For dreamless and breathless the sailor boy sleeps.

There viewless shell-tongues sing low of his home;
There spray and mirage make ghosts in the gloam;
There Cary's chickens make prints in the sand;
There try to tell they were tamed by his hand;
There coral spiders their gem-islands weave;
There fishers' daughters chant Aves at eve;
There, while the tempest its lullaby keeps,
Alone, as he fancied, the sailor boy sleeps.

FORTRESS MONROE,
SATURDAY, March 8, 1862.

The dullness of Old Point was startled today by the announcement that a suspicious looking vessel, supposed to be the Merrimac, looking like a submerged house with the roof only above water, was moving down from Norfolk, by the channel in front of the Sewall's Point batteries. Signal guns were also fired by the Cumberland and Congress to notify the Minnesota, St. Lawrence, and Roanoke of the approaching danger, and all was excitement about Fortress Monroe.

There was nothing protruding above the water but a flag-staff flying the Rebel flag, and a short smoke-stack. She moved along slowly, and turned into the channel leading to Newport News, and steamed direct for the frigates Cumberland and Congress, which were lying at the mouth of James River.

As soon as she came within range of the Cumberland, the latter opened on her with her heavy guns, but the balls struck and glanced off, having no more effect than peas from a pop-gun. Her ports were all closed, and she moved on in silence, but with a full head of steam. In the meantime, as the Merrimac was approaching the two frigates on one side, the rebel iron-clad steamers Yorktown and Jamestown came down James River and engaged our frigates on the other side. The batteries at Newport News also opened on the Yorktown and Jamestown, and did all in their power to assist the Cumberland and Congress, which, being sailing vessels, were at the mercy of the approaching steamers. The Merrimac in the meantime kept steadily on her course, and slowly approached the Cumberland, when she and the Congress, at a distance of 100 yards, rained full broadsides on the iron-clad monster, that took no effect, glancing upward and flying off, having only the effect of checking her progress for a moment.

After receiving the first broadside of the two frigates, she ran on to the Cumberland, striking her about midships, and literally laying open her sides. She then drew off and fired a broadside into the disabled ship, and again dashed against her with her iron-clad prow, and, knocking in her side, left her to sink, while she engaged the Congress, which lay about a quarter of a mile distant. The Congress had, meantime, kept up a sharp engagement with the Yorktown and Jamestown, and having no regular crew on board of her, seeing the hopelessness of resisting the iron-clad steamer, at once struck her colors. Her crew had been discharged several days since, and three companies of the Naval Brigade had been put on board temporarily, until she could be relieved by the St. Lawrence, which was to have gone up on Monday to take her position as one of the blockading vessels of the James River.

On the Congress striking her colors, the Jamestown approached and took from on board of her all her officers as prisoners, but allowed the crew to escape in boats. The

SALOM'S MACHINE POETH

If at Boston you should stop,
Visit Salom's Famous Shop;
He, himself's a quaint odd picture,
And his shop contains a mixture
Passing strange in its profusion,
Yet more odd in its confusion.
Glass Jars stocked with Squeaking Toys,
Glass Jars filled with Balls for Boys;
Glass Jars full of Tops to Spin,
Glass Jars in which are Ducks that swim;
Glass Jars there are with Dolls of Wax,
Glass Jars in which you'll find nick-nacks;
Glass Jars well stocked with Toys of Tin,
Glass Jars with Leaden Toys within;
Glass Jars crammed with Toys of Glass,
Glass Jars with Jews-Harps made of Brass;
Jars of Glass in which you'll find,
Toys of every form and kind.
Marbles, Whips, Combs, Humming Tops;
Noah's Arks, and Razor Strops:
Pocket Knives, and Paints and Whiting,
Pencils, Pens and Ink for writing;
Baskets, Pictures, Copy Books,
Fishing Poles, Floats, Lines, and Hooks;
Hair Oil, Perfumes, Scented Soaps,
Hoops and Carts; and Skipping Ropes;
Color Boxes, Sticks for Walking,
Dolls quite famous for their Talking,
Knives and Scissors, Beads and Broaches,
Horses, Wagons, Cars, and Coaches;
Cotton, Silk, and Leather Laces,
Stockings, Night-Caps, Belts and Braces;
Song Books, Toy Books, Doggerel Verses,
Bracelets, Breast Pins, Rings, and Purses;
Rattles, Penny Trumpets, Skittles,
Toys that represent Cooked Victuals;
Violet Powders, Puffs, and Tapers,
Sealing Wax, Cement, and Wafers;
Toy Cups and Saucers, Bowls and Plates,
Tea-Pots, Coffee-Pots, and Slates;
Iron Toys that will not break,
Shovels, Hoes, and Garden Rakes;
Napkin Rings, and Almanacs,
Smelling Bottles, Thimbles, Wax;
Bodkins, Buttons, Hooks and Eyes,
Balloons that mount up to the skies;
Brushes of all kinds are there,
Toys for every Fancy Fair;
Every kind, and all that's new,
Home-made, Foreign, not a few;
Boxes out of which do pop—
Really here my muse must stop,
For I do believe I might
Keep on writing half the night;
Ere a catologue I'd made
Of M. SALOM'S stock in trade.
Let it then suffice to say,
If perchance you pass that way,
He'll be happy to supply,
Any thing you choose to buy.

"I should have chosen a more stirring employment," said Chevillion, "an' I had thy frame; but fah! you are right; your man of valor now fighteth for scars and gashes only, since your roystering Rutter of Lanznecht might be had to cut throats at the rate of one per guilder. Follow me, young man, I will show thee this rare piece of workmanship, of which I would fain see thy representation."

He rose from his seat, and opening a door, passed through a long passage, and arriving at another, struck on it with his knuckles. A waiting-woman appeared and admitted the count, who beckoned Lautrec to follow him into the room. Here sat a young female, whose dress and mien proclaimed her rank; she was busily engaged with her woman in embroidering a piece of tapestry, but rose on the entrance of her father, and offered her cheek, which the count brushed with his huge moustaches, and turning to Lautrec introduced him to his fair daughter. It was arranged that the beautiful Isaura should sit for her portrait on the following day, and Lautrec, until the evening came, found in the count's library abundant amusement.

The young painter rose early the next morning, and betook himself to a romantic spot in the neighborhood, which he began to sketch, when he was startled at a voice behind him; hastily turning round, his eye fell on the burly figure and ominous physiognomy of Gaubert, who, grinning a ghastly smile, gave him "good morrow." Lautrec returned the salute with a slight inclination of the head, and continued to work at his sketch; but the huntsman would not be foiled.

"Why, how now!" he cried—"your's is a cold greeting, monsieur. 'S'death! you do not hold yourself too high for me, who am the count's huntsman."

The bullying tone with which this was uttered somewhat disconcerted Lautrec. He dreaded a quarrel with such a ruffian, merely because he was a servant of the count's, who might take it ill, while at the same time he wished to show the intruder that he could not insult him with impunity; he therefore replied carelessly—

"I am not here to meet acquaintances, good fellow, and I would wish now to be alone."

"Mass!" exclaimed the enraged Gaubert, "dost thou *fellow* me! Know that I esteem myself a better man than thee and thy whole tribe, who are a race of thieves———"

He was proceeding in this strain when the painter interrupted him.

"Insolent hireling!" said he, his blood rising at this insult, "get thee gone from my sight, or I may forget thy base birth and punish thee for thy daring!"

The huntsman champed his teeth with fury on hearing these words; he paused for a moment, and then unsheathed his hanger.

"Look to thyself," he cried, rushing towards Lautrec; "draw, boy, and take thy last look at sun and sky." And suiting the action to the word, he struck at the painter with all his force.

Lautrec had not time to unsheathe his weapon, but, stepping lightly on one side, he avoided the blow, and ere the huntsman had recovered himself, he closed with him, threw him violently to the ground, and wrenched the hanger from his grasp. Had the painter been merely a spectator instead of an actor, in this scene, he might have been furnished with an excellent subject for his pencil. The figures in the ancient paintings of Saint Michael and his enemy, the arch-fiend, present not a more perfect contrast to each other, than did Lautrec and his brutal adversary. Gaubert lay foaming with rage beneath the foot of his victor, whose elegant figure, noble countenance, and long auburn hair, served to make the burly frame, uncouth visage, and black curly locks of the huntsman, appear to more disadvantage. Gaubert struggled hard to rise, but the foot of the painter prevented it, and perceiving him to reach the hilt of his dagger, Lautrec for the first time unsheathed his sword.

"Minion!" cried he, "desist! If thou offer est any show of resistance, I will smite off thy right hand."

"Let me rise, then—take thy foot from my throat," growled the huntsman.

"Swear," replied his antagonist, "that thou wilt cease to molest me, or, by heaven, I will stab thee as thou liest!"

As he uttered his threat, he brought the point of his sword in contact with the prostrate ruffian's throat. Gaubert gnashed his teeth with rage, but the naked weapon of his adversary gleamed before his eyes, and he reluctantly took the oath required of him. The young painter suffered him to rise, and the huntsman, recovering his legs, shook himself, picking up his hanger, which had in the struggle flown some paces from the spot, sheathed it, and plunged into a neighboring brake to hide his shame, muttering, as he went, curses upon the youth by whom he had been so roughly handled. Lautrec, much chagrined at this rencontre, returned to the chateau immediately, and shortly after commenced the portrait of the lady Isaura.

Reader, if thou hast ever sketched the features of a beautiful woman, thou wilt readily imagine the emotions of the young painter, when tracing the likeness of one of the fairest maidens in France. Lautrec had painted the peasant beauties of Italy and his own country, and not a few dames of quality, but Isaura was the realization of his fondest dreams—he had never beheld a face and figure at once so beautiful and winning. He pursued his delightful task, wondered and loved, without dreaming for a moment of the danger of encouraging his passion. A life so secluded, with so few opportunities of observing the youth of her country, exposed Isaura to the same danger; she began by admiring the personal comeliness of the painter, and ended where hearts as young and as susceptible as her own, are sure to end. A few days intercourse ripened their mutual regard into love.

The completion of the portrait was, of course, delayed,—the work of one day was obliterated the next, and excuses were not wanting. Love not only makes lovers blind to the faults of each other, but renders them insensible to the approach of danger. Our fond couple had quickly cultivated an acquaintance, and dreampt that it was unknown to all but themselves. But they erred. Lautrec's enemy, the wily and malignant ruffian Gaubert, had watched him narrowly, and waited but for an opportunity to crush him. He had, through the treachery of one of the lady Isaura's maids, become acquainted with their evening meetings in a small apartment which the count seldom entered; and one morning, as Chevillion rode out to the chase, he threw out some hints for his master's ear, which the count heard in silence, but appeared not to notice. Gaubert was, therefore, agreeably surprised, when, about mid-day the count leapt from his horse, and sitting down on the fragment of a broken column, by the side of a small spring, desired him to be more explicit.

"Gaubert," said he, "I would fain hear more of this; think'st thou this painter loves—pshaw! I would say; dares to——"

"Dares!" interrupted the huntsman, what will not such as he dare, my lord! The prize is worth some risk, and——"

"Villain!" cried Chevillion, starting on his feet and clutching his sword.

"I am your vassal, my lord," replied Gaubert. "and you may sacrifice me in your anger, but I have done my duty; I say your house is dishonored by this beggar painter."

The count uttered a volley of imprecations against the young painter, when he was again interrupted by the huntsman.

"My lord," said the wily villain, "command but this arm, and the cause of your anger shall not look upon to-morrow's sun."

"Thou art a fool," said the count, "he would prove thy master; I must deal with him myself;" (Gaubert shrugged his shoulders, and gulped the rebuke, bitter as it was, for it reminded him of the morning's scuffle) "call together my people, and proceed homeward."

As they returned to the chateau, the huntsman took care to possess his master with all that had come to his knowledge respecting the lovers; and the count, after dispatching a hasty meal, retired to his private room, resolving to wait the appointed time, and be himself a witness of the truth of what he had heard from Gaubert.

Evening came, and with it the hour at which the lovers usually met. Chevillion, swallowing a large goblet of wine, proceeded to the apartment, and stationed himself at the door, listening attentively.

He heard voices in earnest conversation, but in an inaudible tone, and he doubted not but that the guilty pair had met; yet he resolved to wait and receive confirmation, lest he might be deceived, and create an alarm, ere he had sufficient evidence. The sound ceased for a while—was renewed—and some one approached the door. The count stepped aside—the door opened. A flood of light which entered at the large window on the opposite side of the apartment, streamed across the gloomy corridor; and Chevillion, his vision distempered by rage, the sudden burst of light, and the wine he had drunk, imagined that he saw his enemy emerge from the doorway, and leaping forward, struck his dagger against the approaching figure. But, oh! horror of horrors;—the faint and stifled shriek of a female smote his startled ear, and his only child fell at his feet, bathed in blood. A cry as of some wild animal in the agonies of death, rung through the chateau, and the domestics, hastening to the scene of blood, discovered the wretched father, gazing with the distorted eyes of a maniac, on the lifeless form of his child, and still clutching the fatal weapon with which he had destroyed her.

The count was with difficulty removed to his chamber, where his paroxysms were such, that nature yielded to their violence, and, ere morning dawned, Laurent de Chevillion was numbered with his fathers. Lautrec was never seen again, and his fate was unknown until many years afterwards, when a monk received the confession of a criminal at Avignon, who was sentenced to be broken on the wheel, wherein the penitent stated that he had murdered the young painter on the evening that the event we have recorded took place, and that he had secretly interred the body in a neighboring wood. The prisoner was the huntsman, Gaubert.

Reader, if thou wouldst desire more, ask it of the murmuring waters of the Rhone, which daily receive the mouldering fragments of the ruined Chateau de Chevillion; or of the owl, that on its only remaining turret, nightly sings the requiem of its once proud owner.

RETROSPECTION.

BY FLORENCE MONTCLYDE.

Weary years have fled my soul
Hope's bright flowers, life's once brimmed bowl
Since a vision, fair and bright,
Smiled on me one winter's night.
O, yearningly my heart looks back,
Along sweet memory's glowing track,
To that blest hour I first saw thee,
And thou look'dst smilingly on me.

I see once more thy sad, sweet face,
Thy noble form and step of grace,
Those holy eyes' celestial blue,
The grieving lips' soft roseate hue:
The snowy brow, unmarked by care,
The golden rings of curling hair—
This is the miniature I hold
Within my heart's most secret fold.

Sweetly within my listening ear
Thy music tones I seem to hear,
Murmuring fond words to me again,
Kindling my soul with thrilling pain:
Filling my heart with ecstacy,
With joyous light my tear-wet eye,
Till my intoxicated brain
Grows faint with bliss—alas, how vain!

For, O, those holy eyes grew dim,
The gentle face all pale and thin,
Until at last the golden hair
Drooped o'er a forehead deathly fair.
And now the churchyard, cold and gray,
Within its bosom holds thy clay;
While I with sad, yet hopeful soul,
Am hastening to the same wide goal.

…s a traveler that came to the tavern …night and asked for lodging; the last I …w of him he was safe in bed, said the landlord.

The men withdrew to a corner of the apartment, leaving one to keep guard over me. I soon saw they were in earnest consultation, and were evidently debating some important question. The one keeping guard over me said nothing but scowled fiercely. I had not said a single word during all the time I had been in the bars. I was aware that whatever I might say would, in all probabilities do more harm than good, and it has always been a maxim of mine, to hold my tongue when in doubt. At last the discussion seemed to be ended, for the blackest and dirtiest of the whole crowd came forward and without any introduction exclaimed:

"I say, stranger, look here, you must die!"

I did not move a muscle nor utter a word.

"You have found out our secret and dead men tell no tales."

I was silent.

"We will give you ten minutes to say your prayers, and also allow you the privilege of being shot or hung."

Suddenly an idea struck me. I remembered something that might save my life. I burst into a violent fit of laughter, in fact was hysterical, but they did not know it.

They looked at one another in amazement.

"Well, he takes it mighty cool, anyhow,' said one.

"I suppose he don't think we are in earnest," said another.

"Come, stranger, you had better say your prayers," said the man who had first spoken, "time flies."

My only reply was a fit of laughter more violent than the first.

"The man's mad," they exclaimed.

"Or drunk," said some.

"Well, boys, cried I, speaking for the first time, "this is the best joke I ever seed.

"What, hang a pal?"

"A pal—you a pal!"

"I hain't nothing else," was my elegant rejoinder.

"What is your name?"

"Did you ever hear of Ned Willett?" I asked.

"You may be certain of that. Ain't he the head of our profession!"

"Well, then, I am Ned."

"You Ned Willett!" they all exclaimed.

"You may bet your life on that," I returned, swaggering up to the corner where I had seen the old woman counting and packing the counterfeit half dollars.

Fortune favored me. None of the men present had seen Ned Willett, although his reputation was well known to them, and my swaggering, insolent manner had somewhat thrown them off their guard, yet I could see that their doubts were not all removed.

"And you call these things well done, do you?" I asked, taking a roll of the money. "Well, all I have to say is that if you can't do better than this you had better shut up shop, that's all."

"Can you show anything better?" asked one of the men.

"I rather think I can. If I couldn't I'd go and hang myself."

"Let's see it," they all cried.

This was my last coup, and one on which I knew my life depended.

"Lookee here, gentlemen," I exclaimed, taking one of the counterfeit half dollars from my pocket which had been rejected at the bank, "here is my last job, and what do you think of it?"

It was passed from hand to hand, some saying it was not counterfeit at all, and others saying it was.

"How will you prove it is a counterfeit," asked one.

"By weighing it with a genuine one," I replied.

This plan was immediately adopted, and its character proved.

"Perhaps he got this by accident," I heard a man whisper to another.

"Try these," said I taking the other two out of my pocket.

All their doubts now vanished.

"Beautiful," exclaimed some. "Very splendid," said others.

When they had examined them to their satisfaction, they all cordially shook me by the hand, every particle of doubt having vanished from their minds. I carried out my part well. Some questions were occasionally asked me involving some of the technicalities of the business; these, however, I avoided, by stating that I was on a journey of pleasure, and would rather take a glass of whiskey than answer questions. The whiskey was produced and we made a night of it. It was not until morning had dawned that we separated.

The next day I returned to Chicago and brought down the necessary assistance, and captured the whole gang of counterfeiters in the very act. The den was broken up forever, and most of them were condemned to serve a term in the State Prison.

I have those counterfeit half dollars still in my possession, and intend never to part with them, for they were certainly the means of saving my life.

THE PAINTER OF GENEVA.

If nature had given to Count Laurent Chevillion a rough and unprepossessing exterior, she had, at the same time, moulded his disposition to fit it for a form which it was impossible to believe could belong to an amiable or virtuous being. His stature was large and commanding; his legs muscular, but ill-shaped; his chest ample; and the lineaments of his countenance, at least such as were visible through a thick beard and moustachios of raven blackness, at once forbidding and repulsive. His disposition was sullen, morose and sanguinary, and but few of his neighbors ventured to be upon terms of intimacy with him. His conduct towards his dependants was arbitrary and cruel; to offend him was to provoke inevitable destruction, and only the most reckless and desperate were to be found among his household.

Chevillion was the most unamiable noble in all Provence, and happy it was for those who lived near his estate, that his time was chiefly occupied in the chase—a recreation he seemed to prefer to all others. If, however, there was any being who could mollify the heart of the fierce count, it was his daughter, his only child, —as fair a maid as ever formed the subject of the countless lays for which her country has been so famed. But the beauty of the lady Isaura was not her only attraction; as if to perfect the contrast, her disposition was as gentle and amiable as her father's was harsh and cruel; and it was a matter of astonishment to all that a being so mild and good could be the daughter of one of such opposite qualities. Carefully watched by the jealous eye of her father, who had been left a widower upwards of five years, and who doated on his child, though he appeared to sympathise with no other earthly being, the lady Isaura rarely left the chateau, and when she did quit it for a time, it was always in company with her stern parent. A circumstance however, occurred, that tended to relieve the monotonous life she was leading. It chanced that as the count was one day abroad on a hunting excursion, he met, in one of the romantic dells on his estate, with a young artist, who was so busily engaged in making a sketch of the surrounding scenery, that he did not observe the approach of the count, until Chevillion rode up to the spot where he sat. Startled at his unlooked-for appearance and taking the visitor for a person of title, the young man sprung to his feet and saluted the count with a profound obeisance. The haughty noble returned the salute and inquired the name of the young artist.

"My name," said the youth, "is Lautrec di Biez; Geneva is my native city, but I longed to see the land of which so much has been said and sung in times gone by."

"You are a cunning limner," observed the count, looking at the sketch in progress.—"Have you much skill in portraiture? I would show thee a fair subject for thy pencil at my chateau which thou see'st yonder."

"You may command me, my lord," replied the artist, "and I will use my poor endeavors to please you; but I must to Avignon to-night —to-morrow I shall be proud to wait on you."

"Be it so, then," said the count, turning his horse's head; "I shall expect you by midday."

The youth bowed, and Chevillion, with a grim smile, which he intended should be conciliating, rode off to join his attendants, who were waiting at some distance, leaving the young artist overjoyed at the prospect of a lucrative engagement with, and the patronage of, a man of such consequence.

At noon on the following day, Lautrec arrived at the chateau, a gloomy structure, erected in the twelfth century, but repaired and modernized in after ages. Its base was washed by the rapid waters of the Rhone, and a deep fosse surrounded the whole building, which was partly covered by ivy, the growth of many years. The young painter paused for a moment on the draw-bridge, to indulge his love of the picturesque, and then entered by the large Gothic gate, in which the huge portcullis grinned like a row of gigantic teeth.

"Ah me!" sighed the youth, as he reached the court-yard, in which little was seen to attract the attention of the visitor, "the days of song and romance are gone, and in this dull chateau, which perhaps once echoed to the strains of Brulez or Jacques de Chison, naught now is heard but the blast of its lord's hunting-horn."

"And what then!" said a voice near him; "wouldst thou quarrel with that, monsieur!"

Lautrec turned quickly round, and beheld a square built man, whose physiognomy was the very reverse of prepossessing. His swarthy complexion, hooked nose, and coarse features, added to a disagreeable squint, gave to his countenance a most sinister expression. The painter at first recoiled from this ominous looking personage, who was no other than the count's huntsman, Gaubert; but, judging it prudent to dissemble a little, though he could ill conceal the disgust he felt, he inquired for the count.

"You will find him in the second chamber of the tower," said Gaubert; "he bade me send you thither."

Lautrec was about to proceed there, when the huntsman, seizing his arm in a familiar manner, continued—

"Harkee, monsieur, no talking of Trouveres and love ditties—my master likes them not; our music, as thou saidst but now, is of a rougher fashion."

He was proceeding in the same strain, when Lautrec, disengaging his arm, bounded across the court-yard, and ascended the stairs of the turret to which the huntsman had pointed. Here he found the count sitting in a large high-backed arm-chair, and playing with a hawk which was perched on his hand.

"You are punctual," said Chevillion; "I love the man who respects the time of others. Beshrew me, you are firmly built, and would make a proper man-at-arms."

The count spoke truly: Lautrec was indeed a comely figure; his height exceeded that of most men, and his broad, though well made shoulders, attested his great bodily strength; yet such was the symmetry of his frame, that the most scrupulous could not characterize it as rough or clownish; whilst his countenance, expressive of frankness and good temper, had in it a slight dash of hauteur, which added to the dignity of his appearance. The young painter blushed deeply on hearing himself thus flattered by the count, who inquired why he had adopted such a profession?

"I had ever a love for the arts, my lord," said Lautrec; "and in happier days it proved my greatest pleasure. My father fell in the service of the Prince of Conde, in whose cause he had expended the whole of his patrimony."

fore; but content lightened all our toil; we would have given our lives for them. If you have a flock at home, comrade, you know what that feeling was. Well, we were happy, never dreaming of going apart, when, suddenly—you remember it—the old flag was assailed, and a cry came for help, for men to defend the life of the nation. My grandfather, comrade, was with Washington at Trenton and Yorktown; I have at home a sword he wore in those old days, and my blood leaped at that call. But for a day, a week, I resisted my own heart; I could not go, I thought, and leave my home, my wife, my little ones, so dear, so more than precious. But then, what was home worth, without a flag to cover it? What would become of my dear ones if chaos came?—if we could not walk the streets, and lie down at night, with the confidence, the consolation, that we had a country, a government, a law stronger than any mob, greater than the maddest fury of rebellion? I could not hold out against these thoughts, comrade; so at last I told Jenny, all that was in my heart; and she, God bless her brave soul! said, firmly but with tears: 'Go, John—the Father will care for us; the country needs you; go!' And so, comrade—you are listening?—I kissed my little ones, and, with Jenny's blessing, I left my home, everything, and now"—a sob lingered round each word—"I am here, dying!"

"But," he added, rallying, "don't tell them, Sergeant, that I murmured or feared to die. O, no; I cannot but think of and sorrow for them, but the old flag is worth ten thousand such poor lives as mine; it is glorious to die where its stars are shining; yet," and the voice broke again, "I will be missed in the home far away, and the days will be dark because I am so long in coming. But, comrade, bid them bear up; tell Jenny to teach my boy never to despair of the Republic; never to be false to it for one hour; never to strike hands with any man who has faltered now. And hark, comrade, tell her to kiss my darlings night and morning for me; I shall see her, and think, maybe, my lips are pressing theirs from the celestial Lookout my feet are climbing now."

A cheer from the hill where the battle raged fluttered down the slope to the soldier dying.

"Victory!" the pale lips cried; the weak hands clutched for the ground, the feet were nervous a moment as if he would once more stand erect and salute the flag, victorious now; then a deeper shadow fell on the face; the voice murmured, "Comrade, remember!" the limbs grew rigid, and John Gaston, private, was dead.

And the shadow that only the eye of Faith can penetrate and find clear sky beyond was lying on the home among the Granite Hills.

They buried him on the field, and there, these spring days, whose warmth is wooing all Nature into blossom and fragrance, sift sunshine over his ashes, and the summer, when it comes, will fold over his stilled heart the same robe of emerald and gold that kings lie under through God's going years.

There are hearts, indeed, that miss him; but their sorrow is not without consolation. He fell for his country, fell in the place where duty put him; and that thought sweetens the cup, and may help them at last to find the pearl of perfect peace at the bottom.

So war's ravages go on. So, on scores of fields, noble lives, full of sublimest impulses, come to a glorious pause, saluting the Great Captain with a smile as they pass to the Last Review. We who remain at ease in our homes, with only the murmurs of the distant conflict breaking on our ears, know little of the heroism, the sublime martyrdom, the sweet faith and resignation which illustrate every battlefield, and brighten hospital and camp all along the path of strife; know little what suns of hope go down forever in the smoke of bloody fields, what ties are rent never to be knit together again, what histories full of noble daring are ended in one flash and cannon peal.

But should we not remember and think of all this, and so be juster than we are to those who, all unsuspected in peaceful times of carrying under their homely garbs souls with the robust strength and faith of the martyr in them, are giving to-day on every field such exhibitions of the depth and affluence of our national character and aspirations as shall make all coming time bright with the glory of this?

A THRILLING ADVENTURE.

FROM THE DIARY OF A DETECTIVE.

During the year of 1848, the West was flooded with counterfeit coin. It was so well manufactured that it was passed readily. The evil at last became so great that the United State authorities requested that a skilful detective might be sent to ferret out the nest of coiners. I was fixed upon to perform the duty.

I had nothing to guide me. The fact, however, that Chicago was the city where the counterfeit coin was most abundant, led me to suspect that the manufactory was somewhere within the limits. It was, therefore, to the capital of the West I first proceeded. I spent five weeks in that city without gaining the slightest clue to the counterfeiters.

I began to grow discouraged, and really thought I should be obliged to return home without having achieved any result. One day I received a letter from my wife requesting me to send home some money, as she was out of funds. I went into a bank and asked for a draft, at the same time handing a sum of money to pay for it in which there were several half dollars. The clerk pushed three of the half dollars back to me, saying,

"Counterfeit."

"What," said I, "do you mean to tell me those half dollars are counterfeit?"

"I do."

"Are you certain?"

"Perfectly certain. They are remarkably well executed but are deficient in weight. See for yourself."

And he placed one of them in the balance against a genuine half dollar and the latter brought up the former.

"That is the best counterfeit coin I ever saw in my life," I exclaimed, examining them very closely. "Is all the counterfeit money in circulation here of the same character of this?"

"Oh, dear, no," replied the clerk, "it is not nearly as well done. These are the work of the famous New York counterfeiter, Ned Willett. I know them well, for I have handled a great deal of it in my time. Here is some of the money that is in circulation here," he added, taking several half dollars from the drawer. "You see the milling is not so well done as Ned Willet's, although it is pretty good, too."

I compared the two and found that he was right. I supplied the place of the three counterfeits with good coin, and returned the former to my pocket.

A few days after this I received information which caused me to take a journey to a small village about thirty miles from Chicago. I arrived there at night and took up my quarters at the only tavern in the place. It was a wretched dwelling, and kept by an old man and woman, the surliest couple I think it has ever been my lot to meet. In answer to my inquiry as to whether I could have lodgings there for the night, I noticed that the host gave a peculiar look at his wife, and after some whisperings I was informed in the most ungracious manner possible, that I could have a bed.

I have frequently, in the course of my life, been obliged to put up with wretched accommodations, so I did not allow my equanimity of temper to be disturbed by the miserable fare set before me, and the still more miserable sleeping apartment, into which I was ushered after I had concluded my repast.

The chamber was of small size, and was certainly well ventilated, for I could see the stars peeping through the roof. The bed was simply a bag of straw thrown into one corner of the room, without sheets or coverings of any kind. This last fact, however, was not of much consequence, as it was summer time and oppressively hot.

I stood more than hour gazing out of the opening which served for a window. Before me was spread an immense prairie, the limits of which I could not see. The tavern in which I had taken up my abode appeared to be isolated from all other dwellings; save the croak of the tree frog and the hum of the locust not a sound reached my ear. It was a beautiful moonlight night—so bright that I could see to read the smallest print.

At last I began to grow weary and throwing myself on my pallet, I was soon plunged in deep slumber. How long I slept I know not, but I was awakened by a dull sound, which resembled some one hammering in the distance. I suppose it was the peculiarity of the sound which awoke me, for it was by no means loud, but conveyed to me the idea of some one striking iron with a muffled hammer. I rose from my bed and went to the window. The moon was low in the western horizon, by which fact I knew that it must be near morning. The sound I had before referred to, reached me more distinctly than when in the back part of the chamber. It appeared to come from some out-houses which were situated a hundred yards from the house.

Now I am naturally of an inquiring mind, and this sound, occurring as it did in the middle of the night, in such a remote, out of the way place, piqued my curiosity, and I felt an irrepressible desire to go out and discover the cause of it. The desire, as the sound continued, grew upon me with such intensity that I resolved to gratify it at any price.

I put on my boots, the only articles of attire I had discarded, and cautiously opened the door of my chamber and noiselessly descended the rickety staircase. A few steps brought me in to the lower apartment, which I found entirely deserted. I crept quietly to the door, and unfastening it without making the slightest noise, was soon in the moonlight.

Not a soul was visible, but the sound continued and grew more distinct as I approached the place from whence it proceeded. At last I found myself before a long, low building, through the crevices of which I could perceive a lurid glare issuing. I stooped down and peeped through the key hole, and to my extreme surprise I saw half a dozen strong looking men with their coats off and sleeves rolled up, performing a variety of strange occupations. Some were working at a forge, others superintending the casting of moulds, and some were engaged in the process of milling coin. In a moment the whole truth burst upon me. Here was the gang of counterfeiters I was in search of, and the landlord and his wife evidently belonged to the same band, for in one corner I perceived them employed,—the man polishing off some half dollar pieces, just turned out of the moulds, while the woman was packing the finished coin into rolls.

I had seen enough and was about to return to my apartment, when I suddenly felt a heavy hand placed on my shoulder, and turning my head round, to my horror found myself in the grasp of as ill looking a scoundrel as ever escaped the gallows.

"What are you doing here my good fellow!" he exclaimed, giving me a shake.

"Taking a stroll by moonlight," I replied, endeavoring to maintain my presence of mind.

"Well, perhaps you'll take a stroll inside, will you?" returned the ruffian, pushing open the door and dragging me in after him.

All the inmates in the barn immediately stopped work and rushed toward us when they saw me.

"Why, what's all this?" they exclaimed.

"A loafer I found peepin' outside," said my captor.

, when he had the means. I have twelve ...en nobles, and that is all I possess in the world, and there are six of them at the service of the man whose hand was never shut to the poor. And as I am a gentleman, no man shall lay a finger on him while I wear a sword."

A glad man was the heir of Linn, to find one man worthy to be his friend. He took the six nobles, and advanced towards John of Scales, who was standing at the end of the hall, attired in gorgeous apparel.

"You, at least," said the heir of Linn, "ought to relieve my present necessities, for, you have grown rich on my ruin, and I gave you a good bargain for my lands."

Then John of Scales began to revile him, and to declare that he had given him much more than the lands were worth; for he did not like to be reminded of his extortion before so goodly a company.

"Nay," said he to the heir of Linn, "if you will but return to me half what I paid for your father's estate, you shall have it back again."

"Perhaps I will find friends who will lend me the sum—therefore give a promise under your hand and seal, and I will see what can be done.

John of Scales knew that but few people of the country had so much money, even if it were a common thing to lend money to friends, and he had just seen what reliance he has placed upon friends of other days, and he had not the least idea the heir of Linn would ever be the owner of the hundredth part of that sum. He therefore called for pen, ink, and paper and sat down before the company and wrote the promise, and right scoffingly gave it to his former master.

Then the heir of Linn strode to the window and opened it, and took a bugle from a tattered gabertine and blew it till joists and rafters shook with din. Presently a fair troop of servants rode up, well armed and mounted, leading a mule with them, laden with treasure. They dismounted and brought the bags of gold into the hall.

"My father's lands are my own again," cried the heir of Linn, joyously, and before the company had recovered from their astonishment, he had counted down to John of Scales just the sum he had agreed to take. Then turning to his servants, he said—

"Scourge me this viper out of the house of Linn with dog whips." And it was immediately done.

The company crowded around him to congratulate him on receiving his patrimony and excusing their own neglect and ingratitude. But he said to them—

"Catiffs, slaves, dogs, begone! Pollute the floor of my house no longer! If you enter my grounds again, I will have my servants loose the hounds upon you!"

To Master Lackland he said, "Come to my home, come to my heart, my brother! Live in my home and share with the heir of Linn in all things." And the heir of Linn became another man, and an ornament to his country, and a blessing to his tenants.

THE DEFENDERS.

BY BUCHANAN REID.

Our flag on the land, and our flag on the ocean,
An angel of peace wheresoever it goes—
Nobly sustained by Columbia's devotion,
The angel of death it shall be to our foes!
True to our native sky
Still shall our eagle fly
Casting its sentinel glances afar;
Though bearing the olive branch
Still in his talons staunch
Grasping the bolts of the thunders of war!

Hark to the sound! there's a foe on our border—
A foe striding on to the gulf of his doom;
Freemen are rising and marching in order,
Leaving the plow, and the anvil and loom.
Rust dims the harvest sheen
Of scythe and of sickle keen,
The axe sleeps in peace by the tree it would mar,
Veterans and youth are out
Swelling the battle shout,
Grasping the bolts of the thunders of war!

Our brave mounted eagles swoop from their eyrie—
Our lithe panthers leap from forest and plain;
Out of the West flash the flames of the prairie—
Out of the East roll the waves of the main.
Down from their Northern shores
Swift as Niagara pours,
They march, and their tread wakes the earth with its jar;
Under the Stripes and Stars,
Each with the ... Mars,
Grasping the bolts of the ...unders of war!

Spite of the sword or assassin's stiletto,
While throbs a heart in the breast of the brave,
The oak of the North, or the Southern palmetto,
Shall shelter no foe except in his grave!
While the gulf billow breaks,
Echoing the Northern Lakes,
And ocean replies unto ocean afar,
Yield we no inch of land,
While there's a patriot hand
Grasping the bolts of the thunders of war!

MOTHER, CAN I GO?

A young man from Lyme, Conn., employed in New York, wrote to his mother for permission to enlist. He now belongs to the Signal Corps in the Tenth Connecticut Regiment, with Gen. Burnside's Expedition. A friend in New York has thus beautifully put his request into verse:

I am writing to you, mother, knowing well what you will say,
When you read with tearful fondness what I write to you to-day;
Knowing well the flame of ardor on a loyal mother's part,
That will kindle with each impulse, with each throbbing of your heart.
I have heard my country calling for her sons that still are true;
I have loved that country, mother, only next to God and you,
And my soul is springing forward to resist her bitter foe;
Can I go, my dearest mother? tell me, mother, can I go?

From the battered walls of Sumter, from the wild waves of the sea,
I have heard her cry for succor, as the voice of God to me;
In prosperity I loved her—in her days of dark distress,
With your spirit in me, mother, could I love that country less?
They have pierced her heart with treason, they have caused her sons to bleed;
They have robbed her in her kindness, they have triumphed in her need;
They have trampled on her standard, and she calls me in her woe;
Can I go, my dearest mother? tell me, mother, can I go?

I am young and slender, mother,—they would call me yet a boy,
But I know the land I live in, and the blessings I enjoy;
I am old enough, my mother, to be loyal, proud and true
To the faithful sense of duty I have ever learned from you.
We must conquer this rebellion; let the doubting heart be still;
We must conquer it or perish. We must conquer, and we will!
But the faithful must not falter, and shall I be wanting?—No!
Bid me go, my dearest mother! tell me, mother, can I go?

He who led His chosen people, in their efforts to be free
From the tyranny of Egypt, will be merciful to me;
Will protect me by his power, whatsoe'er I undertake;
Will return me home in safety, dearest mother, for your sake.
Or should this my bleeding country, need a victim such as me,
I am nothing more than others who have perished to be free;
On her bosom let me slumber, on her altar let me die;
I am not afraid, my mother, in so good a cause to die.

There will come a day of gladness, when the people of the Lord
Shall look proudly on their banner, which His mercy has restored;
When the stars in perfect number, on their azure field of blue,
Shall be clustered in a Union, then and ever firm and true.
I may live to see it, mother, when the patriot's work is done,
And your heart, so full of kindness, will beat proudly for your son;
Or through tears your eyes may see it with a sadly thoughtful view,
And may love it still more dearly for the cost it won from you.

I have written to you, mother, with a consciousness of right—
I am thinking of you fondly, with a loyal heart to-night:
When I have your noble bidding, which shall tell me to press on,
I will come and kiss you, mother,—come and kiss you and be gone.
In the sacred name of freedom, and my Country as her due—
In the name of Law and Justice, I have written this to you;
I am eager, anxious, longing to resist my country's foe:
Shall I go, my dearest mother? tell me, mother, shall I go?

ONE OF MANY.

"JOHN GASTON, private, killed."

It was a short record—only a line in long columns of other lines; but to a home in the New Hampshire hills it came with the power of a great despair, making all of life dreary and sad.

It was a right pleasant home, with all beautiful surroundings, to which, that August day, this brief announcement brought grief and desolation—a home made luminous by love, musical by the prattle of sweet-tongued children, holy by the voice of daily prayer—a home where bright eyes looked lovingly into life's depths of joy and hope, and brave hands performed with cheerful industry life's daily work. Vines clung tenderly around the low windows; flowers—scarlet, pink, and gold—fringed the pleasant walks; and all day long, from the poplars at the door, birds sung their jocund airs in the drowsy ear of summer, dreaming amidst the glories of her own nursing.

But it was dark now; there were shadows on the faces which had been bright all the summer through, and there were sobs and sad plaints wailing through the prayers of the stricken mother of the fold, kneeling with the wondering ones around her.

"I am dying, comrade." The voice was faint, and had a moan in it. "I am dying; put your hand here on my heart. See! it has almost ceased to beat. Dying, dying!"

Over the hills and along the valleys the battle rolled with noisy grandeur. Through the thick smoke great flashes of flame burst now and then like sudden sunrisings. But the ear of the soldier, lying there on the edge of the flaming field, was closed to the battle's tumult. In his ears softer voices were breathing; on his eyes a sweeter than battle glory was shining—shining from far-off New Hampshire hills, where the sun was lying like a benediction.

"Lift me up a little," the weak voice said; "so," and the pale face brightened for a moment with an expression of relief. Then—"I have a home, comrade, in dear New Hampshire, and a wife and three little ones are waiting for me there. I had hoped to go to them in a little while—my time would have been out in September. I have dreamed many a night, lying under the stars, of walking up the village street, and finding Tom, and Kate, and Susy, waiting for me at the gate, their little faces all aflame with joy. Sometimes I have seemed to hear them praying for me, comrade, praying with their little hands folded on their mother's knees; and the dark hours have all been made bright by that thought, the sight of that picture lying in my heart. But all that is over now. I shall never sit again in my great chair at the table's head, nor lie with my children round me on the grass-plat, nor under the poplars, at the door.

A spasm checked his speech for a moment. His heart was bleeding as well as the wound in his side. Presently, as if God were holding up to him the past, he went on dreamily:

"I remember well, comrade, the day when Jenny and I were married. It was in the old church on the village green—you will see it if you go there, with a graveyard full of weather-beaten tombstones behind it; June was blowing her sweet breath in at the windows, filling all the place with a delicious balm; friends and neighbors stood around; the white-haired old minister—he had christened us both when it was still summer with him—with a happy face knit us together; and then, with a benediction resting upon our heads—I remember it as if but yesterday—we walked homeward, O, how joyously, along the narrow by-path, under the apple trees, whose boughs seemed to whisper blessings on us as we went. Then, I remember, I took Jenny to my own little home, just on the village border, and we began life's work together, summer in our hearts, summer overhead, summer under our feet. Then, after a while, comrade, a boy came to us—a boy with his mother's eyes; and a new song was put into our mouths. How like a vineyard, purpling with luscious fruits, life seemed to us then! How we watched and loved our boy! How our hearts opened to receive his sisters when they came, seeming to know he was yearning for playmates! We used to think, Jenny and I, as we looked into the faces of our darlings, that God must have missed three of His brightest ones after these our babes had wandered down to our home."

The soldier paused again, tears on his cheek, his voice tremulous. Then, "Put your arm under me, comrade," he said. "I will soon be done. Our little ones grew up around us; we had to work harder, for their sakes, than be-

"REWARD.—Lost or strade from the Premuse of the subScriberr, a sheepa all over white, one leg was black and half his body. All pursons shall receive five dols to bring him back. He was a she goat."

and starting up from his chair. "You shan't go alone. I have got a mother, and I love her as well as you love yours, and your mother shall not be happier than mine, for by the love I bear her, I here swear that she shall never have a drunken son. I will drink no more."

"Give us your hand, Tim," cried Sam Pratt. "I'll go with you."

"I waited no more, but quickly starting from my chair I joined the other two, and ere long the whole five of us joined with Jack Small in his noble life plan. We called for pen, ink and paper, and made Jack draw up a pledge. He signed it first and we followed him, and when the deed was done I know we were far happier than we had been before for many years. The wine upon the table was untouched, and the liquor we had drunk during the forenoon was all gone in its effect.

Towards evening we returned to the ship. There was a frown upon the captain's brow as we came over the side, for he had never known us to come off from a day's liberty sooner. But when we had all come over the side I reported ourselves to him, his countenance changed. He could hardly believe the evidence of his own senses.

"Look here, boys," he said, after he had examined us thoroughly, "what does this mean?"

"Show him the paper," whispered I.

Jack had our pledge, and without speaking he handed it to the captain. He took it and read it, and his face changed its expression several times. At length I saw a tear start to his eye.

"Boys," he said, as he folded up the paper, "let me keep this, and if you stick to your noble resolution you shall never want a friend while I live."

"We let the captain keep the paper and when he had put it in his pocket he came and took us each in turn by the hand. He was much affected, and I know the circumstance made him happy. From that day our prospects brightened. Jack Small no longer had our envy, for he took hold and taught us navigation, and we were proud of him. On the next voyage we all six were rated as able seamen, and received full wages, and we left not that noble-hearted captain until we left to become officers on board other ships.

Jack Small is now one of the best masters in the world, and I believe the rest of our party are still living, honored and respected men. Three years ago we all met—the whole six of us—at the Astor House in New York, and not one of us had broken the pledge which we made in the hotel in Rio. Four of us were then commanders of good ships, one was a merchant in New York, and the other was just going out as American consul to one of the Italian cities on the Mediterranean.

You know why I do not drink wine with you, and of course you will not urge it upon me, nor take my refusal as a mark of coldness or disrespect."

THE HEIR OF LINN.

There is as beautiful a Scotch ballad by this title as ever I saw in my life; it made a very strong impression upon me; but as the ballad is not to be found, I will endeavor to tell the story in plain prose.

The Laird of Linn, in Galway, was one of the richest landed proprietors in Scotland.—Besides the lands and dwellings, he had flocks and herds, and a good stock of gold. Moreover, he was a man of frugal and parsimonious disposition, so that the men of Galway avoided his company and the whole town cried shame on him. Nevertheless, his riches grew and increased to a mighty sum, and there was no telling what heaps of treasures he had snugly concealed.

The Laird of Linn did not marry till late in life, and his wife died within a year after his marriage. She left him one child, a son, who was the joy and plague of his existence.—Though naturally of a noble and generous temper, he was wild, reckless and extravagant. Seeing and hearing his father ridiculed every day, for his miserly temper and habits, he resolved at all events not to be like him, and spent all he could lay hands on among low dissolute companions, in riotous living—so true is it that one extreme follows another. It was in vain that his father remonstrated with him; he only grew worse and worse as he grew older.

At last, the Laird of Linn lay on his deathbed. He had outlived all his near relations, and he had no friends, so that he was obliged to leave all his substance to his son, and, besides, next to his gold, he loved his prodigal heir. Previous to his death, he called the Heir of Linn to his bedside, and thus spoke—

"My son, when my lips are cold in death, and my tongue silent in the grave, I know how it will be with you. You will spend all the substance of your ancestors, and all the gold I got together, in dissipation and extravagance. Nevertheless, I do not wish my son to live a beggar. Therefore give heed to my dying command, and if you disregard it, may a father's curse cling to you. The upper chamber of my house in Kippletringan is now locked up, and I have thrown the key into the sea. When you have lost both gold and lands, when you have not a friend who will lend you a beaubee, and when you are actually suffering for a crust to appease your hunger, break the door open, and you will find a certain relief; but, if you open the door before that time, I say again, may a father's curse cling to you."

With those words the old man fell back and expired.

The heir of Linn did not grieve long for his parent. He soon after threw open his house to all comers. His forests fell beneath the axe. His chimneys were always smoking, a hundred men sat daily at his board, and he bought horses and hounds, and lent money without counting it, to his dissolute companions. He jested and drank and gambled, as if he could not get rid of his substance in all these ways; he took no care of his affairs but gave up the guidance of them to a bailiff, or steward, named John of Scales, who was a knave, and a notorious usurer. John cheated his master in a variety of ways, and put more than half his rent in his own pocket.

At last, what the heir of Linn's father had foreseen came to pass. His money was all gone, and he had no means of keeping up his excesses, except by selling his lands; but no one was rich enough to buy them, except John of Scales, and every one knew how he came by his money. The young laird was desperately in want of cash to pay his gaming debts, and was moreover, heated with wine, when the unjust steward offered to buy his estate. It was a hard case, but, after much discussion he agreed upon the bargain.

"Give me your gold, good John of Scales, and my lands shall be yours forever," said the heir of Linn.

Then John counted down the good, clean gold, and a hard bargain his master had of it. For every pound that John agreed, the land was worth three.

The last money went like the first, and the heir of Linn was a beggar. He first went to the house that had once been his own, but now belonged to John of Scales, to seek some relief. He looked into the window of the great banqueting hall, but there was no feasting going on in it. The fire was out, and the dinner table taken away, and all was desolate and dismal. "Here's sorry cheer," says the heir of Linn.

John would not give him a penny, but told him to go to his friends he had spent so much money upon foolishly. He did so, but it did no good. Some pretended not to know him, and no one would lend him a farthing, or even offer him a dinner, so he wandered about forlorn and hungry for two days; for work he could not, and to beg he was ashamed. At last, in his extreme misery, he bethought himself of his father's dying words.

"I have not sold the house in Kippletringan yet," said he, "for no one would buy it. I will go and break open the upper chamber. My father said I would find relief there, and perhaps he meant treasure. If it should prove so, I will be a wiser man than I was, and not waste it on knaves."

To the house then he went, and broke the chamber door open. He found relief, indeed!

There was nothing in the room except a high stool, and directly over it a halter dangling from a hook in the ceiling. He looked up and read these words:—

"Ah! graceless wretch and wanton fool! You are ruined forever. This is the only relief for those who wasted their patrimony, as you have done. Behold then—put the halter around your neck and jump from the stool, and save your family from disgrace of beggary."

"Very excellent counsel," said the heir of Linn; and as I must either hang or starve, I think I'll take my father's advice and hang. It is the shortest death of the two."

So he mounted, fastened the halter around his neck and kicked the stool from under.

But the heir of Linn was not to die so. The board into which the hook was driven gave way with his weight, and he fell on the floor with a shower of gold coin rattling around him. I will not say that he felt no pain in the neck the next day, but at that moment he certainly felt none; joy rushed into his heart like a torrent, at seeing himself rescued from death and beggary. The space between the ceiling and the roof contained an enormous treasury. On the upper side of the board was fastened a letter addressed to him. He hastily tore it open and read as follows:

"My dearson!—I know your character and no expostulation or advice can wean you from the desperate course you are pursuing. Nothing but misery, sharper than death, can work the cure on you. If, therefore, your misfortunes and sufferings should be so grievous that you prefer death to their endurance, you will not rashly encounter them again. You have made the trial; take my gold, redeem your lands and become a better man."

The heir of Linn did not leave the spot without putting up a prayer to Heaven for the soul of a parent whose admirable wisdom had discovered the means of raising him from beggary and despair to affluence, and of weaning him from the follies and vices which had so disgraced his character. To evince his gratitude, he resolved to amend his life from that day forward, and become all a father's heart could wish.

But he first thought he would make one more trial of his false friends, on whom he had wasted his time, his substance and his character. He therefore kept his newly discovered wealth a great secret, until he heard that John of Scales was to give a great entertainment, and all the lords and ladies of Galway were to be there.

When the heir of Linn entered his father's hall, it was crowded with richly-dressed gentry, but he was in beggar's rags. He appealed to the charity of the company, saying he was starving. To one he said, "You have dined at my board a thousand times, now will you deny me the crumbs that fall from your own?" To another, "I gave you a pair of steeds and trappings." And to another he said, "I let you a thousand pounds, and never asked you to repay me," and so on to all the rest of the company. But instead of remembering his favors, they reviled him and called him a spendthrift, beggar and all manner of vile names.—Some said it was a shame that such a wretched-looking object should be suffered among them; and one to whom more than all the rest, his purse had been open, called on his servant to thrust him out of doors.

But one man took his part. It was Master Richard Lackland, a poor, younger son of a wealthy gentleman. He stood up and said, "I never ate at the board of the heir of Linn: I never rode his horses, or shared his purse, or received a favor of him to the amount of a farthing. But what then? he was a worthy gen-

we spent more time in watching opportunities to have a spree than we did in learning to perfect ourselves in the profession we had chosen.

It even got so at length that Jack Small was called upon to take the deck sometimes, when the officers were busy, and he used to work out the reckonings at noon as regularly as did the captain. Yet Jack was in our mess, and he was a constant eye-sore. We saw that he was reaching rapidly ahead of us in every useful particular, and yet we would not open our eyes. We were envious of his good fortune, as we called it, and used to seize every opportunity to tease and run him. But he never got angry in return. He sometimes would laugh at us, and at others he would so feelingly chide us that we would remain silent for awhile.

At length the idea entered our heads that Jack should drink with us. We talked the matter over in the mess when Jack was absent, and we mutually pledged each other that we would make him drink at the first opportunity. After this determination was taken, we treated Jack more kindly, and he was happier than he had been for some time. Once more we laughed and joked with him in the mess, and he in return helped us in our navigation. We were on our homeward bound passage, by the way of Brazil, and our ship stopped at Rio Janeiro, where we remained a week or so. One pleasant morning we six youngsters received permission to go on shore and spend the whole day; and accordingly we rigged up in our best togs and were carried to the landing.

Now was our chance, and we put our heads together to see how it could be done. Jack's very first desire, as soon as he got ashore, was to go up and examine the various things of interest in the city. He wanted to visit the churches and such like places, and to please him we agreed to go with him if he would go and take dinner with us. He agreed to this at once, and we thought we had him sure. We planned that after dinner was eaten we would have some light sweet wine brought on, and that we would contrive to get enough rum into what he drank to upset him, for nothing on earth could please us more than to get Jack Smail drunk, and carry him on board in that shape, for then we fancied that the captain's favoritism would be at an end, and that he would no longer look upon our rival with preference over ourselves. We had the matter all arranged, and in the meantime we paid Jack all the attention in our power—so much so that he at length signified a willingness to go anywhere to please us, provided we would not go into any bad place.

Dinner time came, and a most capital dinner we had. We had selected one of the best hotels, for the prices were no higher there than at places of lower repute, and, in fact, not so high, for those low places fleece a sailor most unmercifully. The eatables were despatched with becoming gusto, and then the wine was brought on.

"Ah! what have you here?" asked Jack, betraying some uneasiness at the appearance of the glasses and bottles.

"Only a little new wine," I replied, as carelessly as I could. "Mere juice of the grape."

"But it is wine, nevertheless," pursued he.

"It isn't wine," cried Sam Pratt, who was one of the hardest nuts old Neptune ever cracked.

"No," chimed in Tim Black, another of about the same stamp. "It's only a little simple juice. Come, boys, fill up."

The glasses were accordingly filled. Sam Pratt performed that duty, and he took good care that Jack's glass had a good quantity of sweetened rum in it.

"No," said Jack, as the glass was moved towards him; "if you are going to commence thus, I will keep your company with water while you remain orderly, but I will not touch wine."

This was spoken very mildly, and with a kind smile, but yet it was spoken firmly, and we could see that our plan was about being knocked in the head. We urged him to drink with us—only one glass, if no more. We told him how innocent it was, and how happy his social glass would make us; but we could not move him.

"Then let him go!" cried Tim, who had already drank some. In fact, all of us but Jack had drank more or less during the forenoon. "Let him go. We don't want the mean fellow with us!"

"That's it," added Sam, with a bitter "off he goes. If he's too good to drink with his shipmates, we don't want him."

"You misunderstand me," said Jack, in a tone of pain. "I am not too good to drink with you, in the sense in which you would take it. But I do not wish to drink at all."

"Too stingy—that's all," said I, determined to make him drink if I could. But Jack looked at me so reproachfully as I said this that I wished I had not spoken as I did.

"If you wish to enjoy your wine, messmates," said Small, at the same time rising from his chair, "you can do so, but I beg you will excuse me. I will pay my share of the expenses for the dinner."

"And for your share of the wine," said Tim, "for we ordered it for you."

"No," returned Jack, "I cannot pay for any of the wine—"

"Mean!" cried two or three at a breath.

"No, no, messmates, not mean. I will pay for the whole of the dinner—for every article you and I have had in the house, save the wine."

And as he spoke he rang the bell. He asked the waiter who entered what the bill was for the company, without the wine, and after the amount had been stated, he took out his purse to pay it, when Sam Pratt, who was our acknowledged leader, caught his arm.

"No—not so," said Sam. "You shall not pay for it, for we will not eat at the expense of one who will sneak out of a scrape in this way. We want nothing more to do with you unless you take a glass of wine with us."

"Very well," said Jack; and as he spoke I could see that his lip quivered, and that he dared not speak more.

He turned towards the door then, but before he reached it Tim Black ran and caught him, at the same time exclaiming:

"May I be blessed if you go off so, any way. You've commenced and now you've got to stick it out."

This was the signal for us to commence again, and once more we tried to urge Jack to drink the wine; and when we found that urging would not do we commenced to abuse and scoff. We accused him of trying to step over us on board the ship, and of all other bad things of which we could think. For a while the poor fellow seemed inclined to let his anger get the upper hand; but at length he calmed himself and stepping back to his chair, he said:

"Shipmates, will you listen to me for a moment?"

Silence gave consent, and in a moment more he resumed:

"Since matters have come to this pass, I have resolved to tell you what I had meant to keep locked up in my bosom."

We had always thought, from Jack's manner, that there was something peculiar connected with his early life, and we were attention in a moment.

"My story is but a very short one," he continued, "and I can tell it in a very few words. From the time of my earliest childhood I never knew what it was to have a happy home. My father was a drunkard! Once he had been a good man and a good husband, but rum ruined all his manhood and made a brute of him. I can remember how cold and cheerless was the first winter of my life to which my memory leads my mind. We had no fire—no food—no clothes—no joy—no nothing, nothing but misery and woe! My poor mother used to clasp me to her bosom to keep me warm, and once—once I remember—when her very tears froze on my cheek! O, how my mother prayed to God for her husband; and I, who could but just prattle, learned to pray, too. And I used to see that husband and father return to his room, and I remember how my poor mother cried and trembled.

"When I grew older I had to go out and beg for bread. All cold and shivering I waded through the deep snow, with my clothes in tatters and my freezing feet almost bare. And I saw other children dressed warm and comfortable, and I knew they were happy for they laughed and sang as they bounded along towards school. Those boys had sober fathers. I knew that their fathers were no better than mine had been once, for my mother had told me how noble my own father could be if the accursed demon rum were not in his way; but the fatal power was upon him, and though he often promised, and though he often tried, yet he could not escape.

"Time passed on and I was eight years old, and those eight years had been years of such sorrow and suffering as I pray God I may never see another experience. At length, one cold morning in the dead of winter, my father was not at home. He had not been at home through the night. My mother sent me to the tavern to see if I could find him. I had gone half the way when I saw something in the snow by the side of the road. I stopped, and a shudder ran through me, for it looked like a human form. I went up to it, and turned the head over and brushed the snow from the face. It was my father—and he was stiff and cold! I laid my hand upon his pale brow, and it was like solid marble. He was dead!"

Poor Jack stopped a moment and wiped his eyes. Not one of us spoke, for we had become too deeply moved. But he soon went on.

"I went to the tavern and told the people there what I had found, and the landlord sent two of his men to carry the frozen body of my father home. O, Shipmates, I cannot tell you how my mother wept and groaned. She sank down upon her knees and clasped the icy corpse to her bosom, as though she would have given it life from the warmth of her own breast. She loved her husband through all his errors, and her love was all powerful now. The two men went away and left the body still on the floor. My mother wished me to come and kneel by her side. I did so. "My child," she said to me,—and the big tears were rolling down her cheeks,—"you know what has caused all this. This man was once as noble and happy and true as man can be; but O, see how he has been strick down. Promise me, my child, O promise here, before God and your dead father, and your broken hearted mother, that you will never, never touch a single drop of the fatal poison that has wrought for us all this misery."

"O, shipmates, I did promise then and there, all that my mother asked, and God knows that to this moment that promise has never been broken. My father was buried, and some good kind neighbors helped us through the winter. When the next spring came I could work, and I earned something for my mother. Not for the wealth of the world would I break the pledge I gave my mother and my God on that dark, cold morning. And even had I made no such pledge I would not touch the fatal cup, for I know that I have a fond, doting mother who would be made miserable by my dishonor, and I would rather die than bring more sorrow upon her head. Perhaps you have no mothers, and if you have perhaps they do not look to you for support, for I know you too well to believe that either of you would ever bring down a loving mother's gray hairs in sorrow to the grave. That is all, shipmates. Let me go now, and you may enjoy yourselves alone, for I do not believe that you will again urge the cup upon me."

As Jack thus spoke he turned towards the door, but Tim Black stopped him.

"Hold on Jack," cried Tim, wiping his eyes

Ships Name Standing near the Equator

Thursday Sept 4th hours begins with light breezes from SEbE past steering by the wind to the SSE with all sail set at 10 AM raised Ships to the SSE Latter part the same in the morning unremarkable the day Lat 2. 27 S Long 175 – 25 W

Friday Sept 5th Commences with light Airs and clear weather first part steering by the wind to the SSE with all sail set Muckle and latter part the same nothing more remarkable this day

Saturday Sept 6th Commences with fine breezes and weather first part steering by the wind to the SSE with all sail set at 10 AM saw a shole of Spermaceti whales the starboard Boat struck 2 and saved them the Larboard Boat struck 1 and saved also the remainder of this day employed in Cutting the Whales Lat 2 – 20 S Long 175 – 20 W

Sunday Sept 7th Commences with Moderate the whales alongside at 2 PM got them alongside and commenced cutting got one in at midnight at daylight commenced cutting the other got the end in at 10 AM and commenced boiling headed up 200 with the main Topgallant set the people employed in setting up Shooks Lat 2 – 22 S 3 miles South Long 176 – 03 West

Monday Sept 8th Begins with light breezes first part steering by the wind to the SSE with all sail set all hands employed on boiling muckle and latter part the same at midnight packed Ships heading up 65 W Lat 2 – 18 S Long 175 – 17 West

Tuesday Sept 9th Begins with light breezes first part steering by the wind to the SSE with all sail set all employed on Boiling muckle so at the same at 10 PM got the Whales boiled and hoisted on board the Lat 1 mile S Long 176 – 22 W do

Sailing Vessel Standing near the Coast

Wednesday 6th D°s Commences with Moderate
breezes & fair Weather & the wind Northerly
at 6 A.M. Observed the Coast bearing from
N.E. to N.W. distant 4 or 5 Miles Soundings
from 15 to 20 Fathoms at 8 A.M. Observed
the Coast bearing from N.E. to N.W. distant
2 or 3 Miles Soundings from 15 to 20 Fathoms
at Noon Observed the Coast bearing from
N.E. to N.W. distant 2 or 3 Miles Soundings
from 15 to 20 Fathoms Lat Obs. 32°.36 South
Long 178°.16 East

Thursday 7th Commences with Strong
breezes & Cloudy Weather at 6 A.M. Observed
the Coast bearing from N.E. to N.W. distant
2 or 3 Miles Soundings from 15 to 20 Fathoms
at 8 A.M. Observed the Coast bearing from
N.E. to N.W. distant 2 or 3 Miles Soundings
from 15 to 20 Fathoms at Noon Observed the
Coast bearing from N.E. to N.W. distant
2 or 3 Miles Soundings from 15 to 20 Fathoms
Lat Obs. 32°.36 South Long 178°.16 East

Friday 8th Commences with Strong
breezes & Cloudy Weather at 6 A.M. Observed
the Coast bearing from N.E. to N.W. distant
2 or 3 Miles Soundings from 15 to 20 Fathoms
at 8 A.M. Observed the Coast bearing from
N.E. to N.W. distant 2 or 3 Miles Soundings
from 15 to 20 Fathoms at Noon Observed the
Coast bearing from N.E. to N.W. distant
2 or 3 Miles Soundings from 15 to 20 Fathoms
Lat Obs. 32°.36 South Long 178°.16 East

Saturday 9th Commences with Light
breezes & Cloudy Weather at 6 A.M. Observed
the Coast bearing from N.E. to N.W. distant
2 or 3 Miles Soundings from 15 to 20 Fathoms
at 8 A.M. Observed the Coast bearing from
N.E. to N.W. distant 2 or 3 Miles Soundings
from 15 to 20 Fathoms at Noon Observed the
Coast bearing from N.E. to N.W. distant
2 or 3 Miles Soundings from 15 to 20 Fathoms
Lat Obs. 32°.36 South Long 178°.16 East

Sunday 10th Commences with Strong
breezes & Cloudy Weather at 6 A.M. Observed
the Coast bearing from N.E. to N.W. distant
2 or 3 Miles Soundings from 15 to 20 Fathoms
at 8 A.M. Observed the Coast bearing from
N.E. to N.W. distant 2 or 3 Miles Soundings
from 15 to 20 Fathoms at Noon Observed the
Coast bearing from N.E. to N.W. distant
2 or 3 Miles Soundings from 15 to 20 Fathoms
Lat Obs. 32°.36 South Long 178°.16 East

Monday 11th Commences with Strong
breezes & Cloudy Weather at 6 A.M. Observed
the Coast bearing from N.E. to N.W. distant
2 or 3 Miles Soundings from 15 to 20 Fathoms
at 8 A.M. Observed the Coast bearing from
N.E. to N.W. distant 2 or 3 Miles Soundings
from 15 to 20 Fathoms at Noon Observed the
Coast bearing from N.E. to N.W. distant
2 or 3 Miles Soundings from 15 to 20 Fathoms
Lat Obs. 32°.36 South Long 178°.16 East

Tuesday 12th Commences with Strong
breezes & Cloudy Weather at 6 A.M. Observed
the Coast bearing from N.E. to N.W. distant
2 or 3 Miles Soundings from 15 to 20 Fathoms
at 8 A.M. Observed the Coast bearing from
N.E. to N.W. distant 2 or 3 Miles Soundings
from 15 to 20 Fathoms at Noon Observed the
Coast bearing from N.E. to N.W. distant
2 or 3 Miles Soundings from 15 to 20 Fathoms
Lat Obs. 32°.36 South Long 178°.16 East

Ship Indian Cruising near the Equator

Wednesday 12th Commences with Strong breezes
with part Steering by the wind Wednesday Sept 12
with all Sail Set middle and latter part
much the same Wet much employed on Sewing
Sunday Sept 16 ends Latt 1-47 Long 177-50 W

Monday 17th Commences with light breezes
Steering by the wind Wednesday Sept 19 Carried all
Sail Set middle and latter part the
same We much employed Sewing Sails ends
Wet 22 Lines

Wednesday 19th Commences with Light
breezes part past by the wind Wednesday
Sept 19 with all Sail Set middle part
the same at 1 meridian Saw Ships Wednesday
Sept 19 with all Sail Set

Saturday 20th Commenced with Steering
Sails part past Steering by the wind N-O
the E with all Sail middle and latter part
much the same Latt 1-43 S Long

Sunday 21st Commences with Strong breezes
part Sail Sails single reaped Topsails Courses
Close part & Royals middle and latter part
much the same Steering by the wind N-
the E Latt 2-44 S Long

Monday 18th We 24 hours begins with Strong
breezes from the E part past Steering by the
wind N the E middle part Variable calm
Saw a Shole of Sperm whale gave Chase
secured Ship N the Starboard Tack 10 PM Saw
the Run of Sperm Sounded the Log

Tuesday 19th Begins with moderate breezes
from the E N E Wednesday Sept 19 by the wind
at 8 AM Saw whales gave Chase wore and
Laid for them Sent Each Boats after
them to the Same Sounds

Ships Martha Cruising near the Line

Wednesday 20th Commences with Light Airs from the Eastward steering by the wind to the S.E. at 4 A.M. Tacked Stood to the Northward made sail & Employed variable weather at 4 P.M. Called all hands and Moor'd Ship Spoke a Ships Boats and Visited the Ship Latter being Whalers and Equally Scarce of Provisions Found the Crew Employed Steering Ship Ends Thirty Hours Do. D.

Thursday 21st Comm.d with Thick Rainy weather Light Airs & Calms Steering by the wind Variable from S.E. to N.E. under Close reef'd Topsails Employed the Ch.r Martha's Three years Cruise with 1600 Sperm oil for Clearness and an afternoon watch below Commenced Standing half watches Middle watch first watch Light Airs & Calms Middle and Latter parts Fine weather Steering up S.E. with the main Topgallant Sail Set Ends the Third year of the Ships Martha's voyage Lat 2-11 South Long

Three Years Out

Friday 22d 1848 Thirty four Hours Begins with moderate breezes first part Steering by the wind to the S.E. with all Sail Set Employed Middle and Latter part Fine Weather Steering up S.E. with the main Topgallant Sail Set Ends the Ships Martha's voyage Lat 2-02 South Long

Saturday 23d Begins with Light Airs from the Eastward Steering up S.E. by the wind employed in mending the Sails Set Sail Set with in sight Sail Dolphin Middle and Latter part much the Same Lat 59 miles S

Sunday 24th Begins with Light breezes first part by the wind Steering up S.E. with all Sail Set Steering up S.E. by E. the main Topgallant Sail Set Ends the Ships Martha's Boats at 10 P.M. noting more remarkable this day Ends Lat. per Ob 1-46 S Long 179-46 West

Ship Phoebe Cruizing near the Line

Monday 25th Begins with light breezes from the Eastward first part steering by the wind to the SE at sunset Tacked to the Southward at 6 PM caught a dolphin made sail Squally weather with rain latter part fresh breezes up SE the Middle employed at Cruizing Lat per Obs 2.00 South Long 119-5-E

Tuesday 26th Commences with light breezes and fine Clear weather Steered up SE by the wind with all Sail set middle and latter part the same the watch employed in scraping the Main yard at noon Lat per Obs was 3-25 South Long

Wednesday 27th Commences with light breezes first part steering by the wind to the SE middle and latter part the same the watch employed variably Lat 6-04 S Long 119

Thursday 28th Commences with light breezes first part steering by the wind heading up SE middle part and SE latter part the same Lat 6-26 South Long

Friday 29th Begins with light breezes and squally steering by the wind SE SE with all Sail set middle and latter part fine weather the same Lat 6-32-119

Saturday 30th Begins with light breezes first part steering by the wind SE under all the middle and latter part much the same with frequent squalls of rain the watch employed variously Lat 7-15-S

Ships Martha Bound for N Zealand

Thursday Oct 2nd Commenced with light breezes from the Northward course SEly & made good a Southerly latter part wind & the same No incidents any engaged on board the Ships Colours so ends this day Lat 9-15 S Long 178 21 West

Friday Oct 3rd Comenced with light breezes and Calms first part course SE by S middle and latter part much the same nothing on sight but small birds Lat 9-57 S Long

Saturday Oct 4th Comenced with light breezes from the Northward course SE by E middle and latter part much the same

Sunday Oct 5th Comenced with light Northerly winds and fine clear weather first part course SE by E at 2 PM caught a dolphin middle and latter part much the same Lat 9-12-13

Monday Oct 6th Commenced with Strong Southerly winds and fine weather course SE by E middle part the same latter part variable winds and squalls Lat 10-24 Long 177-20 West

Tuesday Oct 7th Commenced with Strong breezes from the Eastward steering to the Southward course steered SE by E middle part much the same latter part Strong breezes from the E at 3 PM caught a dolphin nothing else remarkable Lat 12-22 S Long 179-49 East

Wednesday Oct 8th Begins with Strong E and ESE winds the weather part of the day Squally all possible sail set at 2 PM kept off SE by E at 4 caught a dolphin middle part the same Lat 15-07 Long

Thursday Oct 9th Commenced with Strong Southerly winds and fine weather course SE by E middle part the same latter part variable winds and squalls Lat 16-24 Long 177-20 West

Ship Martha Bound For New Zealand

Tuesday Oct 10th Begins with Squally and squadally weather first part steering S and SE and heading SW by W at 2 P.M. made Ground & Saw one of the Isleges Lost bearing SE about 25 miles Latter part steering SE blade heading up so ends this day Lat 16.39 S Lon

Wednesday Oct 11th Begins with fine Weather Steering S by E and heading SW by S with all Sail set middle part under Easy Sail at 7 PM steered Ship heading SW by S at 10 tacked again heading up SE by E nothing remarkable Next 24 hours Lat 17.15 Long

Thursday Oct 12th Begins with moderate Breezes Latter part Light Airs & Calms with all Sail set middle part fine clear weather latter part much the same Lat 18-24 = Long 175.52 E

Friday Oct 13th Begins with Light Breezes and happy Smooth Sea last part heading up SE by the Sun at 6 PM the wind hauled to the Northward Steering SE by E latter part being Light Airs Calms keeps Sail and Main Topsailes to ends Lat 20.02 S 176.25 E

Saturday Oct 14th Commences with the Same Breezes Light Airs the last part Smooth Sea under a close reefd Sail and Main Topsail at 7 AM the Breeze Increased middle part steering by the wind heading SE latter part the wind at 7 PM Smooth Sea & calm all Sail set Lat 20-55 S Long 177-41 E

Sunday Oct 15th Commenced with by Light Breezes Clear the PM and fine weather part Calms SE by E with all Sail set middle part fine weather latter part the same nothing more remarkable the 24 hours Lat 22-04 S Long 179-19 East

Ships Martha Bound on New Zealand

Monday Oct 16th Commenced with strong breezes from the Westward and fine weather first part course S.E by E with all sail set middle part course E by S latter part S.E. by E more Remarkable this day Lat 22.39 S Long 177.4 W

Tuesday Oct 17th Begins with strong breezes from the Westward first part course E with all sail set middle and latter part course E by S latter part calmes employed in mending the fish nothing Remarkable these 24 hours Lat 22.37 S Long 177.25 W

Wednesday Oct 18th Begins with light breezes from the W.W course E by S middle part light airs and calmes latter part fine breezes at 9 PM made the Isle of Pines bearing E by S 9 miles dist latter part hazy fine at 12 ends this day

Thursday Oct 19th Commenced with light breezes from W.W at 4 PM. canoes came off with Cocoas & Potatoes the Capt went on shore lying off & on the remainder of this day

Friday Oct 20th Commenced with light airs from W.W at 8 AM the capt came off and we stood for the S.E middle part, light baffling winds latter part wind at S.E heading E by the wind to the S.W with all sail set saw Humpbacked whs jumping Lat 22.56 S Lo 176

Saturday Oct 21st These 24 hours Begins with light breezes from the S.E and hazy weather saw humpbacked whs at 8 AM tacked ship with rainy weather & baffling winds latter part calm raining 12 ends this day

Sunday 22nd These 24 hours Begins with light baffling winds & calms under short sail middle fine breezes from the S.E heading up E by S latter part heading S.E nothing more remarkable this day Lat 22.21 S Long 175-16 W

Skys Mostka Coasting on N Zealand

Monday Oct 22d Hrs 24 hours Begins with light Southerly winds headding up E & E by the Land middle part more the same at ½ past the wind headed to the S E Tacked Ship headding N by E the wind with all sail so do ends Latt 24.53 S Long 174-37 West

Tuesday Oct 24th Hrs 24 hours Begins with light S E winds steering by the wind headding up N middle and latter part the same do ends Latt 25.05 S Long

Wednesday Oct 25th Hrs 24 hours Begins with Light breezes from the Eastward headding up N middle part under easy Sail headding up N E at daylight Sprung a Leak latter part hard gales Lasting winds nothing more remarkable Latt 25.53 South Long 174-19 West

Thursday Oct 26th Hrs 24 hours Begins with light breezes from the S E under N W middle part under easy Sail at daylight a Barque in sight of us the low latter part Lasting winds and rainy weather under a close reefed main Topsail and fore Sail Lying to

Friday Oct 27th Hrs 24 hours Begins with moderate winds and rainy weather Lying to under short Sail latter part steering N W nothing remarkable this day No Obs

Saturday Oct 28th Hrs 24 hours Begins with strong breezes from the S S E steering N W under short Sail at sunset hove to under a close reefed main Topsail and fore Sail middle part fine weather headding up E N E at daylight made all Sail and steered N W at 9 A M made Sail at the Same steering by the wind headding N E & E nearly Hrs 24 Lat 2 [illegible] Long 175 [illegible]

Ships Marks Cruising on New Zealand

Sunday Oct 29th Hrs 24 hand Begins with strong breezes from the Northward Steadying & the Comm. Wat sunset Shortened sail middle and latter part light breezes from the Northward nothing more remarkable this day 2 Lott 27-05 South No Long

Monday Oct 30th Hrs 24 hand commences with light Baffling winds and calms middle & W middle part latter part light breezes from the N.N.E course N.W by W latter part Set to the S.S.E Lott 27-46 S Long 176-07

Tuesday Oct 31st Hrs 24 hand Begins with light breezes from the East and course N.W by West & Set Sail at sunset took in the Sails middle part light breezes from the E.S.E course S.W by S latter part light breezes from the N.N.W steering by the wind steadying S.W by West the fore & Topgallant and mizen course sent it up again Lott 28-06 South No Long

Wednesday Nov 1st Hrs 24 hand Begins with light winds and calms course S.W by W middle part light breezes from the South and calm sent down the Spanker gaff fitted & Sent it up again course Lott 28-10 South Long

Thursday Nov 2nd Hrs 24 hand Begins with light breezes from the S.E course S.W by S middle part Set same at 5 P.M made Sunday Island bearing W by S about 40 miles distant latter part steering by the wind heading S Lott 28-27 S Long 177,31

Friday Nov 3rd Hrs 24 hand Begins with light Breezes from the E.S.E steering by the wind heading S.S.W by S. P.M. Boat went on shore Lying off & on the remainder of this day & Night on with light to variable

Ships Washed Proceedings on H. Island

Saturday Nov 4th Commences with moderate
Breezes from the Eastward Employed and as
at 6 P.M the Boats came off with more
Refreshments & Potatoes &c &c Latter part
getting off wood &c ends

Sunday Nov 5th Commences with light
Breezes from the Eastward Employed as
on Yesterday Boats Employed as at 5 P.M
188 Refreshments at 5 P.M came on Board
Shortened Sail and Steered to the Westward
the Boats Deserted Latter part
employed getting off two Boat loads of Wood
and Water. Steered West & Employed Lowering
Bell Bonacca Brabbles the Boy came on Board
and gave himself up &c ends

Monday Nov 6th Commences with Employed as
yesterday getting off a Boat load of wood and Water &c
Refreshments and Seven Cabbages at 7 P.M the
Capt and his Boat crew went on Shore to collect
the Deserters they Succeeded and brought them
off at 9 P.M Two Boats went a fishing
to ends Wet day with plenty of Thunder & Lightning
in Night

Tuesday Nov 7th Commences with Employed
as on Yesterday Boats came off at 5 A.M
with plenty of fish Boats manned and Steered
by the wind to the S.W. with fine weather
and clear Sea. At noon made Eleven Island
at daylight bearing S.E by E. distant about 80 miles
Latter part employed as ends

Wednesday Nov 8th Noon 24 hours Begins with
with rainy weather Shortened a Sail at sunset Double
reefed the Topsails took in the fish and manned
Yesterday up & by E at midnight Hove to Employed
Hooked Yams Steering SE to ends this day

Thursday Nov 9th Steering as from Yesterday
noon Lat 37 S Long 174 E Steering E
by the wind Struck a Pilot and Sailed
commenced steering South with Light
Variable winds & Calms middle part Light Breezes
from the Westward Steering to the Eastward
latter part of the day Midnight All sent
up the main Royal at 7 PM Latter Headed
SE by E employed in Rigging Students Gone
ashore

Friday Nov 10th Began with Steering Breezes
from the Eastward Steering S by E wind
Sat Sunset Students Sail middle part
strong Breeze squally weather at daylight Took in
the Jib Mainsail & Spanker at 11 PM
took in the fore Topsail stood under the
main & mizen Courses the Midnight SSE
Ends This day

Saturday Nov 11th Began with strong gales
from the SE first part Steering to Windward
Sat 7 PM the wind backed East & PM veered
Ships Headway up SE at 2 PM saw Cape Kidnappers
in sight bearing N by W 5 miles dist passed the
same Sail and Kept off E by S with strong Gales
Double reefed Fore & main Topsails Latter part
strong Gales & Squalls Lat 39 - 36 S Long

Sunday Nov 12th Began with strong breezes from
the WSW increasing E by S under short Sail with
very rugged weather at 8 AM reefed the mainsail
and set it middle part all Sail Set at daylight
strong breezes took in the lightsail double reefed
Ends This day Nov 6th

Monday Nov 13th Began with strong Gales
from S from the S. Steering E by S close reefed
Topsails & reefed Sail Latter middle part
E by S Latter part wind at ESE Headway NE
by the wind Lat 39 5-0 S Long 178 - 53 East

Moonbeams.

Over fields of tryny blossom,
Over beds of dewy flowers,
Now upon the streamlet's bosom,
Now within the whispering bowers,
Soft and slow
The moonbeams go,
Wandering on through midnight hours.

Lightly o'er the crested billow,
Where the heaving waters flow,
Where the sea-bird finds her pillow,
There the glistening moonbeams go—
Soft and slow,
Soft and slow,
Ever wandering, soft and slow,

Queen of beauty! robed in splendor,
Finds thy silent foot no rest?
Looks thy smile so soft and tender,
Ne'er upon a kindred breast?
Soft and slow
Thy footsteps go,
In their silver sandals dressed.

Queen of beauty! canst thou ever
Thus thy lonely task fulfil,
Sister voices never, never,
Answering thee from bower to hill?
Soft and slow
As winter's snow,
Fall thy footsteps cold and still.

Silent moon! thy smile of beauty
Fainting hope will oft renew;
Teach me, then, thy holy duty,
Waste and wild to wander through,
Soft and slow,
Still to go,
Patient, meek, but lonely too.

"No Home for the Poet."

BY NANCY NETTLE.

Yes! O, yes!—Where the wild flowers wake,
And the bird's first notes on the morning break;
Where the dews lay bright in the sun's glad ray
And the shadows of night have all fled away;
Where the lake unrippled, lies calm and fair,
O dost thou not know that his home is there.

Where the shadows return to the mountain's height.
And the stars look down in their peaceful light;
Where the moonlight clusters mid trees and flowers.

And the lute is heard in the slumbrous bowers,
Where gentle lovers their vows declare,
And heart meets heart,—his home is there.

No home for the poet! Where midnight stays,
Where the storm-god leaps and the lightning plays,
Where the oak is hurled from its lofty state,
Its branches all shorn, and all desolate
Where the tempest moans in its wild despair,
Alas, for the poet! his home is there!

Where the light grows dim in the youthful soul,
And waves of wasting sorrow roll;
Where bright hopes fall, and the dreams depart,
Which have "grown with the growth" of that trusting heart,
Where the song-strain falls like a trusting prayer,—

O, thrust him not forth, for his home is there!

No *home for the poet*—O, yes: 'tis where
The shadow, the cloud and the tempest are:
Where loves are unanswered, where faith betrayed;
Still lingers and burns mid the gloomiug shade:
Where weary and wasted the heart still clings,
To the ruin that stabs it, the mem'ry that stings!

Then Poet! draw deep from these gurgling streams
"Whence cometh thy strength," and awake thy dreams;
"Pass under the rod!" thy whole being give;
That thousands may drink from thy soul, and live;

O, bare thy breast to the *earthly* blast,
That thy home may be near the high "Rock" at last!

DEAD
BY CAPT. CHO.
By the m

I
story
birth:
s glory
the earth.

Horrible Massacre of a Boat's Crew by the Natives of a South Sea Whaler.—A fearful outrage has occurred in the port of Buckaioo, in the island of Isabella, in the Southern Pacific, by the massacre of most of the crew belonging to the whaling ship Henrietta, Capt. Brown, whose log book furnishes the following details:

7th of June last, vessel at anchor off Buckaioo. In the forenoon the carpenter and five of the crew left the ship in a small boat to cut firewood, and also two spars, one for the mainmast, and the other for a spare main gaff. With the exception of one man he never saw them again afterward.

The man who swam to the ship from the shore informed him (the master) that they had been attacked and murdered by the natives of the island. Shortly afterward the ship was suddenly boarded by a number of natives, who attempted to take forcible possession. The number of hands on board, beside himself, were five, the cook and four seamen. He had his wife and two children on board. The natives first endeavored to secure him and throw him overboard, but he managed to break away from them, and rushed to his cabin for firearms.

They next attacked his wife, who also succeeded in escaping their vengeance, and sought refuge with her husband in the cabin, where they kept up a constant firing on the natives, who, falling in their object of capturing the ship, jumped in their canoes and made off, carrying with them one of the children, a fine little boy about five years old. He (the master) with the surviving portion of the crew, afterward pursued some of the canoes, in the hope of recovering his child, but failed to do so. Next morning got under weigh, and proceeded to Russell's Island, where the chief of the natives, on hearing of the occurrence, offered to intercede, and if possible obtain possession of the child, but with no better result.

If the above is true, the ship must be a Sydney vessel, as no vessel by that name sails from the United States.

COLUMBIA.

BY TIMOTHY DWIGHT.

Columbia! Columbia! to glory arise:
The queen of the world and the child of the skies.
Thy genius commands thee; with rapture behold,
While ages on ages thy splendors unfold.
Thy reign is

Yes, thy
Enlarged as thine empire, and just as thy cause:
On freedom's broad basis thy empire shall rise,
Extend with the main, and dissolve with the skies,

Fair Science her gates to thy sons shall unbar,
And the East see thy morn hide the beams of her star;
New bards and new sages unrivalled shall soar
To fame unextinguished when time is no more;
To thee, the last refuge of virtue designed,
Shall fly from all nations the best of mankind;
Here, fruteful to heaven with transport, shall bring
Their incense more fragrant than odors of spring.

Nor less shall thy fair ones to glory ascend,
And genius and beauty in harmony blend;
The graces of form shall awake pure desire,
And the charms of the soul ever cherish the fire;
Their sweetness unrivalled, their manners refined,
And Virtue's bright image instamped on the mind,
And peace and soft rapture shall teach life to flow,
And light up a smile in the aspect of woe.

Thy fleets to all regions thy power shall display,
The nations admire, and the ocean obey;
Each shore to thy glory its tribute unfold,
And the East and the South yield their spices and gold.

As the dayspring unbounded thy splendor shall flow,
And earth's little kingdoms before thee shall bow;
While the ensigns of Union, in triumph unfurled,
Hush the tumult of war and give peace to the world.

Thus as down a lone valley with cedars outspread,
From war's dread confusion I pensively strayed,
The gloom from the face of fair heaven retired,
The winds ceased to murmur, the waters expired;
Fragrance as of Eden flowed sweetly along,
And a voice as of angels enchantingly sung:

"Columbia! Columbia! to glory arise—
The queen of the world, and the child of the skies.

Thy genius commands thee; with rapture behold,
While ages on ages thy splendors unfold.
Thy reign is extended, thy fame shall extend,
Till time shall be no more, and earth have an end."



Bound For Port

COI

You can boast of your
Gin, cider, and ale th
Cold water transcends
It is good — it is bet

It is good to warm you
good to cool you wh
d for the young and
atever their outwar

ER than brandy
er than gin
than wine
Generou
hiskey or rum for a frolic.

drinks for quenching your thirst;
you for work or for play;
health, 'tis the best and the first—
you'll find it will pay.

...e listened in the after darkness, un... breathing grew regular and heavy, and ... knew she slumbered; and then by the window he had entered he departed, and fled for life. But before he left he had scribbled in the darkness upon a card, these words:

"Eva, I have been near you. I am loathsome with prison life and prison associations I dare not let you see me now. You believe me innocent of that crime of which they charged me. God bless you! I was innocent then. Yet, since that time I have been on the verge of crime as great. Pray for me, as I heard you pray, and wait and watch a little while. Nerved by the knowledge that you love him still, John Rodman may yet make a name for which you shall not blush. God bless and keep you. Adieu."

He laid this upon her table and went forth a man again. He walked the streets until daylight, praying inwardly. When the sun arose he saw glimmering on many a wall and fence new placards, posted over night. The first call for men had been made. Columbia's voice summoned her sons to aid her, and thousands were ready. John Rodman read these words, "Recruits wanted," as though they had been by the hands of angels. Hard by, drums beat and bugles blared from a recruiting office. If Heaven's gates had opened John Rodman could not have felt more thankful. He could have almost have knelt in the open street to utter a thanksgiving. In the soldier's life he saw escape from crime and want, and a path to honor and to his Eva's love.

In an hour he was enlisted under the banner of the Union, and a few weeks afterward marched with his comrades from the city. As those brave men passed through the crowded thoroughfare hats were lifted and kerchiefs waved, and bright eyes grew dewy. Some amongst the band had sweet farewells from women's lips to cheer them; many the fond embraces of a mother, wife and children. John Rodman had but the memory of his constant Eva's prayer for him. He needed nothing else.

Those were hot and bloody days that followed; but through them private John Rodman bore himself bravely,—so bravely that the fact was noted and spoken of. At last he saved his Colonel's life at the risk of his own, and private John Rodman was no more, for Sergeant John Rodman took his place.

After that, brave deeds and promotions followed hand in hand; and now and then John Rodman hoped that Eva might sometimes read his name. His form grew erect once more; and his eye bright; his old good looks returned, and still a braver soldier never trod the field. He was captain now. A gentleman and officer by rank. In these two long years of battle he had suffered much by wounds, privations and anxiety. Yet he thanked God with every breath for having saved him and made him what he was.

One burning July day dawned upon a fearful battle—hand to hand, tooth and nail. Southern chivalry and grit. Blood ran like water. Brave men were appalled; some turned cowards and fled—not John Rodman. His bright eye and haughty face, his cheerful cry, his own daring, encouraged his men; and old soldiers marked him and applauded.

A woman's feeble pen can scarcely paint the battle-field: mine will not attempt it. Enough that I tell the bravest deed of that great day was done by Captain John Rodman. And that, when night came, he lay senseless and pallid as a corpse upon a cot in the long tent hospital, while on the wings of the press sped over half the world tidings of that day and of his part in it.

Out of a death-like trance John Rodman awoke and the moon was shining down on him, and near a shaded lamp a woman sat at work. A hospital nurse, of course, and he closed his eyes again. His mind was active once more, and he remembered all—the fight and his wound, and fall. He felt the stump of a bandaged limb, and knew his soldier's life was over. A few tears arose in his closed eyes, and a great sigh heaved his bosom. Then he heard the nurse arise and draw near him; and opening those tear-filled eyes, he saw through the mist the face of Eva Fay.

"Is it a dream?" he said. "Oh, Eva, can it be possible that you are here!"

And she cried:

"Thank Heaven, he knows me. It is no dream, dear John."

She sat with her hand in his and her cheek against his own. For a while John was happy, then sad again.

Eva spoke cheer to him.

"Do you wonder how I came here?"

"Yes, angel."

"Ah, I have kept a watch over you ever since I first read your name. I am very proud of you, John. Do you know they have made you a colonel!"

"Ah!" His heart arose and sank in a moment. "A poor colonel, Eva—a crippled man who will scarcely lift sword again. Oh, Eva——"

"My poor, poor darling."

"I did not think of this. I did so hope to come to you in strength and health to offer you fame and fortune. I dare not now say, 'will you have a poor mained soldier?' it would be wronging you."

Eva bent over him.

"It would be of no use, John."

"I do not blame you, Eva." And he hid his face.

"None at all, John," said Eva; "for, darling, the day I came here we believed you dying; and that I might stay and nurse you to the last, I told the Chaplain that we were betrothed, and he married us. Don't you remember, John? You said, 'I will?'"

John clasped her in his arms.

"I remember," he said, "but I thought it was a dream, I have had so many, Eva. And it is true, quite true?"

"As Heaven, darling."

Then John Rodman murmured, "God bless you, darling," and laid his head upon his wife's white arm and rested happy.

WOMAN.

1862.

BY HARRIET M'EWEN KIMBALL.

As though no shade of human wrong fell darkly on their beauty,
And all men walked in brotherhood the shining ways of duty,
The blessed summer days glide by in calm and sweet succession;
God writes on Nature's palace-walls no curse against oppression.

The strong man arms him for the fight; he hears the bugle calling;
And while between the patriot-shouts her tears have time for falling,
Pale woman plies the threaded steel, nor shapes her lips to singing,
But still with every stitch she draws the pearls of prayer is stringing.

She thinks of those whose wounds are fresh; of those in death-sleep lying,
Whose brows of youth and manhood won their brightest crowns in dying;
She thinks of others brave and true, hid in the smoke of battle,
Where bayonets gleam, and cannon roar, and bullets hiss and rattle.

She shudders while the words of fate along the wires are chasing,
Or trembling waits the hurried line some comrade may be tracing;
Her heart grows faint; she lifts her hands in anguished imploration:
"God save my soldier!" first she prays, and then "God save the nation!"

And when she moans: "The very thought of loss doth overcome me!"
Crying: "If it be possible, oh, let this cup pass from me!"
God chides her not if, choked with sobs, she adds to her petition
But brokenly Christ's after words of meekness and submission.

He saw her pale with victory in the dark hour of trial,
When Self lay slain, and sorrowing Love was fettered with denial;
And the Divine One who alone can clearly read the human,
Traces the hero's autograph through tear-blots of the Woman.

A precocious youth being asked in his geography class what they raised in South Carolina, replied: "They used to raise niggers and cotton, but now they are raising the devil."

By-and-by.

Under the snow are the roses of June;
Cold in our bosoms the hopes of our youth;
Gone are the wild birds that warble in tune;
Mute are the lips that have pledged us their truth;
Wind of the winter night, lonely as I,
Wait we the dawn of the bright by and-by;
Roses shall bloom again;
Sweet love will come again;
It will be summer by-and-by.

Patience and toil are the meed of to-day—
Toil without recompense, patience in vain;
Darkness and terror lie thick on our way;
Our footsteps keep time with the angel of pain.
Wind of the winter night, far in the sky,
Watch for the day-star of dear by-and by.
Parched lips shall quaff again;
Sad souls shall laugh again;
Earth will be happier by-and-by.

Cruel and bold is the judgment of men—
Cruel as winter and cold as the snow;
But by-and-by, will the deed and the pain
Be judged by the motive that lieth below.
Wail of the winter wind echo our cry;
Pray for the dawn of the sweet by-and-by
When hope shall spring again,
When joy shall sing again—
Truth will be verified by-and-by.

Weary and heart-sick we totter along;
Feeble the back, though the burden is large,
Broken the purpose, and hushed is the song.
Why should we linger in life's little marge?
Wind of the winter night, hush! and reply:
Is there—O is there—a glad by-and-by?
Will dark grow bright again,
Burthens grow light again,
And faith be justified, by-and-by.

Dreary and dark is the midnight of war,
Distant and dreamy the triumph of right:
Homes that are desolate, hearts that are sore,
Soon shall the morning-star gladden our sight.
Wail of the winter wind, so like a sigh,
Herald the dawn of the blest by-and-by;
Freedom shall reign again,
Peace banish pain again,
Right will be glorified—by-and-by.

THEY ARE COMING.

BY MRS. E. E. BROWN.

They are coming! they are coming! yet a little longer wait;
We are sending reinforcements, and pray God they're not too late;
From mountain-top, and valley, from hamlet and from town,
We are sending out an army that shall put rebellion down.

When the Southern breeze came floating to our quiet Northern land,
It brought a cry for succor from your brave, devoted band;
And many a heart sprang upward, responsive to the call;
They are coming! they are coming! the old, the young, and all.

We send you out our husbands, our brothers, and our sons,
To shed, perhaps, their life-blood, where the old Potomac runs;
We send them forth with blessings, tho' our hearts with anguish bleed;
But we give them to our country, in this, her hour of need.

We will leave our stately parlors, and our labor light and vain—
We will learn to guide the sickle through the fields of golden grain;
We will gather in the harvest, while our thoughts are far away,
And while you battle bravely, we will wait, and hope, and pray.

We have thought of you with sorrow, through the summer's sultry heat—
Of the sick, whose feeble pulses had scarce strength enough to beat;
We have read your deeds of daring, and have wept with anguish sore,
O'er the many gallant heroes who have sunk to rise no more.

And now, we tear the idols from our hearts and homes away,
And on Freedom's holy altar the sacrifice we lay;
Cheer up your fainting spirits! not long you'll have to wait;
They are coming! they are coming! and we trust they're not too late.

A London literary paper gives the following as the prayer taught to the children of the Scarborough wreckers in England in old times: "God bless daddy, God bless mammy, God send a ship ashore before morning! Amen!"

SHIPWRECK.—Br. ship Emperor (of London), Capt. John Mowlem, from St. Johns, N. B., with a cargo of deals and timber, went ashore Saturday night on Schooner Bar, half way between Chatham Lights and Monomoy Point. She was boarded Sunday by the Underwriter's Agent and a life boat's crew. Capt. Mowlem was the only person found on board. The sea was making a complete breach over her. At 4 A. M., the crew left the ship in boats, but a heavy surf preventing their landing they pulled out to sea, and have not since been heard from. The ship is full of water, and will probably be a total loss.

JOHN RODMAN.

For a deed he had done John Rodman was arrested, tried, found guilty, and sentenced to ten years' imprisonment.

Ten years, beginning at twenty-five. The best years of his life. Circumstantial evidence, which has doomed many a man, had doomed him. That, and a false witness who took his oath to a lie, with God's name upon his lips, and his guilty hand upon God's holy Bible. It was a horrible fate; and the worst of it was, that no one believed him innocent—friend, brother, casual acquaintance, all shook their heads and said, "It was a dangerous thing to trust a wild young man with so much money."

Only Eva Fay, his young betrothed, sent him a tiny note, blurred with her tears, wherein shone these words—beacon lights to that unhappy man in that dark sea of sorrow:

"My darling, whatever others think, I will trust and love you until I die."

Could she have come to him, could she have spoken words of hope and tenderness with her white hands in his own, he could have borne his hard fate better. But they would not let her enter the prison walls.

Who could blame him, thinking what they did? And she was too young and too gentle to resist them by stratagem. So the girl of sixteen could only break her heart in silence, and her lover bow beneath the just law which for once had done injustice.

They parted, and the years rolled on, one after the other. In the world strange changes happened, and there were deaths and marriages and births. Old faces went, new ones came. Inventions set the world ablaze. War and rumors of war shook the earth. In the prison, one monotonous routine divided the days, and the nights were only marked by the exchange of sun for gas-light.

John Rodman's soul was crushed; considered a felon by all, he grew to feel like one—to shrink from the eyes of honest men, and to have no hope on earth or in heaven save those prison walls.

Sometimes he said, "Ten years will end at last." And then he asked himself, "For what? My life is wasted. I cannot begin again."

And untimely snows fell upon his hair, and wrinkles drew themselves upon his brow. And when at last the prison doors were opened to let out the poor, wronged man, he felt older than most men of fifty. He stood in the world without a cent, or decent clothes, or any place to hide his head, and bowed beneath the sense of his great wrong and bitter loss.

There had come out with him an old thief, one of his jail companions—a bad, bold man with a drop of gratitude somewhere in the midst of his heart. He followed John Rodman and came up to him in a lonely place at the bleak corner of a road, where he stood, puzzled, trying to collect his thoughts.

"I say, what are you going to do?" he asked.

"Do?" said John gloomily. "Earn an honest living, or hang myself."

"Don't let 'em know you've been *in there*," said the thief, pointing prisonward, "or you can't do the first; and before you put your neck in the noose, come to our place. You'll find a friend there, and I like you," and he ended with an oath.

John Rodman shuddered. He knew what haunts that man made his home in, and a horrible dread of himself fell upon him. He had been called a thief so long, that it seemed quite possible that the actual life of one might lie before him. He grew cold from the heart out.

"I shall earn an honest living somehow," he said. "All I want is bread, and a shelter. Then, good-bye."

"Good-bye," said the thief. "It's 5—— Alley, if you want to come there; you *may*, yet."

And they parted—John Rodman taking the road toward New York.

His first thought was, when he quite understood that he was free, was of Eva. Not that he might woo or win her after ten years of disgrace, but only to see her once and tell her how, through all those years, he had remembered and worshipped her. He hardly guessed himself how he had changed. The hang-dog look, the thin, bent frame, the unkempt locks that blew about his face; the hat with a hole in it, the ragged knees and elbows. A squalid, beggarly wretch, who, when he last looked in a mirror, had been a spruce young fellow, handsome as a picture.

So he toiled on toward the city, and, when faint with hunger, found a horse to hold or a job to do and earn a pittance.

So, when he crawled into the town, he had a shilling, and being faint, slunk into a restaurant hard by to get a glass of ale. It was a place frequented by Germans, and with a sanded floor and bare pine tables. But it had its elegancies, too. And opposite the table where John Rodman sat hung a square mirror and two gaudy prints. John looked at one of these, then at the other.

At last toward the mirror.

He thought it was a window and that a man was looking at him through it, at the first glance.

"What an ill-looking dog," thought John. "I wouldn't trust him. How he stares, poor wretch; he don't seem human. Ah! Oh, my God! *It is myself!*"

It was an awful moment. Death has no more fearful pang. That miserable creature was John Rodman—was the being of whom he said, "I—— That—that—that"

He hid his head in his arms, and was only saved a sane man by a flood of tears.

The phlegmatic Germans only fancied him at that stage in his cups, when weeping becomes quite natural. One, a yellow haired grocer, grinned and quite enjoyed the joke—and that was all the notice taken.

And John Rodman, broken-hearted and quite crushed, crept out into the street, his own image haunting him as a ghost. Oh, the lost youth, the bright-eyed, bright-haired boy who had loved Eva Fay, where was he gone? Oh, the stalwart, handsome man into whom that youth should have changed! Where was his grave dug? Who was this, a blot on the sunshine, a creature stamped blackguard—beggar—miserable?

John Rodman—John Rodman—John Rodman—could it be?

The glimpse of his own face had been enough, and with clenched hands and bloodshot eyes turned Heavenward, he vowed never to see Eva Fay, never while he lived to let her see and know him.

"But perhaps I may in heaven," John Rodman murmured; "for God and the angels know that I suffered for a crime I never committed, and that I mean to be honest while I live"

Then the memory of a time when he had had the hopes and dreams that gladden the lives of other men swept over John Rodman's soul. He had expected to be rich and famous, to have a wife and children about his hearth, to be respected living and remembered dead; and now at thirty-five, his hopes were these; a crust to eat, a hole to crawl into by night, and most of all, that the eye of the woman he yet worshipped as a Catholic devotee adores his patron saint, might never rest upon him.

"It would break my Eva's heart" he said "to see what I have come to."

He sought for work the next day. He was a splendid penman and good accountant. But men looked at his rags and his prison mould which seemed to hang about him, and drew back. Men in clean black coats were to be had; labor was at a discount. It was a favor to grant it. One or two asked for his letters of introduction, or references. He almost laughed in their faces with the bitter recollection of the fact that he had been ten years in prison on a false charge of theft.

And so days came and passed, and other days, and with them no regular employment. But somehow he picked up enough for meals and lodging by putting in coal or menial work of the same kind.

He who had been, nay, *was*, for he had only been unfortunate—not guilty—a gentleman by birth and nature. He strove and prayed for patience and for death, until, at last, the deepest depth of darkness came to him.

No food, no fire, no shelter, save a dismal cellar way, for three long days and nights. On the fourth, at dusk, he crept out to beg. It did not matter who knew him; he could shame none.

He went to one great door. It was slammed in his face. He stopped an old gentleman and was threatened with arrest. He staggered, faint with hunger, to other doors. "No," "no," "no," always "no" to his gasping prayer for charity.

At last, in a low, poor street, he opened a kitchen door where a fat woman was just taking from her stove oven a great pan of biscuit, and a comfortable supper was smoking on the board.

The fragrance of the warm bread made him faint with longing. His fingers quivered. He said humbly, hat in hand:

"A piece of bread, if you please, ma'am," as a child might.

He no more dreamed of any possibility of refusal than of seeing those warm biscuit turn to stone.

But the woman, comfortable with good food, rosy from her warm fire and lamp-light, turned on him in vixen fashion:

"Bread! You're able to earn your own bread. I don't encourage men beggars. There's work for them as aren't too lazy. You'd best tramp if you don't want the dog set on you. Here, Carlo, here, old fellow!"

John Rodman turned without a word. He was growing blind and deaf. He staggered out into the street, and stumbled against a man who was passing. The latter first uttered an oath, then a cry, and caught him by his hands.

It was the thief whom he had parted from at the prison gates. And four doors off was the alley he had named.

An hour after, rascals, who deserved jail and the gallows, every one of them, had given John Rodman the food good, well-bred, honest people had denied him.

They let him rest after that, until he grew strong and doubly desperate. With his wrongs heavy upon him—with those thieves his only friends—he fell at last.

A dwelling was to be robbed, and John Rodman was among those who were to pillage it. His task was a dangerous one. He was to enter the house, conceal himself until a safe hour, and then admit the others.

At twilight, while the household were in the dining room, he crept in at a back window, made his way up stairs, and hid beneath a bed on the upper floor.

There he crouched until the house grew still, and one by one the inmates ascended the stairs. At last some one stopped at the door and entered. If it should prove a stalwart man his task was doubly dangerous. He peeped out. It was a woman—a fair woman—with golden hair and blue eyes, whose face he could not plainly see, and who put down her lamp and sat beside a table—from thence she took a box, and opening it, drew out some letters, time-worn and yellow, a miniature portrait, and lock of hair, which she kissed and fell to weeping over. Then she buried her face in her hands and prayed, murmuring the words over, but uttering one louder than the first.

John Rodman almost screamed in his agitation—that word was his own name! And in a moment he knew that this was Eva Fay, and that, constant to his memory even yet, she prayed for him.

Oh! the great joy to know it—oh, the horror of being where he was. Silently he wept, brushing the tears aside to watch her, until she began to disrobe herself, when he veiled his face in honor of her chaste womanhood.

found Mr. Hampton was, as he supposed dead, he started to go after help. The murdered man's horse fled towards home, so he could gain no assistance in that way. He had not gone far, however, when he heard the sound of horses' feet, and on turning to the spot, he found Simple and Jordan there.

Bilger was questioned very severely but his testimony was not to be flawed. He was explicit in all his statements, and at the same time, he professed to feel a deep regret that he was called upon to testify against a man whom he felt as much respect for, as he did for the prisoner.

At length young Adams arose to tell his story. He spoke clearly, and with the tone of a man who tells the truth.

He said that about an hour after Matthew Hampton left his shop on the evening in question, he went to the sink to wash his hands, and while there he trod on something that attracted his attention. He stooped to pick it up, and found it to be a pocket-book, and on taking it to the light it proved to be Mr. Hampton's. He remembered that after Mr. Hampton had paid for shoeing his horse, he went to the sink after a drink of water, and then he must have dropped the book. The young blacksmith's first idea, he said, was to keep the book until Hampton came back, but on a second thought he resolved to saddle his horse and overtake him, and restore the money. Accordingly he set off, and when he reached the bluff his horse began to rear and snort. He discovered something on the roadside, and upon dismounting and going to it, he found it to be the body of Mr. Hampton, still warm and bleeding.—He first satisfied himself that he could do nothing alone, and then he started back towards M, for assistance. When he was overtaken by Jordan and Bilger, the idea broke upon him with stunning force, and hence his strange and incoherent manner.

When the prisoner sat down there was a low murmur, which told that his story was believed. But the judge shook his head, and the lawyers did the same, and the jury looked troubled and anxious. The prisoner's counsel did all he could to establish his client's good character, and also to impeach the character of Bilger, but he could refute none of the evidence that had been given in.

When the judge came to charge the jury, he spoke of the testimony against the prisoner, and the corroborative circumstances. With regard to the prisoner's story, he said it was very simple, and sounded very much like the truth; but he would have the jury remember how easy such stories could be made.

It was long after dark when the jury retired to make their verdict. They were gone half an hour, and when they returned, the foreman showed by the dry hue of countenance that the verdict was to be fatal! All saw it, and I could hear the throbbing of a hundred hearts that beat about me.

"Gentlemen of the jury, have you made your verdict?"

"We have."

"Shall your foreman speak for you?"

"Yes."

"Abel Adams, stand up and look the foreman in the face. Now, sir, is Abel Adams, the prisoner, guilty or not?"

Hark! The first syllable of the word "guilty" is upon the foreman's lips, but he speaks not. Those who crowd about the windows shout with all their might, and in a moment more a man crowds his way into the court-room. He hurries up and whispers to the judge. Henry Bilger starts up and moves toward the door, but in an instant the hand of the sheriff is upon him. All is excitement the most intense. Directly the mass at the door begins to give way, and four men are seen bearing upon their shoulders a chair—a large stuffed chair—and in that chair sits Matthew Hampton—not dead but alive. True, he is pale and ghastly, but his eyes are open and his lips move. At length the chair is set down before the bench, and the old physician of M—— asked permission to speak. As soon as the fact became known, all is quiet once more.

The physician says that neither of the wounds which Mr. Hampton had received are mortal, though he had at first supposed they were. The blow upon the head and the stab in the breast combined to produce a state of catalepsy which resembled death so nearly that many an experienced person might have been deceived. When he gave out that Mr. Hampton was living, he kept the secret to himself for fear a certain man whose presence was much needed might be missing.

At this juncture Bilger made a savage attempt to break away from the sheriff; it did not avail him. The jury were directed to their box, and then Matthew Hampton was requested to speak. He was too weak to rise, but he spoke plainly, and in a manner which showed his mind to be clear.

He stated that when he reached the bluff on the night of his disaster, he discovered that his pocket-book was gone. He stopped his horse and was trying to think where he could have lost it, when some one came up from the roadside. He had just time to see it was Henry Bilger, when he received a blow upon the head from a club which knocked him from his horse. Then he felt a sharp, stinging, burning pain in his bosom, and with a momentary starting of the muscles he opened his eyes. He saw that Bilger was stooping over him and ransacking his pockets. He could just remember of hearing the distant gallop of a horse—that he thought his body was being dragged to the roadside and after that he could remember nothing till he awoke in his own house and found the doctor by his bedside.

For a little while longer the multitude had to restrain themselves. I remember that the judge said nothing to the jury, and that the jury whispered together for a moment. Then the prisoner stood up once more, and the foreman of the jury said—"NOT GUILTY."

Then broke forth the hearty shouts of the people. Abel Adams sank back upon his seat, but in a moment more he was seized by a score of stout men, and carried into the free pure air, where the bright stars looked down and smiled on him. A little way had they gone when they met a young woman, whose long hair was flowing in the night wind, and who wrung her hands in agony. Abel Adams saw the woman, and he sprang forward and caught her to his bosom.

"Mary—Mary—I'm innocent—innocent—free."

The wife did not speak. She only clung wildly to her noble husband and wept upon his bosom.

A wagon body was torn from its axletree—the blacksmith and his wife were placed in it and then they were borne away towards their home, and long after they had passed from my sight, I could hear the glad shouts of the impulsive people, waking the night air, and reverberating among the distant hills.

On the next morning, before the stage started, I learned that Matthew Hampton had determined to make the young blacksmith accept one thousand dollars, whether he was willing or not.

Two weeks afterwards, while sitting in the office of my hotel at Cincinnati, I received a newspaper from M——. Henry Bilger had been hanged, and on the gallows he acknowledges his guilt. Matthew Hampton was slowly recovering, and the blacksmith had, after much expostulation, accepted the thousand dollars from Hampton's bounty.



TROUBLED WITH HUMOR.—An applicant for exemption on account of physical disability informed the examining physician that he was troubled with heart disease. The doctor told him to run up and down the stairs leading to his office once or twice. The applicant did this, when the physician after listening to the motions of the heart, said, "You will pass, sir; a dollar if you please." "But, doctor," said the man, "let me run down stairs once more, and then try me." The doctor assented—the man ran down stairs—and—forgot to come back.—*N. B. Mercury.*

"Annette, my dear, what country is opposite to us on the globe?" "Don't know, sir." "Well," said the perplexed teacher, "if I were to bore a hole through the earth, and you were to go in at this end, where would you come out?" "Out of the hole, sir."

Miscellany.

THE BLACKSMITH'S TRIAL;

—OR—

A WESTERN COURT SCENE!

BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK.

In the fall of 1849, I was travelling in the West on business. I left the Mississippi steamboat at Columbia, Kentucky, having made up my mind to travel by land as far as Mullenburgh county, where I should strike the Green River far enough to the northward to take one of the small flatboats for the Ohio. Late one evening I arrived at the town of M———, intending to take the stage from there on the next morning. The bar-room of the tavern was crowded with people, and I noticed that large numbers of the citizens were collected about the street corners appearing to be discussing some matter of more than usual interest. Of course I became curious to know the cause of all this, and at the first favorable opportunity, I asked the question of the landlord. He gazed at me a moment in silence, and then, with an ominous shake of the head, he gave me to understand that a most dreadful thing had happened, but before he had explained to me what it was, he was called away to attend to other business.

I soon found, however, that the "dreadful thing" was the subject of conversation all around me, and by simply listening, I gained an insight into the mystery. It seemed that there was to be a trial for murder there on the next day, that the criminal was a young blacksmith who had been born and brought up in the town, who, until the present time, had borne a character above reproach. I endeavored to find out the particulars, but I could ascertain little upon which to depend, for different people gave different accounts, and all who knew anything of the matter were too much excited to speak calmly. The murder had transpired only about a week before, and consequently the event was fresh in the minds of the people. The only facts that came to me on which I could rely, were, that a middle-aged man, named Matthew Hampton, had been murdered and robbed, and that Abel Adams, the young blacksmith, had been arrested for the crime, and would be tried on the morrow. Some said that the murdered man's money, to the amount of over two thousand dollars, had been found on the young man's person, but others denied this fact. Yet all sympathized with the prisoner. He was beloved by all his towns-men, and but a few of them could believe anything of the report that had crept into circulation.

As I was in no particular haste I resolved to remain in M———until the trial had came off; so I went and erased my name from the stage book where I had placed it, and then informed mine host of my determination.

On the following morning, at an early hour, the people began to flock toward the court-house, and I saw that if I would secure a place, I must join the crowd. I did so, and at length found myself within the building, and as good fortune would have it, made a stand near the prisoner's box. Ten o'clock was the hour fixed for opening the court, and before that time every conceivable standing place outside the dock was filled. Stagings were erected on the outside under the windows and these, too were crowded.

At the appointed time the court came in, and the prisoner was conducted to the box. Said prisoner was no more than five and twenty years of age and possessed one of the most pleasing countenances I ever saw—it was one of those bold, frank faces, full of courage and good nature—just such a one as is unhesitatingly taken as the index to a pure and generous soul.—He was stout, athletic man, and carried the palm at every wrestling match in the country. I thought within myself, this man is no murderer. And yet we know not to what extremities a man may be driven. Young Adams was quite pale, and his nether lip quivered as he saw the gaze of the multitude fixed upon him, but his eye was bright and quick, but not defiant, yet bold and hopeful in its deep blue light.

The trial commenced. The complaint was clear and distinct, setting forth the fact that the prisoner, Abel Adams, "did with malice and aforethought, kill," etc., on such a day, the said Matthew Hampton, in the first place by striking him on the head with some heavy, blunt weapon—and in the second place by stabbing him in the breast, etc. To all this the prisoner pleaded "not guilty." From the first testimony called up I learned the following facts:

Near sundown, one afternoon about a week previous, Matthew Hampton stopped at the shop of the prisoner to get his horse shod. This Hampton was a wealthy farmer, and his estate lay to the southward near the Tennessee line, and about fifteen miles distant from M———. He was known to have had some two thousand dollars with him at Columbia for his corn. It was nearly dusk when he started from the prisoner's shop. He took out his pocket-book to pay for the job of shoeing his horse. This he did within the shop, and two persons were present who now testified to the fact, and also when the pocket-book was opened, a large bunch of bank notes were exposed. About an hour after Hampton left, the prisoner came out of his shop and went to his stable, and having saddled his fleetest horse, he mounted and started off in full gallop in the direction Hampton had taken.

Next came two witnesses—Mr. Simple and Mr Jordan, both of them respectable citizens of M———,who testified as follows. They had been in Tennessee on business and were returning home. About nine o'clock on the evening in question, they came to a point in the road where a high bluff overlooked the way, and while passing this, they were startled by something in the moonlight which looked like a man. They at once dismounted, and found that what they had seen was the body of Matthew Hampton, all gore covered and bleeding. They were not there more than a minute when they where joined by a third man, who said he saw the murder committed, and that the murderer fled toward M———. Simple and Jordan both recognized this new comer as one Henry Bilger, and though his character was by no means of the most exemplary kind, there was no time for discussion. The body of Hampton was still warm, so that the murderer could not have been gone long. Bilger had no horse, so Mr. Simple agreed to remain by the body while Jordan and Bilger went in pursuit of the murderer. They put their horses to the top of their speed, and in half an hour overtook the prisoner, and Bilger at once pointed him out as the man.

Jordan hailed the young blacksmith, and found him nervous and excited.—He then asked him if he had seen Matthew Hampton, and Adams replied in the affirmative, but he spoke in a very strange manner. After some expostulation the prisoner accompanied Jordan to M—, where he was arrested and placed in the hand of the sheriff, and upon examining his person, Mr. Hampton's pocket-book, containing two thousand dollars, was found upon him, and his hands were covered with blood.

At this juncture the excitement in the little court-room was intense. The crowded mass swayed to and fro like wind-swept grain—murmurs broke the sanctity of the place, murmurs loud and deep; and it was a few monents before anything like order was restored. At length Harry Bilger was called upon the stand. He was known by most of the people of M———,and though nothing postive was know against him of a criminal nature, yet he was known to be a reckless, wandering fellow, sometimes dealing in horses, and sometimes driving a flat boat down the Mississippi. He stepped upon the witnesses' block with a complacent brow, and gave in his testimony clearly and distinctly.

He said he was coming down the road toward M———on foot, and when near the bluff he heard the sound of a struggle, accompained by loud groans and entreaties. He sprang forward, and arrived in time to see the prisoner leap into his saddle and ride off. The moon was shining at the time, so he [illegible]

dict was to be fatal! All saw it, and side and after that he could remember

THE LAWS OF SIASCONSET.

A BALLAD,

ed with a pipe of tobacco, as an evening's amusement to Fishermen.

To the true Republicans of Siasconset, and to all who wish well to the cause of simplicity and plain-dealing, in society, one with another, (which characterized the golden age of the ancients,) this humble tribute is respectfully inscribed

BY PHILO-SIMPLICITAS.

Wide in the East, on NANCY'S Isle,*
Where roars the wild surf louder,
Ascends to view the happy vill,
For *freedom* fam'd and *Choudre.*†
Fresh from the wave they take the cod,
To feast the soul that wants it;
Its air is pure, its water good;
Its name is SIASCONSET.

Old Saturn's‡ reign is here begun,
The Orient of the nations;
Here *kings* and *compliments* are done,
And all your Boston fashions.
The song, the jest, the smile serene
Amuse the friend that haunts it;
Here old simplicity is seen,
In ancient dress, at 'SCONSET.

Its pump the lymph oblivious¶ pours,
To drown despite and treason;
Its purer air at once restores,
To liberty and reason.§
When erring virtue asks excuse,
'Tis free good nature grants it,
And that which else would be abuse,
Is wink'd by laws of 'SCONSET.

And should your fault incur a grudge,
Our court* you must attend, sir,
Your *Speaker's* Conscience, Reason *Judge*,
Your *Jury* is a friend, sir.
This court guards well our dearest rights,
And when the *country* owns it,
Lawyers will starve with all their wits,
And curse the laws of 'SCONSET.

Hygeia† here her reign resumes,
The hyp'd and crazy healing,
Restores *old wounds*, dispels the *glooms*.
And brings the *callous* feelings.
Then let *Religious maniacs* prate,
And on the *treaty* bounce it,
Here INVALIDS in church and state,
Are all made whole at 'SCONSET.

The mind with priestcraft long beguil'd,
May choose, with freedom handy,
Good Moses with the SPIRIT fill'd,
Or Thomas Paine with BRANDY.‡
And thus will I, though POPE and SECT,
With bulls and zeal denounce it;
My reason's mine to think and act,
Like thee, friend SIASCONSET.

The souls of once too rude a form,
Receive a softer moulding,
Here Jacobins forget to storm,
And wives leave off their scolding.
The wight in town,¶ who swells with pride,
Or like Clesippus§ vaunts it,
The paltry *coxcomb* lays aside,
And wears the *man* at 'SCONSET.

Should party zeal the bosom rile,
'Tis here nor felt nor seen sir,*
For choudre well corrects the *bile*,
And dissipates the *spleen* sir.
Then when with B**k the wild heart swells,
Some GENIUS bids renounce it,
Nor no revenge nor malice dwells,
With thee, O SIASCONSET.

Now let the fair one share her part,
Sweet village in thy candor,
Safe to disclose her feeling heart,
Nor fear the *Scorpion*, SLANDER.†
Thus the fond maid shall find excuse,
If first she makes the onset;
Her *soul's* elect her *hand* may choose,
By laws of SIASCONSET.

Should *Polygons*‡ and *Catspaws*¶ ask
My judgment of the VI'LENCE,
This law I'll claim to wear the mask,
And answer them in silence.
Thrice happy Vill, extend thy reign,
Till every nation owns it;
Thus shall the world its glory gain,
Beneath thy laws, O 'SCONSET.

VOICE FROM NEW HAMPSHIRE

MEC TESNUS.

Coming, surely as the sunlight
Creeps athwart the eastern sky;
Surely as the floods of noon-day
Brighten where the shadows lie.

Slowly, *surely*, rolls her chariot;
Slowly moves her angel train;
Now the goddess Freedom lifts her
Hand to break each bloody chain.

Thus the patriots of New Hampshire,
By their suffrage now proclaim;
And her sons will ever rally
In their might and *Right* maintain.

We'll no longer harbor treason,
Copperheads we will not own;
But of God we'll ask a blessing:
For an honored peace,—a crown.

Round the rolling globe proclaim it,
With election's flashing tongue;
Thou, O Earth, hast waited for it,
Thou hast prayed and waited long.

Sound it through the depths of waters
Let the islands of the sea,
Hear it, in the chanting wavelets,
Wheresoe'er the burden be.

Stars, shine on with brighter faces,
As ye look upon our land!
Passing through a fiery trial,
Bending 'neath a mighty hand:

Casting off her shameful dowery,
As she passes 'neath the rod:
Slaying her great sin, and meekly
Looking up for help to God.

Hide your heads! ye sneering lovers
Of the old world's tyranny!
Ye who give no faith to men, who
Battle for the *true*, the FREE!

Rise and *shout!* O fettered manhood!
Wheresoe'er thy home may be;
Rise and look! the dawning cometh
For the nation and for thee!

WANTED--A MINISTER.

We have been without a pastor
Some eighteen months or more,
And though candidates are plenty
We've had at least a score,
All of them "tip-top" preachers,
Or so their letters ran—
We're just as far as ever
From settling on the man.

The first who came amongst us
By no means was the worst,
But then we didn't think of him
Because he *was* the first;
It being quite the custom
To sacrifice a few,
Before the church in earnest
Determines what to do.

There was a smart young fellow,
With serious, earnest way,
Who, but for one great blunder,
Had surely won the day;
Who left so good impression,
On Monday one or two
Went round among the people
To see if he would do.

The pious, godly portion
Had not a fault to find;
His clear and searching preaching
They thought the very kind;
And all went smooth and pleasant
Until they heard the views
Of some influential sinners,
Who rent the highest pews.

On these his pungent dealing
Made but a sorry hit;
The coat of gospel teaching
Was quite too tight a fit.
Of course his fate was settled—
Attend, ye parsons all!
And preach to please the sinners,
If you would get a call.

Next came a spruce young dandy,
Who wore his hair too long;
Another's coat was shabby,
And his voice not over strong;
And one New Haven student
Was worse than all of those—
We couldn't hear the sermon,
For thinking of his nose!

Then wearying of candidates,
We looked the country through,
'Mid doctors and professors,
To find one that would do.
And after much discussion
On who should bear the ark,
With tolerable agreements,
We fixed on Dr. Parke.

Here then we thought it settled,
But were amazed to find
Our flattering invitation
Respectfully declined.
We turned to Dr. Hopkins,
To help us in the lurch,
Who strangely thought that College
Had claims above "our church."

Next we despatched committees,
By twos and threes, to urge
The labors for a Sabbath
Of the Rev. Shallow Splurge.
He came—a marked sensation
(So wonderful his style)
Followed the creaking of his boots
As he passed along the aisle.

His tones were so affecting,
His gestures so divine,
A lady fainted in the hymn,
Before the second line:
And on that day he gave us,
In accents clear and loud,
The greatest prayer e'er addressed
To an enlightened crowd.

He preached a double sermon,
And gave us angel's feed,
On such a lovely topic—
"The joys of solitude."
All full of sweet descriptions,
Of flowers, and pearly streams,
Of warbling birds and moonlit groves,
And golden sunset beams.

Of faith, and true repentance,
He nothing had to say;
He rounded all the corners,
And smoothed the rugged way;
Managed with great adroitness
To entertain and please,
And leave the sinner's conscience
Completely at its ease.

Six hundred is the salary
We gave in former days—
We thought it very liberal,
And found it hard to raise;
But when we took the paper,
We had no need to urge,
To raise a cool two thousand
For the Rev. Shallow Splurge.

In vain were all our efforts—
We had no chance at all—
We found then city churches
Had given him a call;
And he, in prayerful waiting,
Was keeping all in tow;
But where they bid the highest,
'Twas whispered he would go.

And now, good Christian brothers,
We ask your earnest prayers,
That God would send a Shepherd
To guide our church affairs,
With this clear understanding,
A man to meet our views
Must preach to please the sinners,
And fill the vacant pews.

THE DEPARTING REGIMENT

BY FLORENCE PERCY.

Hark! hear the wild call of the bugle!
The tramp of a legion of men—
The regiments going to conflict,
With music and banners—ah, when,
Dear fellows,
Ah, when to be with us again?

How proudly they walk in the sunshin
And lift their brave brows to the ligh
Their step is elastic and hopeful,
Their faces are cheerful and bright,
Dear fellows,
Going down to the heat of the fight.

In spite of the music's glad triumph,
My faint heart sinks heavy and sore
To think that so many among them,
'Gone out from home's sheltering doo
Dear fellows,
Will never come back any more!

To think of the loving and faithful
At home, who have sent them away,
With bitterest anguish of spirit—
To triumph, or die in the fray:—
Dear fellows.
All wept for and prayed for, to-day

I lean from the ledge of my window
And count them, so manly and tall—
Not one of them cares for my wee ng,
As I think of the brave who must fall
Dear fellows,
What matter! I honor them all!

And each whatsoever he loses,
Shall have his exceeding reward;
Not one shall be lost or forgotten;—
All true hearts their fame shall record
Dear fellows,
Who march "to the help of the Lord!"

Rally, O ye Sons of Labor.

Rally, O my toiling brother,
Rally for the Union now!
Let us swear to one another
Freedom's high and holy vow!
Come and bow before the altar,
Come and kneel at freedom's shrine;
Let us not in duty falter—
Let us toil in hope divine.

In the strife be bold and earnest;
All our foes are filled with hate;
If thou from thy duty turnest,
Thou shalt learn the truth too late;
'Tis the battle-field of LABOR,
Striving for the holy right;
Gird ye on the trusty sabre,
Marching with the foes in sight.

Learn the truth, O toiling brother!
Learn it now, and learn it well;
Beat it out on iron anvils,
Ring it out on every bell!
They who fight our land to sever
With their hatred, if they can,
Seek to place their heel forever
On the sacred rights of man.

From the field our brothers call us,
'Mid the cannon's thunder-tone—
"Pain, nor wounds, nor death appal us,
Leave us not to fight alone!
By the blood that we are shedding,—
By the grave of every son,—
By the paths that we are treading,
Rest we not till all is done.

"Rally now, O toiling brother!
Rally for the Union now!
You can win a splendid triumph,
And the foe shall surely bow;
On the field we toil in earnest,
Can you—will you—let us fail?
Let the answer of the freemen
Reach the traitors as they pale!"

Rally, O ye sons of Labor!
Rally for our land to-day!
In the strife be up and doing—
Think and act as freemen may!
'Tis the battle-field of LABOR
Striving for a nobler boon:
'Tis the field where Freedom's triumph
Soon shall bring a cloudless noon!

LITTLE BESSIE;

AND THE WAY IN WHICH SHE FELL ASLEEP.

Hug me closer, closer, mother,
Put your arms around me tight,
I am cold and tired, mother,
And I feel so strange to-night;
Something hurts me here, dear mother,
Like a stone upon my breast,
Oh! I wonder, wonder, mother,
Why it is I cannot rest.

All the day, while you were working
As I lay upon my bed,
I was trying to be patient,
And to think of what you said,—
How the kind and blessed Jesus
Loves his lambs to watch and keep,
And I wished he'd come and take me
In his arms, that I might sleep.

Just before the lamp was lighted,
Just before the children came,
While the room was very quiet,
I heard some one call my name;
All at once the window opened;
In a field were lambs and sheep,—
Some from out a brook were drinking,
Some were lying fast asleep;

But I could not see the Saviour,
Though I strained my eyes to see;
And I wondered if he saw me,
If he'd speak to such as me.
In a moment I was looking
On a world so bright and fair,
Which was full of little children,
And they seemed so happy there!

They were singing, oh! how sweetly;
Sweeter songs I never heard;
They were singing sweeter, mother,
Than can sing our yellow bird;
And while I my breath was holding,
ONE, so bright, upon me smiled,
And I knew it must be Jesus,
When he said, "Come here, my child."

'Come up here, my little Bessie,
Come up here and live with me,
Where the children never suffer,
But are happier than you see."
Then I thought of all you'd told me
Of that bright and happy land;
I was going when you called me,
When you came and kissed my hand.

And at first I felt so sorry
You had called me; I would go;
Oh! to sleep, and never suffer;—
Mother don't be crying so!
Hug me closer, closer, mother,
Put your arms around me tight;
Oh! how much I love you, mother;
But I feel so strange to night!

And the mother pressed her closer
To her overburdened breast;
On the heart so near to breaking
Lay the heart so near its rest;
In the solemn hour of midnight,
In the darkness calm and deep,
Lying on her mother's bosom,
Little Bessie fell asleep!

AMERICA.—NATIONAL HYMN

1. My country! 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride;
From every mountain side,
Let freedom ring.

2. My native country! thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love:
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills,
Like that above.

3. Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees,
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

4. Our fathers' God! to thee,
Author of liberty!
To thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King!

"Annette, my dear, what country is oppo-
site to us on the globe?" "Don't know, sir."
"Well," said the perplexed teacher, "If I



THE LAST RECONNOISSANCE OF THE WAR BALLOON ON THE JAMES RIVER

LAUS DEO!

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

On hearing the bells ring for the Constitutional Amendment abolishing Slavery in the United States.

It is done!
Clang of bell and roar of gun
Sending the tidings up and down;
How the belfries rock and reel,
How the great guns, peal on peal,
Fling the joy from town to town!

Ring O bells!
Every stroke exulting tells
Of the buried-hour of crime.
Loud and long, that all may hear,
Ring for every listening ear
Of Eternity and Time!

Let us kneel:
God's own voice is in that peal,
And this spot is holy ground.
Lord forgive us! What are we,
That our eyes this glory see,
That our ears have heard the sound!

For the Lord
On the whirlwind is abroad;
In the earthquake He has spoken;
He has smitten with His thunder
The iron walls asunder,
And the gates of brass are broken!

Loud and long
Lift the old exulting song,
Sing with Miriam by the sea;
He has cast the mighty down;
Horse and rider sink and drown;
He has triumphed gloriously!

Did we dare
In our agony of prayer
Ask for more than He has done?
When was ever His right hand
Over any time or land
Stretched as now beneath the sun!

How they pale,
Ancient myth, and song, and tale,
In this wonder of our days,
When the cruel rod of war
Blossoms white with righteous law,
And the wrath of man is praise!

Blotted out!
All within and all about
Shall a fresher life begin;
Freer breath the universe
As it rolls its heavy curse
On the dead and buried sin!

It is done!
In the circuit of the sun
Shall the sound thereof go forth.
It shall bid the sad rejoice,
It shall give the dumb a voice,
It shall belt with joy the earth!

Ring and swing
Bells of joy! on morning's wing
Send the song of praise abroad;
With a sound of broken chains
Tell the nation that He reigns,
Who alone is Lord and God!

ON THE CAPTURE OF CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA.

Charleston's fallen! Shout and sing!
Guns shall roar, and bells shall ring;
Wake the bugle's richest note,
Let the star-decked banner float;
From the mountain to the sea
Wake the song of jubilee.

Charleston's fallen! Hear the cry
Echo from each mountain high;
Through the East, the West, the North,
Speed the glorious tidings forth;
Let a nation great and free
Sing the song of jubilee.

Charleston's fallen! See on high
O'er its towers our banners fly;
Where late flew the traitor *bars*,
Proudly float the *stripes* and *stars*,
And the slaves from bondage free,
Sing the song of Liberty.

Charleston's fallen! It was here
Treason did her standard rear—
It was here the *deed* was done—
Here this cursed war begun;
Now the traitors bow the knee—
Wake the song of jubilee.

Charleston's fallen! See them fly—
See the flames ascend the sky;
Traitor hands the torch applied
To the city, late their pride;
While its lurid flames you see,
Sing the song of jubilee.

Charleston's fallen! Shout and sing,
Cannon roar, and bells loud ring;
Over Charleston's towers on high
Now the star-decked banners fly;
Praise the Lord, ye brave and free—
God alone gives Victory.

Dearest Stella thou hast left us,
No longer with us can you stay;
But 'tis God who called you from us,
Bore you to that realm away,
Where no sickness ne'er can enter,
Tears nor sorrow ne'er can come;
But with Jesus you will ever
Rest in that celestial home.

Scatter flowerets o'er thy pillow,
Place the buds upon thy brow,
Clasp the hands now cold forever,
Nothing can awake thee now.
You have passed beyond the river
To that bright and happy shore,
Where with angels you are singing
Praise to Jesus evermore.

We shall miss you, dearest Stella,
But we know that God is just;
He in wisdom took you from us
And in Him we place our trust,
That when we shall cross the river
To that home of peace and love,
There united we shall never
Part again in heaven above.

"GOING ALONE."

With curls in the sunny air tossing,
With light in the merry blue eyes,
With laughter so clearly outringing,
A laugh of delight and surprise;
All friendly assistance disdaining,
And trusting no strength but its own—
The past fears and trials forgotten,
The baby is "going alone."

What woeful mishaps have preceded
This day of rejoicing and pride!
How often the help that he needed
Has carelessly gone from his side!
He has fallen while reaching for sunbeams,
Which, just as he grasped them have flown,
And the tears of vexation have followed,
But now he is "going alone."

And all through his life he will study
This lesson again and again:
He will carelessly lean upon shadows,
He will fall and weep over the pain.
The hand whose fond clasp was the surest,
Will coldly withdraw from his own,
The sunniest eyes will be clouded,
And he will be walking alone.

He will learn what a stern world we live in,
And he may grow cold like the rest,
Just keep a warm, sunny welcome
For those who seem truest and best:
Yet, chastened and taught by past sorrow,
And stronger and manlier grown,
Not trusting his all in their keeping,
He learns to walk bravely alone.

And yet not alone, for our Father
The faltering footsteps will guide,
Through all the dark mazes of earth-life,
And "over the river's" deep tide.
Oh! here is a Helper unfailing,
A strength we can perfectly trust,
When, all human aids unavailing,
"The dust shall return unto dust."

HONEST JOHN TOMPKINS.

Honest John Tompkins, the hedger and ditcher,
Although very poor, didn't wish to be richer;
Wishes so vain he always prevented
By a fortunate habit of being contented.

Though cold was the weather and dear was the food,
John never was found in a murmuring mood;
He was heard very often in words to declare
What he could not prevent he'd endeavor to bear.

He said grumbling would make a calamity deeper,
But never would bring bread and cheese any cheaper;
If any one injured or treated him ill
John ever was found in good nature still.

For, he said, revenging an injury done
Was making two bad when there need be but one.
Much better 'twould be if folks wiser and richer
Would copy John Tompkins, the hedger and ditcher.

...RIDAN'S RIDE.

BY T. B. READ.

...om the South at break of day,
Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,
The affrighted air with a shudder bore,
Like a herald in haste to chieftain's door,
The terrible grumble and rumble and roar
Telling the battle was on once more,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

And wider still those billows of war
Thunder along the horizon's bar,
And louder yet into Winchester rolled
The roar of that red sea uncontrolled,
Making the blood of the listener cold
As he thought of the stake in that fiery fra
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

But there is a road from Winchester town,
A good, broad highway leading down;
And there, through the flush of the morni
light;
A steed, as black as the steeds of night,
Was seen to pass as with eagle flight—
As if he knew the terrible need
He stretched away with his utmost speed;
Hill rose and fell—but his heart was gay,
With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

Still sprung from those swift hoofs, thunde
ing south,
The dust, like the smoke from the cannon'
mouth,
Or the trail of a comet sweeping faster and
faster,
Foreboding to traitors the doom of disaster;
The heart of the steed and the heart of the
master
Were beating like prisoners assaulting their
walls,
Impatient to be where the battle-field calls;
Every nerve of the charger was strained to
full play,
With Sheridan only ten miles away.

Under his spurring feet, the road
Like an arrow Alpine river flowed,
And the landscape sped away behind
Like an ocean flying before the wind;
And the steed, like a bark fed with furnace
ire.
Swept on, with his wild eyes full of fire,
But lo! he is nearing his heart's desire—
He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray
With Sheridan only five miles away.

The first the General saw were the groups
Of stragglers, and then the retreating
troops;—
What was done—what to do a glance tol
him both.
Then striking his spurs with a terrible oath,
He dashed down the line 'mid a storm
huzzas,
And the wave of retreat checked its cour
there b cause
The sight of the master compelled it to paus
With foam and with dust the black charg
was gray;
By the flash of his eye, and his red nostril
play,
He seemed to the whole great army to say
"I have brought you Sheridan all the way
From Winchester down to save the day!"

Hurrah, hurrah for Sheridan!
Hurrah, hurrah, for horse and man!
And when their statues are placed on high
Under the dome of the Union sky,
The American soldiers' Temple of Fame,
There with the glorious General's name
Be it said in letters both bold and bright
"Here is the steed that saved the day
By carrying Sheridan into the fight,
From Winchester—twenty miles away!"



WOMAN'S WORK.

BY MRS. R. S. BATES.

We do not, nowadays, recount
Our deeds, and reckon their amount,
And sigh to think no more is done,
As dies the day and sinks the sun;—
We hail the evening, come again,
As thirsty leaves salute the rain;
We say, as night draws slowly on
"Thank God! another day is gone!"

We wait to serve Him. For this time
We can but wait. The way sublime
That leadeth to His Throne of Thrones
Through fire, and blood, and dying groans,
Is not for us. We cannot lay
Our lives in Freedom's path, and say,
"To the last drop my blood is thine,
Laid gladly on thy sacred shrine."

But, knowing that God's ways are just,
We murmur not. For us a trust
Is left. To WAIT. Nay—yet perchance
We may be ordered to advance
Through dreary roads, 'neath dreary skies,
Where dreary hights before us rise,
To meet our soldiers—soon or late—
Before the open Golden Gate.

And hence, as daylight slowly dies
From out the faithful western skies,
We thank God we have passed to-day
Another landmark on our way;—
For with our eyes on Him who went
Before us, and from Heaven has sent
A beacon-light to guide our way,
We cannot miss it—any day.

We look to Him—and ever see,
In light celestial, "Follow me;"
And when our feet are worn and sore,
HE whispers, "Thus I went before."
And when our hands with cruel thorns
Are pierced, in countless clouded morns,
HE points to brighter evening skies,
Where, just beyond, His glory lies.

Thus walk we, Thanking God for Night,
That brings more near a purer light,
Although therein—we do not know—
We thank him for a keener woe.
We only know each dying day
Has brought us further on our way,
Nearer to meeting, soon or late,
Our soldiers—at the Golden Gate!

Who was Peter?

There are few positions of more delicacy than in interrogating Sunday schools, especially young scholars. This is shown by the experience of a clergyman who was opposed to having any mirth in Sunday schools. He thought it injurious to all and unnecessary to the entertainment of the children. He offered to address the school and show how they could be well entertained seriously. The following dialogue ensued: "Children, I am going to tell you about Peter. Who knows who Peter was?" No answer. "Cannot any one—those large girls—tell me who Peter was?" "I can," said a little fellow over in the corner. "Ah, that's a good boy. Now you come up on the platform by my side, and stand up in this chair and tell those girls who Peter was." Jimmy did as he was bid, and in the shrill voice of childhood repeated, "Peter, Peter, was a pumpkin eater, had a wife and couldn't keep her." At this point he was requested to stop, but not before the full point was taken by the school, and Mother Goose's poem appreciated.

THE BANNER.

Unfold thy hues, O banner bright!
Let every star be seen;
For where the stripes in blood are drawn,
In white, are stripes between.

We'll teach the world what Freedom means,
Where'er the stars are sent;
Each Rebel, too, will soon be taught,
That both the stripes are meant.

Thy Red shall float o'er battle-field,
To cheer the true and brave;
And brightly glow, while drooping low,
Above the warrior's grave.

Thy emblem, White, so purely bright,
Outfloating to the breeze;
A spotless type of Peace for all,
Upon the land and seas.

So, when the weary soldier falls
In battle for the free,
May his last thought be of his God,
Beneath the folds of thee!

OVER THE WATER.

Morning is bright on the beckoning waters,
Bright on the land that awakes from her sleep,
Smiling adieu to her sons and her daughters,
Soon to embark on the fathomless deep.

Fair as the sea-dove that skims o'er the ocean,
Floats the proud steamer at rest on the wave,
Rocking with graceful and undulant motion,
Dipping the bows which the bright waters lave.

Vainly the eye of affection would measure
Distance and time, as they lengthen away;
Staunch be the vessel that shelters our treasure,
Yielded with tears to its keeping to-day.

Pure be the breezes that waken the billow,
Fringing with silver its emerald crest;
Sweet be the slumbers that wait on the pillow,
Rocked by the heave of its tremulous breast.

While the same skies bend protectingly over
Us, and the dear ones that pass from our cares,
Night shall but whisper the heart of the rover,
Parted by distance, to meet us in prayers.

Fair are the lands that are famous in story;
Art has its treasures, and culture its flowers;
Friends! you will turn from their grandeur and glory,
Aye, from their homes, to be welcomed in ours.

Back to the land that for freedom is yearning,
Back to the greetings that never grow cold,
Back to your firesides that wait your returning,
Come, to your home in our hearts, as of old.

...rite top of hi... door.

"Annette, my dear, what country is oppo-
site to us on the globe?" "Don't know, sir."
"Well," said the perplexed teacher, "If I

MANHATTAN: OUR ISLAND EMPRESS.

A POEM DELIVERED BEFORE THE COMMON COUNCIL OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, AT THEIR CELEBRATION OF THE 86TH ANNIVERSARY OF OUR NATIONAL INDEPENDENCE, COOPER INSTITUTE, JULY 4, 1862.

BY A. J. H. DUGANNE.

Where the River of the Mountains[1]
Weds the River of the East,
Sits enthroned our Island Empress,
Diadem'd and golden-fleeced;
And, like Argonauts of Jason,[2]
With their white sails gently furl'd,
At her feet, from storms reposing,
Lie the ships of all the world.

Proudly smiles our Island Empress,
Throned upon Manhattan's strands,
Weaving woofs of Golden Fleeces
With her soft and shining hands.
Back and forth she plies her shuttles,
O'er the land and o'er the main—
Iron ships that cleave the ocean,
Iron cars that scour the plain!

All the world her wondrous fabric,
Warp and woof she softly weaves,
From the Merchant's Golden Fleeces
And the Farmer's Golden Sheaves.
Back and forth she plies her shuttles,
And the webs that leave her loom
Are the radiant robes of Commerce
And the fruits of Harvest-bloom!

Piled within her granite warerooms,
Flashing from her marble marts,
Here abide the Freights of Nations,
Lofty works and marvelous arts:
From the furrows of the ocean,
From the furrows of the soil—
Golden harvests, ripening always
Out of iron seeds of Toil.

And she sits enthroned upon them,
Gathering still, with shining hands,
All the world more closely round her,
Woven in traffic's golden bands.
And as tides are drawn through ocean
By the moon's imperial smile,
Tide-like flows the wealth of nations
Round about Manhattan's Isle!

Wealth of loom and wealth of garner,
Wealth of mountain and of mine,
Wealth of Wisdom, wealth of Manhood,
Wealth of Liberty divine!
All that Man may glean from Nature,
All that Heaven hath given to Earth,
Freedom yields our Island Empress,
Throned upon Manhattan's girth.

And as blows the tireless Trade-wind,
Freedom's breath goes outward still;
And as flows the circling Gulf-Stream,
Round the world her currents thrill:
Wafting seeds of Life and Manhood—
Bearing goodlier freights than gold—
From the gardens of the New World
To the deserts of the Old.

Old Manhattan! brave Manhattan!
Many a deed thy minstrels chant,
Done by all thy sturdy burghers
Since the times of Stuyvesant![3]
In the grand old days of "Liberty Boys!"
The days of "Golden Hill!"[4]
God be thanked! the pulse of Freedom
Throbs through Old Manhattan still!
Here, upon the ancient "Commons"[5]—
There, beside the olden piers—
Walked the feet of stout M'Dougal,
Schuyler bold, and gallant Sears.
Here were Hamilton and Clinton,
Here were Livingston and Jay!
God be thanked! they have not left us
Here their spirits walk to-day!

And I feel their gracious Presence,
As if flags were fluttering o'er;
And I hear Manhattan's burghers
Answering grandly, as of yore,
When George Washington invoked them
From their homes and from their marts
And the new-born "Declaration"
Sang its Gospel through their hearts![7]

When the marching tramp of freemen
Shook the air with stormy beat,
And they trod King George's image
Underneath their rushing feet:
Underneath their marching columns
Tramped his likeness and his laws,
While the statue of their tyrant
Gave them bullets for their Cause![8]

These the deeds of Old Manhattan—
Voices, like a bugle-blast,
Sounding, as through mountain gorges,
Clear and loud from the Loyal Past!
And I hear them rolling round us
In the hour of Freedom's need,
Hearts, like echoes, answered,
Word, and deed for deed!

Answered, as on ancient "Commons,"
Answered, as on "Golden Hill,"
Twice one hundred thousand freemen
Touched as with electric thrill;
Answered, with Manhattan's treasures
Piled upon the Union's shrine;
Answered, with Manhattan's life-blood
Poured like sacrificial wine!

Loftier waved the flags of Freedom,
Louder rolled the Union drums,
When the inspiring shout went upward,
"Old Manhattan's army comes!"
Washington once more invoked us,
And we rose in columns grand,
Marching round the "Flag of Sumter,"
Grasped within his sculptured hand![9]

When the myriads of Manhattan
Shook the earth with martial tramp,
And she kissed her noblest children,
Hurrying down to Freedom's camp;
And the sundered coils of Treason
Writhed upon her loyal shore
When she flung her gallant "Seventh"
In the scales of righteous war.[10]

Gallant "Seventh!" loyal "Seventh!"
Theirs to lead Manhattan's van—
Answering to the Union roll-call
Fresh-lipped youth and bearded man!
One farewell to tearful kindred—
One fond prayer for boyhood's home—
And they leaped to plant their banners
On the Capitolian dome![11]

Dumb be he whose lips belie them!
Freedom's first Prætorian Guard;[12]
Theirs to strike Manhattan's key-note,
When the Harp of Stars lay jarred.
Would ye hear their latest drum-beat?
Would ye track their latest tread?
Go where loyal graves lie foremost—
There the "Seventh" claims her dead.[13]

Banners streaming, bayonets gleaming,
Hearts upheld by manly faith—
Here the stalwart Sixth advances,
There, behold! the veteran Eighth!
Marching onward—marching vanward—
Southward like a storm they burst!
Here the Ninth and Twelfth are charging;
Yonder wheels the Seventy-First!

Still the fluttering pulse of Vosburgh[14]
Thrills the ranks he loved to lead;
Still the generous heart of Winthrop[15]
Throbs where'er his comrades bleed;
Still the battle-cry of Ellsworth[16]
Breaks along the charging lines;
And the dying shout of Riker
Surges from the Seven Pines![17]

And I hear the angry clangor—
Hear the stern and wild accords—
Crashing from the Harp of Ireland,
Struck by Freedom's battle-swords!
The Sixty-Ninth's dread slogan,
Clouds of blood-red smoke,
Flash of Erin's Sun-Burst
Through the mist of Bull Run broke![18]

Celt and Saxon, mingling,
Kissed and died on Glory's bed;
The green sod waved with heather—
Ireland's green and Scotia's red—
When the noble feet of Haggerty
Trod with Cameron Freedom's plains,
And the faithful soul of Corcoran
King-like walked in rebel chains![19]

Scotland's Thistle—Ireland's Shamrock—
Bloom for us with crimson flowers;
And o'er all the roar of battle
Gallia's eagle screams with ours.
Roman "*Viva!*" German "*Forwarts!*"[20]
Mingle with our own huzzas;
And the Hungarian answers "*Eljen!*
Eljen! for the Flag of Stars!"[21]

Still where'er the brave are summon'd,
There Manhattan's heroes march;
Freedom weaves their laurel chaplets,
Union builds their triumph-arch!
Here they clustered, here they mustered,
Hurrying forth to Danger's van:
Merchant, sailor, student, toiler,
All who bore the stamp of Man.

Still where'er the clouds are darkest,
There Manhattan's legions form,
And the life-blood of her martyrs
Flings its Rainbow o'er the storm.
Still in sacrifice for Freedom,
Hero-souls to God are given;
Mounting from the Camps of Conflict
Upward to the Stars of Heaven.[22]

By the grand and lordly highlands,
By the broad and breezy plain,
Rolls the River of the Mountains
Downward to the sounding main;
Streaming, like our glorious banner,
Outward to the ocean's bars—
Purple-waved beneath the noonday,
And at midnight bright with stars!

Far away, in clouds and darkness,
Roars Atlantic's stormful waste;
By its giant tides encircling
Half the wondrous world embraced!
Far away its voiceful billows
Thunder on the opposing strand;
There, it guards the Old World nations,
Here, it shields my Native Land.

Land of grandeur! land of glory!
Fresh from Nature's throbbing breast!
Over all the world-wide countries
Thee the Almighty One hath bless'd!
Beauty robes thy smiling prairies,
Power encrowns thy mountains grand,
Plenty laughs along thy rivers—
God is with my Native Land!

God was with thee in thy childhood,
And he walks before thee now;
'Tis the reflex of His splendor
That is burning on thy brow!
States, in all the Past, have moulded
Hero, patriarch, saint, and sage;
But their proud historic records
Pale before thy simple page.

Moving slow, like sceptral phantoms,
Nations pass in solemn line;
But in all their stately pageants
Walks no country like to MINE.
Upward from the years and cycles
Many a hero-chieftain towers;
But through all the realms of ages
Walks no Washington but OURS!

Thou, my Native Land! unmated,
Tread'st the Future's shining ways;
Following far, the wondering peoples
Mark thy vanward glories blaze;
Mark where Man asserts his birthright,
Mark the strength of Freedom's charm,
Mark the Toiler, proudly standing
Monarch of his own right arm!

By the Loom, the Plow, the Anvil,
Freedom's sons like princes tower;
Theirs the throne and crown of Manhood—
Kings can claim no nobler dower.
Rude their garb and rude their labor,
But their strength the world controls;
And through all the gates of triumph
Still they walk with sceptred souls.

Here the Toiler toils unbranded,
Here the Poor Man feels no shame;
For he knows the lowliest fortune
Upward treads to loftiest fame;
For he dwells where limbs are chainless,
Where the grandest heights of earth
May be scaled, with brave aspirings,
By the child of humblest birth.

Where the dark primeval forest
Glooms around like shades of night,
There the young Backwoodsman opens
With his axe the gates of light.
And the Intellect of Labor,
Clasping Honor's guiding hand,
Climbs aloft with Abraham Lincoln,
Rules with HIM our glorious land.

Type of Freedom's highest Manhood,
And the Genius of her soil,
Stands to-day this brave Backwoodsman,
Representative of Toil.[23]
And the Lesson of his Greatness,
Writ in Faith and Hope sublime,
Tells the humblest of the People
How to triumph he may climb.

And the Nations, following sunward,
O'er Atlantic's stormy deep,
May behold this Chosen People
In the Lord Jehovah's keep;
May behold how loyal Manhood
Up to royal grandeur springs—
Where the realms are fields of Labor,
And the Toilers are the Kings.

Though the blood-red forge of battle
Roars with fierce Rebellion's blast,
And the Gold and Iron of Union
In the stormy blaze are cast—
Though the strokes of War's dread hammers
Shake the anvil of our strength—
Out of all the Gold and Iron
God will shape His Work at length.

In the blaze of War's red forges
Old King George's graven crown
Yielded Iron and Gold for Freedom
When Manhattan cast it down.
In the blaze of War's red forges
Manhood's gain is Tyrant's loss;
All our purest ores are Freedom's—
All that are not HERS are dross.

Old Manhattan! Island Empress!
Thine the sceptre—thine the throne!
In thy womb are Freedom's armies—
Freedom's navies clasp thy zone!
Thine the Iron and Gold of Ages,
Mined from all the wondrous Past;
Union's Gold and Freedom's Iron—
Fear not! God will weld them fast!

In the fiery trial of Conflict
Freedom proves her purest ore;
And the bonds of Peace are welded
Underneath the blows of War.
From the Iron and Gold of Armies,
From the broken links of Wrong,
God will weld His Work together—
God will make the Union strong!

the rigging or incommode the men their labor. Some of the latter, alarmed at sounds, would willingly have had her continue her course and leave the vicinity; but the Yankee skipper was not so superstitious; and being determined to ascertain their cause, he ordered the fires to be put out, (so that the vessel might sail against the wind) and returned. While the lookouts aloft were trying to catch sight of any vessel or other object in the neighborhood, the sounds again reached them; and, steering in their direction, the ship was hove to and a boat lowered; but the men hung back when the captain ordered a crew in, and wished to wait for daylight.

"Why, what are you afraid of, men? Do you think there are evil spirits cruising?"

He paused in surprise, and all hands uttered a cry. A strange phenomenon was presented to their view; a pale blue phosphorescent light suddenly gleamed out of the darkness, and showed them a wreck dismasted and drifting. Through the open ports and breaches in the bulwarks, broken by the waves, the unearthly looking radiance shone, glimmering and flickering on the stump of the mainmast, the only fragment of the spar left standing. Its bows were towards them, and from their own masthead they could at times, when it pitched and rolled, see down on to its deck. Close to the after hatch-way burned a blue tremulous flame, sometimes shooting up vividly, at others sinking until nearly extinguished, by the light of which all on deck was rendered visible. All hands looked eagerly for signs of a crew; but nothing in shape of a man was to be seen. The deck was cleared, the long boat and spars gone; there was nothing to conceal them from view, had any man been on board.

But although nothing in the guise of mortal man was visible, other objects presented themselves to the view of the awe-stricken sailors. Gaunt and weird-looking shapes of hideous animals were plainly seen flitting restlessly to and fro in the ghastly light of that unnatural illumination, on a lonely wreck at sea.

"I can tell you, sir," said my informant, at this portion of his narrative, "that I for one was scared, and no mistake about it. I was brought up on a part of New England where a belief in the supernatural prevails. I had heard that evil spirits appeared at times in the form of beasts and haunted the place where they had when on earth committed their crimes; and we were off that coast where, for two hundred years, the desperadoes of every clime—pirates and buccaneers—had pursued when in life, their horrid calling. As the blue light flickered, and the yells once more broke out, these tales of my early days might have made me fancy myself in the presence of some phantom ship with its ghastly crew.

"But daylight soon came, the blue light went out, and we then saw that the wreck was a real one—and that a boat was towing astern; and when we pulled to it and hailed, voices from the cabin replied, and we rowed round and saw a man with his head and shoulders projecting out of the window.

"'I say, strangers!' he shouted, 'don't none of you offer to come aboard. Some of the critters got loose last night, and they're dangerous.' And dangerous enough they appeared to be, for at that moment came to the taffrail and looked down upon us several hyenas, whose eyes sparkling with famine, glared most ferociously; and no wonder, they had had no food for nearly a week.

"The brig was in fact a complete menagerie, which a speculative American was taking to California, visiting all the South American ports on his way. He had been blown out to sea by a hurricane, which at last carried away his masts, and he had been drifting about ever since, till his beasts were nearly starved. He had a miserable crew, half of them being his showmen, and he himself was his own captain, trusting to his mate to navigate him. They had prepared the long boat for leaving, should no vessel fall in with them, but had made repeated abortive attempts to rig jury masts as well. In their last attempt the spar had fallen, [illegible] to be fatal! All saw it, and and the heel of it had smashed the cage containing the hyenas, and all hands had to make a speedy retreat to the after cabin, and keep below till daylight should enable them to shoot or otherwise secure them. Our fire, by exciting the beasts, had attracted their notice, and at first they thought it was a burning ship. The light seen by the boat early in the night, was made by burning some spirits of wine out of the cabin windows, and they now prepared to repeat the signal, hoping to attract our attention; but this time, instead of hanging it out of the cabin window, they managed to open the hatchway, and push it out on the deck, where the beasts were prowling about restless with hunger, which tormented them.

"The crew stayed three days with us; we rigged them up jury masts, and what was of greater consequence, supplied the captain with plenty of the beef from the whale for his animals, and thus saved him from ruin; for the poor man had invested all he had in the menagerie. We heard afterwards that he had got safe to Callao, and I suppose is in California long before this."

Black Matt; or how a Slave sold his own master.

Matthew Hobson, (generally called "Black Matt," on account of the darkness of his complexion) was well known among the inhabitants of the seaboard of Virginia, some years ago, as a slave dealer, and an accomplished "breaker in" of bad flesh. He once purchased a bright mulatto by the name of Sam, at a very low price, on account of his many bad qualities, such as thieving, lying and drunkenness. Sam was intelligent, with all his faults—could read and write, and ape the airs of a most polished gentleman. He was so far removed, too, from the pure African, that he could scarcely be distinguished from a white man. On his becoming the property of the slave dealer, he received several severe *admonitions*, in order that he might have a foretaste of the temper of his master. Secretly he vowed vengeance for these striking proofs of Matt's affection, and in a short time an opportunity offered to gratify his vengeance.

Matt made up his gang, and shipped them at Norfolk. The barque arrived safely at New Orleans and was brought to the wharf. In order that Sam might bring a good price, he was togged off in fine clothes—calf-skin boots, a silk hat and kid gloves. Matt thought by this external show to realize at least $600 for the mulatto, as the body servant of some rich planter. Sam was consequently allowed to go on shore in order to show himself off. He proceeded to the Alhambra, and there he strutted along among the best of them. Hearing a portly gentleman remark that he wished to purchase a good body servant he went up to him, and with an independent swagger, said:

'My dear sir, I have got just the boy that will suit you.'

'Ha!' rejoined the planter, 'I am glad to hear you say so, for I have been looking for one for several days. What do you ask for him?'

'Nine hundred dollars,' replied Sam, 'and cheap as dirt at that. He has every quality—can shave, dress hair, brush boots and is besides polished in his manners. I could have got fifteen hundred dollars for him but for one fault.'

'Ho!' ejaculated the planter, 'and pray what kind of a fault is that?'

'Why, sir, a ridiculous one. He imagines himself a white man.'

'A white man!' exclaimed the planter, side and after that he could remember laughing, "that is a funny conceit," indeed but I can soon cure him of that—I've had considerable experience in training and managing gentlemen of color."

"Oh! sir," continued Sam, "there is but little doubt that he can be cured—though you may find some trouble at first.'

'Well sir, you appear to be a gentleman,' said the planter, who was rather too anxious and confiding. 'I will take him on your recommendation. Where is he now?'

'On board the barque—yonder at the wharf, you can see him at any moment, replied Sam.

'Good,' exclaimed the planter: 'I am much pleased with your honesty and candor, and in order to save time—here are nine hundred dollars—please to give me a bill of sale.'

Sam get the clerk to draw up a bill of sale, signed the name of Samuel Hopkins, pocketed the money, and told the planter to asked the captain for Black Matt; he would himself be on board as soon as he had closed a bargain with another gentleman who was desirous of purchasing one of his field hands.

The pursy planter made his way to the barque, and demanded of the captain to see the boy Black Matt. The officer pointed to Matthew Hobson, who sat on the quarter deck, smoking his cigar, and superintending the debarkation of his slaves.

'Are you Black Matt, my fine fellow?' asked the planter, addressing the slave merchant.

'Folks call me so at hum,' was the reply, 'but here my name is Matthew Hobson. What do you want?'

'I'll tell you, Matt, what I want. I want you. You're a likely looking fellow, and will just suit me.'

'Look ye hire, stranger,' said Matt, firing up, 'maybe you don't know who you are speaking to?'

'Yes I do, though—you're my property; I bought you of your master, Samuel Hopkins, just now, and'—

'You bought me,' exclaimed Matt, standing up at full length before the planter, I am a white man.'

'Come, come, now,' calmly said the man, 'it won't do—I know you—you can't humbug me with your conceits—I'll whip it out of you sir—I'll teach you'—

Here Matt drew back and aimed a blow at the ruddy nose of the planter, who seized him by the throat, and bellowed for the police. An officer happened to be on the levee—he, at the instance of the planter, seized the refractory *slave* and bore him to the calaboose, where he remained until evidence could be procured identifying him as a free born white citizen of the United States.

Sam, in the meantime, got on board a ship that was weighing anchor for a European port, and never has been heard of since. Thus has the rascal had his revenge—Matt lost his slave, and the 'green' fat gentleman his money.—[Petersburg (Va)

☞ A lady who had boasted highly at a dinner party of the good manners of her little darling, addressed him thus:

'Charlie, my dear, won't you have some beans!'

'No,' was the ill-mannered reply of the petulant cherub.

'No!' exclaimed the astonished mother. 'No what?'

'No beans,' said the child.

"Annette, my dear, what country is opposite to us on the globe?" "Don't know, sir." "Well, I said the nerv[illegible] teacher, "if I

A NIGHT ADVENTURE AT SEA.

A short time since, I happened to be in Valparaiso, where I made the acquaintance of an American, one of the officers of the United States whaling ship Nantucket, which had run in from her fishing grounds in the Pacific, to obtain a supply of water and fresh provisions; and one day in talking over the different events of the cruise, which had lasted two years, he narrated the following curious incident which had befallen them.

One morning at daybreak when lying becalmed, they found themselves in the midst of a shoal of sperm whales, and all four of their boats were speedily lowered and chase given. Two of them proved successful, and by the afternoon, had returned to the ship, towing their captured prey; but the others were not so fortunate. Having by some blunder missed their first chance, it was not until after an arduous chase of many hours that their leading boat at last succeeded in overtaking and making fast to the whale. A long and desperate struggle ensued, the second crew quickly coming to the assistance of the first; but line after line from both was expended by the animal, which proved to be of the largest size, and of immense strength and tenacity of life. It tried every means to escape; sometimes "sounding," that is, descending perpendicularly to a vast depth into the recesses of the ocean, until the enormous pressure of the superincumbent water was more than even its huge strength could bear, and it was forced to return to the surface, along which it would then rush with such velocity, dragging both boats after it, that the water, divided by the sharp bows, curled high in two solid walls on either hand. At length, however, its speed began to slacken, and the whalemen, anxious to secure their prize before darkness set in, advanced to finish him, and four more lances were rapidly hurled into the body of the monster, which, apparently exhausted by its preceding efforts, lay passive on the water. No sooner, however, had the last steel penetrated, than, as if the stimulus had roused anew all its vital energies, it hurled itself half out of water, and swinging its ponderous flukes high up in the air, struck two tremendous blows in quick succession, one of which fell upon the foremost boat, cutting it completely in two, and scattering its occupants (one of whom had his thigh broken) in all directions. After doing this mischief it again sounded; and, hastily picking up their companions, and placing the wounded man in the bottom of the boat, the rest, undaunted, impatiently awaited the coming up of the animal to breathe. But they waited in vain; their prey had escaped them. In his last desperate effort to free himself, he had (so I was told, at least) dived so deeply, that, with his strength exhausted, he was unable again to rise, and dying below, sank still deeper. The disappointed whalers sat in silence, watching their lines disappearing fathom after fathom, until their last yard was gone, when the bowman, who held his tomahawk uplifted ready to strike, was compelled to let it fall and sever the rope, lest the weight of the descending body should drag the boat down with it into the abyss.

Wearied with their long day of fruitless toil, and depressed at their ill-fortune, the men prepared to return to their ship, which had long before sunk beneath the horizon; for, being calm, she could not make sail to follow them. After pulling for some hours, however, they felt a slight breeze spring up, which they knew would bring her down; and, after a while, a rocket ascending showed her position; and this signal was repeated every half hour, until the vessel was within a few miles. They had been resting on their oars for some time, but had once more resumed them upon noticing that the breeze was dying away, and their ship likely to be again becalmed, when all at once a sound struck upon their ears, which made each pause in astonishment. It was a groan, or rather a hoarse, heavy, smothered kind of moan, which seemed to be borne to them across the waters; but whether from near at hand or far away, they could not tell.

The men stood up in their boat and listened. The night was cloudy and dark; but the line between sea and sky was sufficiently distinct to show to their practiced vision the form of their own vessel, which was only three miles away; but no sail was visible on that part of the horizon from whence the sounds appeared to come. Thinking it possible, however, that some shipwrecked boat's crew might be in their neighborhood, they joined together in a shout; but there was no response audible. All at once, however, some flashes of light gleamed across the distant darkness, and a bluish glare shone out for a minute or two, flickered, and disappeared. At the same moment, a distant piercing cry, followed by moanings similar to the first they had heard, rose on the night air. In all their experience, whether on sea or land, they had never heard sounds like them, and amazed and startled, and with all the superstitious fears excited to which sailors are prone, the men in the boats whispered their conjectures to each other.

"There's nothing as I know of that swims the sea or flies in the air, could make those sounds," said one. "If there was any craft any where within miles, we could see her sails plain enough; we are too far out at sea for any coasters carrying cattle. Besides, there's no such trade on this coast, and we're eight hundred miles from it."

"If it's from a boat, what kind of a crew must she have? That's what I want to know," said a second. "I know what it is to be adrift and perishing. I was one time on a raft with twenty more, for two and thirty days, and a whole lot of 'em went mad and died raging, from drinking the salt water, and yelled and fought, and throttled each other till they were pitched overboard; but then, these here sounds aren't human like."

"Couldn't be a whale, Bill, that made that moanin' noise?" asked another of the boat-steerers, who was a veteran salt, having followed his calling as a sealer and whaler in all parts of the world.

"Well, it might be—that noise might; though twarn't exactly like it neither. I've heard 'em too often not to know 'em. Sperm whale don't roar much; but right black, or Greenland species, common all over the world, you can hear at all times, miles away. I remember once, when I was in New Zealand—we was a Bay whaling near Hokiani—we killed a cow whale and her calf, and towed 'em into the bay. Well, the old bull, he came in from sea at nightfall, and kep' up such a moanin' and roarin' it was pitiful to hear him. He knowed his missus had gone in there, you see, and he was calling on her to come out; and for nigh-hand on to a week, every night, he'd tack about in the offing, until daylight, waitin' and callin' her. Twarn't till we stripped the blubber off her, and towed the carcass out to sea, that he gave in and left."

For some time the men listened, but nothing further was heard or seen. They also rowed for some distance in the direction of the sounds, and again shouted, but got no reply; and an hour afterwards they were picked up and taken on board. The captain, when he heard their story, swept the horizon with his night glass; but detecting no sail, he concluded that the vessel from which the light had proceeded (if they really had seen it) had passed out of sight in the interval; and as for the sounds which had startled them, he made little of them.

"You heard a grampus grunting, or some seals snorting, or maybe, some penguins trumpeting," he said. "You were all knocked up and half a sleep. Turn in, the whole lot of you, and take a snooze till daylight, for we must finish stripping and trying out this fish. A set of lubbers you were, to lose that other whale!"

The men did as they were ordered, but were perfectly convinced that the sounds they had heard were not caused by any such agencies as their commander had mentioned. The light, strange as it was, certainly might have proceeded from a passing ship, although in that case, it was odd they could not see it. Each of the noises separately also might be thus accounted for, perhaps; but the whole occurring together, and proceeding from one quarter, was to them inexplicable.

They had been asleep some hours, and day was about to break. The breeze had slightly freshened; but the ship, after having picked up the boats, had been hove to, and consequently had remained stationary during the night, the carcass of the whale having been placed alongside, secured by tackles, preparatory to stripping the blubber, or "blanket-piece," as it is technically called. Some of this had already been taken off, hoisted on deck, cut up, and placed in the huge coppers, used in the sperm whale fishery for boiling (or "trying out," as it is termed) the oil—these coppers being imbedded in brickwork on the upper or open deck. The fires beneath them being laid ready for lighting, the mate was busy with his preparations, when the captain, who had been in bed, turned out and came on deck.

"Do you know," said he, "that I really think that there was no mistake in what the hands said? There's something out of the way going on, or afloat near us. My cabin window was open—the head of my bunk is close to it—and as I lay there I heard something—I can't make out what? Did you not hear anything?"

"No; we've been busy knocking about the decks. What was it like?"

"Well, at first it was like what the men said—deep groaning, moaning, and rumbling kind of noises, a good distance off apparently. Then I heard a scream; then some one laughing—a rum sort of laugh it was too. I should have thought myself dreaming only for what the men had said."

"How long since was this?" asked the mate.

"Within this last quarter of an hour. But is every thing ready for trying out, Mr. Smart?" And the captain examined the preparations made. "Call the watch as soon as it is light enough, and set all hands to work. The coppers are charged, so you may as well light the fires, and then pass the word along for silence fore and aft. I want to listen and try and make out what those noises mean."

He went and stood by the taffrail, while the men on deck, ceasing their work, went to the side, or mounted the rigging.

For some time they remained thus, looking and listening, when the captain, hearing again the deep moaning he had described, raised the speaking trumpet he held, and hailed. As the hoarse sound died away, a startling reply was given. A burst of strange harsh laughter came ringing across the water, gradually changing into a wild cry, which rose upon the night air, sounding inexpressibly sad and mournful. At that moment, as the seamen, thrilled and awe struck, listened, the fires which had been lit beneath the coppers, and which had been fed with pieces of refuse blubber, began to burn up brightly, the flames presently shooting up half way to the tops, casting a broad red glare over the surrounding waters. And, as if this flame had been a spell to conjure up the demons of the deep, from the thick darkness beyond the verge of the circle of light issued a succession of sounds of the most extraordinary character. Yells and howls, shrill screams and roars—now commingled, now separate—at times dying away, and again, as the flames shot up, fiercely rising in hideous chorus—assailed the ears of the astounded whalers, while at intervals, mingled with the uproar, was what seemed to some on board to be the sound, indistinctly heard, of human voices. This continued until the vessel had passed on her way some distance, when the noises became more and more faint and finally died away.

Before the fires had been lit, the ship had been put before the wind, in order that the smoke and flame might pass forward and not

THE OLD STORY.

"Ma, mamma, young Eddie Jones
Who called for me last night,
And by the fallen oak sat down,
Beneath the moon's soft light,
Whispered so many pretty things
About his country home,
And took my hand in his, and asked
If I would be his own.

He called me beautiful, and said
My hand was snowy white,
My lips were coral, and my eyes
Were like the diamond's light;
And then he sighed and looked so sad,
And seemed in such distress,
That when he asked me to be his,
I had to tell him yes."

Fie! fie! my daughter—Eddie Jones
A nice young man may be,
But 'he can't keep a hotel,' nor
A husband be to thee;
He's nothing but a country clown,
And does not own a 'sted,'
Before I see you marry him,
I'd rather both were dead."

But, dear mamma, young Eddie Jones
Is wealthy, I am sure,
For old Spondulicks died, and left
Five thousand pounds or more;
And all this money is his own,
Besides his country home;—
Mamma, mamma, I'd rather be
His bride than live alone.

I know he loves the very ground
On which my shadow falls,
And will delight to furnish me
With bonnets, hoops, and shawls;
And more than gold can buy,
More than my petted vine
That climbs upon the porch—I love
To know his HEART is mine."

Five thousand pounds, and all his own!
Whew! daughter, what a pile!
Not that I care a fig for wealth,
Therefore you needn't smile,
But Eddie Jones has won your heart,
And loves you, too, I guess!
So when he asks your hand again,
Just say, I acquiesce."

A HUNTER ATTACKED BY CROWS.—A gentleman of this city went hunting a few days since, and not finding any better game, he took a shot at a lot of crows that were cawing in the woods. He wounded one of the birds in the wing, and when it fluttered to the ground, the gentleman picked it up. The hurt bird fluttered and cried most piteously, when suddenly the whole flock came to his assistance, and made an attack upon the hunter. They fluttered about his head and picked and scratched him with such violence that he was obliged to defend himself with a stick and was finally compelled to let the wounded crow go and to beat a retreat.—[Wheeling Intelligencer.

THE FARMER TO HIS SEED.

FROM THE GERMAN.

Sink, little seed, in the earth's black mould,
Sink in your grave so wet and cold,
There you must lie;
Earth I must throw over you,
Darkness must cover you,
Light comes not nigh.

What grief you'd tell, if words you could say
What grief make known for the loss of day!
Sadly you'd speak:
"Lie here must I ever?
Will the sunlight never
My dark grave seek?"

Have faith little seed; soon yet again
Thou'lt rise from the grave where thou hast lain
Thou'lt be so fair,
With thy green shades so light,
And thy flowers so bright,
Waving in air.

So we must sink in the earth's black mould;
Sink in the earth so wet and so cold;
There must one stay,
Till at last we shall see
Time change to eternity,
And darkness to day.

Oh, the fairest flowers and gayest
Ever bloomed beneath her feet,
And the birds before her casement
Seemed to sing more wildly sweet.

Earth spread out before her darling,
Fairest landscapes, bluest skies,
Did her homage, seemed to know her,
For an angel in disguise.

So she lived, and loved, and taught us
Lessons of divinest love,
Then the radiant wings unfolding
Bore our darling far above.

Through the ruby gates of even,
Sliding past the golden bars,
Fled a spirit in the sunset,
Upward to the land of stars.

Capt Freeman Crowell, late of sch Ino, before reported abandoned at sea, on the passage from Philadelphia, of and for Providence, with a cargo of coal, arrived at Providence on the evening of the 13th inst, from Portland, and makes the following report:—Dec 23, left the Delaware Breakwater at 10 AM, for Providence, wind SW; at 12 M, wind WNW, thick rain and hail; at 2 o'clock PM doubled reefed the mainsail and foresail, the wind increasing; at 3 o'clock took a heavy squall from NW, and at 9 PM carried away main boom, and split mainsail, Barnegat Light bearing NNE, distant six miles. At 11 PM the wind increasing, with a high sea running, which filled the decks full of water; took in jib, and was obliged to keep the vessel off before the wind to keep the decks free from water; the pumps were well attended to, but the sch made water fast. At 12 midnight, wind increasing, carried away fore gaff and split foresail; all hands at the pumps, and leak still gaining—shipped a sea which stove galley. On the 24th, it blowing a heavy gale from NW, found the water to be making fast, required all three pumps to be kept constantly going. At 8 AM bark Courant saw our signal of distress, and ran down to us, but there was so much wind and sea that she could render us no assistance. At 8 1-2 o'clock a heavy sea boarded the vessel over the stern, carrying away the boat from the davits, started the after house, filled the decks full of water, and swept away everything moveable; pumps going all the time. At 3 PM, our signal of distress still flying, the Courant again ran down to us, but as she could render us no assistance, she hauled on the wind and stood to the eastward; pumps going and water gaining fast. On the 25th, at 8 AM, took off the fore scuttle and commenced throwing overboard the cargo (coal) to lighten the vessel; water increasing. At 3 PM, in lat 38 40, lon 71 07, a brig hove in sight, and in about one hour afterwards spoke her, and she proved to be the Almon Rowell, Capt Boyd, from Matanzas for Portland, who took off all hands, saving nothing but their clothing. The sch had three feet of water in her hold when abandoned. The captain and crew were in a very exhausted condition from constant work at the pumps, and having been without food 48, and sleep 60 hours.

Now you've listened to the speeches,
We'll have a little song,
Don't let it tire your patience,
For I'll not be very long.
All you who learned your A B abs
Of the dear old teachers here,
Will scarce regret that you have met
Amid such hearty cheer.

CHORUS.
O, the Alumni,
Reunion dear to all!
We'll raise our voices gladly n
In answer to its call.

When we look back, dear schoolmates,
To days long since gone by,
Some merry hearts will sing and laugh,
And some will heave a sigh.
But sigh not long to-night, my friends,
For be you grave or gay,
Your hearts will join to celebrate
This great REUNION DAY.
CHORUS—O, the Alumni, &c.

I've heard my mother often talk
Concerning FATHER PIERCE,
For, when he taught the old HIGH SCHOOL,
'Twas long before my years.
The dear old man has gone to rest,
The years have rolled between,
He left wise words deep in our hearts
That keep his memory green.
CHORUS—O, the Alumni, &c.

In spite of the old proverb,
(It is not always so,)
Which says you can no MORSE collect
On a stone rolled to and fro.
We've gathered ours, you see him here,
You ask how did he come,
We rolled and rolled the REUNION ball
Till at last we brought him home.
CHORUS—O, the Alumni, &c.

I seem to hear the clear, quick voice
In tones I used to dread,
"Come up, that tallest girl in school
That munches gingerbread!"
And when in Bible-reading
The boys would noisy be,
He gravely read, "And Moses said,
You are whispering, Master G——."
CHORUS—O, the Alumni, &c.

"You lazy, idle, lawless girls,
I've just one word to say,
A thousand times you more or less
Communicate a day!"
Although those words once met our ears
In well-deserved reproof,
We only know we love him now
Sincerely and in truth.
CHORUS—O, the Alumni, &c.

How many stolen visits
The boys took in recess,
Adown the hill, across the road,
To Lily-Pond, I guess.
And when the school-bell loudly rang,
O, boys, have you forgot
How nimbly you did scamper back
Through Uncle Tot's green lot?
CHORUS—O, the Alumni, &c.

The crooked pins you stuck in chairs,
Bad things to have about,
The saleratus in the ink,
That made it all foam *out*,
The sticks of wood you threw down stairs,
The chimney stuffed with rags,
The red chalk marks upon the doors,
Such mischief never flags.
CHORUS—O, the Alumni, &c.

The toads and mice you brought to school
And put upon the floor,
In hopes the girls would scream out loud
And make a great uproar.
The girl that in the closet shut
Made of the shelf a bed,
The boy that innocently placed
The liver in the head.
CHORUS—O, the Alumni, &c.

Just think, what did VAL HUSSEY say
When he was on the docket,
For creeping slily down the aisle
All saw it and side and after that he could remember

The time when MR. MORSE
Made you go twice around the room
Just like a trotting horse?
CHORUS—O, the Alumni, &c.

The girls were not at all behind
In being up to snuff,
For I can well remember one
Who gave us quite enough.
She went all round the History Class
And placed it 'twixt the leaves,
O, what a monstrous sneeze there was,
It fairly shook the eaves!
CHORUS—O, the Alumni, &c.

The teachers since that taught our school,
Well known to us by name,
Are WHIPPLE, MORRISON, both beloved,
And lastly MR. DAME.
An ALLEN sways the sceptre now,
We trust he long remains,
Tho' GALEN is the name he bears,
He only doctors brains.
CHORUS—O, the Alumni, &c.

How many pupils from our schools
Have risen to renown,
That trod the streets in former years
Of this quaint, old, crooked town!
There are poets, artists, editors,
And doctors, lawyers, too,
And soldiers, teachers, ministers,
And sailor boys in blue.
CHORUS—O, the Alumni, &c.

Among our gallant townsmen
Is GENERAL MACY'S name,
How proud we are a HIGH SCHOOL boy
Should have such well-earned fame!
And then there's IKY FOLGER brave,
And MAJOR SUMMERHAYS,
And many more among our band
Deserving all our praise.
CHORUS—O, the Alumni, &c.

And then that eloquent divine,
Our last year's ORATOR,
Whose fame is spread beyond our isle
To Eldorado's shore.
And ARTHUR JENKS, whose gifted words
Reveal a poet's mind,
And EMILY SHAW, whose voice was law
To us in Shakspeare's line.
CHORUS—O, the Alumni, &

There is a TALLANT OWIN' us
In value gained two-fold,
We scarce could bear to part with her.
She's worth her weight in gold.
There's HENRY CLAPP, as smart a chap
As ever cracked a joke,
And his sister dear, who left us here
To HAZARD wedlock's yoke.
CHORUS—O, the Alumni, &c

There's a woman's wondrous intellect
That to the stars doth soar,
There's an artist travelling far from us
To seek a foreign shore.
There's a poetess among us now
Her sweetest lay has given,
It filled our hearts with holy thoughts,
And brought us near to Heaven.
CHORUS—O, the Alumni, &

Then there's the ORATOR of the day,
A jolly lad was he,
O, how we looked the papers through
For letters written by "D"——.
For, like our worthy TREASURER,
He's a man of sterling use,
And though he carries many a quill,
You'll find he is no goose.
CHORUS—O, the Alumni, &c.

There's JOHN G. MITCHELL, ACKLEY, too,
And DICKY MITCHELL, 3D,
And COFFIN, RIVERS, navy boys,
And worthy ones I've heard.
Then there is CHARLIE GLOVER
Our next year's ORATOR,
And ALFRED MACY, WILLIAM SWIFT,
All speaking for the law.
CHORUS—O, the Alumni, &c.

The TOBY BROTHERS, HALLETT, COBB,
And CHASE, and HATTIE SAYER,
And MRS. MOORE, and RUSSELL, SWAIN,
All singers sweet and rare.
Then there is MRS. HUTCHINSON,
A voice without alloy,
Who joined the band and gave her hand
To a staunch Green Mountain boy.
CHORUS—O, the Alumni, &c.

There's a noble woman spends her life
To teach the unlettered slave,
There's a loved one in her German home
Across the ocean's wave.
And many more there are among
Our treasured friends besides,
Who seek not fame but rest content
By pleasant firesides.
CHORUS—O, the Alumni, &c.

Altho' we've few distinguished guests
With speeches choice and fine
To grace our board, like *last year's gift*,
Just in the nick of time,
We've plenty native talent here,
And wit and humor dry,
We'll chat and interchange our jokes
While happy hours glide by.
CHORUS—O, the Alumni, &c.

JUDGE GARDNER'S speech to us last year
Brought out both smiles and tears,
It made me recollect the way
He used to snip my ears.
For, tho' he's now a sober Judge,
He once did teach a school,
And I was in my mischief days,
And subject to his rule.
CHORUS—O, the Alumni, &c.

All honor to the PRESIDENT!
He well deserves the fame,
He needn't blush, I'm going to tell,
JOE BARNEY, is his name.
He placed his shoulder to the wheel,
And put the thing right through,
And if he hadn't helped us so,
I don't know what we'd do.
CHORUS—O, the Alumni, &c.

Last week he sent for Yale's big tent,
A shelter to provide,
But if your purse is short of cash,
There's standing room outside.
There are five hundred in here now,
Or more than that amount,
But the interested crowd outside
I shouldn't like to count.
CHORUS—O, the Alumni, &c.

There are a few more tickets left
For the great ALUMNI BALL,
And should you want them for your friends
On CHARLEY STARBUCK call,
He'll furnish you the right permit,
To pass the Alumni door,
To dance all night till morning's light,
Then sigh for one dance more.

CHORUS—O, the Alumni, &c.

And now my song is nearly done,
I've only this to say,
That GILMORE'S BAND is just the thing
Such music sweet to play.
So good night all, dear schoolmates,
Time's slipping fast away,
And don't be late or absent, on
Our next REUNION DAY.
CHORUS—O, the Alumni, &c.

To-day

BY THOMAS CARLYLE.

Lo, here hath been dawning
Another blue day,
Think, wilt thou let it
Slip useless away.

Out of Eternity
This new day is born;
Into Eternity
At night will return.

Behold it aforetime
No eye ever did;
So soon it forever
From all eyes is hid.

Here hath been dawning
Another blue day;
Think, wilt thou let it
Slip useless away.

Pretty is that Pretty Does

BY ALICE CARY.

The spider wears a plain brown dress,
And she is a steady spinner;
To see her, quiet as a mouse,
Going about her silver house,
You would never, never, never guess
The way she gets her dinner!

She looks as if no thought of ill
In all her life had stirred her,
But while she moves with careful tread
And while she spins her silken thread,
She is planning, planning planning still
The way to do some murder!

My child, who reads this simple lay
With eyes down dropt and tender,
Remember the old proverb says
That pretty is which pretty does,
And that worth does not go nor stay
For poverty nor splendor.

'Tis not the house, and not the dress,
That makes the saint or sinner,
To see the spider sit and spin
Shut with her webs of silver in,
You would never, never, never guess
The way she gets her dinner.

TO A FRIEND.

BY CAROLINE A. HAYDEN.

Just entering on life's broad career,
With buoyant, happy heart,
O, who can tell if joy or woe
Will most to thee impart—
How much of future usefulness
Shall mark thy progress here,
Or how much sin and misery
Shall in thy path appear?

Guard well thy high integrity,
While mixing in the strife
Of good and ill, which cannot fall
To mark thy future life.
Dearer than all else, ever be
That consciousness of worth—
Felt as the link that binds thee
To the noblest ones of earth.

Rich be the meed of praise you gain;
And honors, nobly won,
Encircle thee as with a charm,
And bear thy spirit on.
In joy or sorrow, weal or woe,
Whate'er thy fate may be,
Let firm, unwavering trust in God
Thy better portion be.

"Annette, my dear, what country is opposite to us on the globe?" "Don't know, sir." "Well," said the perplexed teacher, "if I

THE RED DEVILS;

OR THE

Adventures of a Sharpshooter.

BY AUGUSTUS COMSTOCK, LATE OF COMPANY A, DURYEA'S ZOUAVES.

While the Army of the Potomac was encamped before Yorktown, our admiration was often excited by the good conduct of those hardy sons of the rifle, the Berdan Sharpshooters.

These "green jackets" were ever at the post of duty—ever on the alert. Creeping among the shadows of the peach orchard or the hollows of the irregular ground—crouching behind stumps and clusters of shrubbery—one moment on their hands and knees, the next extended upon their backs—in every possible or almost impossible position, they would contrive to elude the enemy's pickets and establish themselves in close proximity to the rebel works.

Woe, then, to the unfortunate "grayback" whose head was raised for a second above the parapets of his earthly fortification. A dozen pair of eyes are upon the tempting object—a dozen rifles ready to pounce upon their prey.

"Crack! crack! crack!" followed by an ominous whizzing shriek. Poor fellow, over he goes.

On a certain occasion one of the sharpshooters, a young man who had rendered himself quite popular by the courage and daring he had displayed in various skirmishes with the enemy, crept so close to one of the forts that he could plainly hear the tread of the sentinels as they paced to and fro upon their rounds.

He had esconced himself behind a log, the shadow of which he believed would afford him sufficient concealment, notwithstanding the fact that a full moon, which had hitherto been concealed by clouds, was shedding its rays upon the surrounding scenery.

While with his ready rifle in his hand he was watching the parapets, the sudden crack of muskets on his left saluted his ears, and at the same instant a bullet grazed his temple.

Tom B—— instantly glanced in the direction of the report and beheld the forms of three rebels, who had just emerged from a clump of shrubbery, running towards him. The sharpshooter brought his peace to the shoulder, and bringing the muzzle to bear upon the nearest of his enemies, pulled the trigger. The discharge was instantly followed by a loud yell, as the rebel leaped high in air and then tumbled headlong to the earth. Ere Tom could re-load, the remaining two were upon him.

"Surrender!" they shouted, directing the points of their bayonets towards his body.

But the sharpshooter had too often found himself in situations of this kind to feel intimidated on the present occasion. So clubbing his piece, with a movement quick as lightning, he struck one of his enemies upon the head, knocking him to the earth like a log. Stepping back, as the other made a thrust at him, he turned the point of the weapon aside with his piece, and then rushed forward, inverting his rifle, and dealt his antagonist a powerful blow between the eyes with the iron-bound stock, which sent him reeling senseless to the ground by the side of his companion. The report of discharged weapons had, of course, aroused the inmates of the fort, and a volley of musketry now rolled along the parapets, sending showers of bullets about the person of the daring sharpshooter. The next moment a large body of armed men issued forth, when Tom deemed it expedient to fall back upon the rendezvous of his companions.

For some reason or other, which the greenjacket could not then understand, the rebels did not attempt a charge upon this occasion; contenting themselves with an exchange of shots which resulted in the loss of a few men on both sides. After the expiration of a few hours the enemy withdrew to the fortification, from which they kept up a desultory fire with some of their heavy pieces.

It was about twelve o'clock when Tom B—, having been relieved by his friends, left the place for the purpose of seeking some spot where he could obtain the repose which his previous exertions rendered necessary. He did not care to return to the camp that night, as the way was long and tedious; besides being guarded by sentinels whose troublesome challenges he did not wish to encounter.

A short walk carried him to the bank of the York river, where a small skiff, lying upon the beach, seemed to invite him to make it his lodging for the night.

Peering into the boat, and perceiving that it was dry, the sharpshooter proceeded to make his bed—a very simple arrangement, consisting of a blanket and an overcoat. There were two paddles in the bow, which with the help of his cartridge box and cap, Tom soon converted into an easy and springy kind of pillow. Then, with his valuable rifle by his side, well sheltered from the dew by the folds of his blanket, he extended himself upon his luxurious couch and was soon buried in deep slumber, which must have lasted many hours, for when he awoke he could perceive that the sky above him was tinged with the beams of the rising sun. Next moment he became sensible of a rocking motion which pervaded the boat, while a low, rippling murmur saluted his ears. He raised himself upon his elbow, and an exclamation of surprise escaped him. The skiff was adrift in the river, and but a few hundred yards from the heights of Yorktown. He could see the dark guns bristling over the parapets of the fortifications, and also the rebel sentinels as they walked to and fro, with their bayonets glistening in the sunlight, while still higher up, fastened to a tall staff, he beheld the folds of the traitor flag fluttering in the wind.

He thought he could distinguish a low murmur of voices mingling with the creaking of wheels, and the tramp of many feet, as though the rebels were engaged in secret preparations, though for what purpose he was puzzled to determine.

These noises, however, suddenly ceased, and while Tom was trying to account for the circumstance, he saw a dark body shoot upwards above the tops of the trees in the distance, and continue to ascend majestically through the realms of space. It was the Federal balloon.

"Ho! ho! Johnny Reb," he muttered, "that balloon has had the wonderful effect of silencing you. I'd give something 'big' to know what you are about, only I can't stop to visit you at present. Your infernal tides have played me a fine trick, stealing a march upon me while I was asleep, and carrying me under the very noses of your guns. It's a decidedly ticklish position I'm in, so I must get out of it as quickly as I can. Good-by, Johnny Grayback!"

While thus muttering to himself, he had been engaged in loading his rifle, and the task being now completed, he seized a paddle and commenced to ply it with vigorous strokes, keeping the head of the boat pointed in the direction of the side of the shore occupied by the Federals, which was about three miles from his present position.

Scarcely had his paddle touched the water, however, when the report of a dozen rifles coming from the shore upon his right, announced that he had been discovered by the pickets of the enemy, who were stationed along the bank.

"Missed your man, that time," coolly muttered the sharpshooter, as the bullets whistled over his head, and he continued to ply the paddles with steady strokes. "The rascals are loading again," he added, glancing quietly toward the spot where the rebels showed themselves upon the edge of the bank.

The next moment there was another crash of musketry, and a storm of bullets flew around his head. While the men were employed in loading a third time, however, Tom raised his rifle to his shoulder, and taking deliberate aim at the tallest of the group, fired the piece with his usual success. The rebel threw up his hands and fell into the water.

"That'll do for the present," soliloquized the rifleman, as he again turned to his paddle. Volley after volley was fired at him, until he was out of range. Then, upon looking back, he could see the enemy leaning upon their pieces and shaking their fists at him with menacing gestures. The next moment, however, he beheld a large boat, manned by a dozen of the rebels, shoot out from a cove and move toward him. The occupants were provided with oars, and the powerful exertions they made evinced their determination to overtake the fugitive. The greenjacket rose upright, and hastily scanning the distance between himself and the shore, on the one hand, and that of his pursuers on the other, perceived that the latter would succeed in reaching him long before he could arrive at the point of his destination.

In this critical position, Tom decided to rely upon his rifle. He loaded the weapon, took deliberate aim at the advancing boat, and fired. A loud yell of pain and the suspension of a couple of the oars announced the effect of his shot. Nevertheless, the remainder of the crew continued their exertions, and the boat kept on its course, rapidly shortening the distance between it and the skiff of the sharpshooter. But the latter quickly reloaded his rifle, and again pointed the death dealing tube upon his pursuers. The sharp report of his piece rang upon the morning air, and was followed by a second cry of agony from the advancing boat, while another pair of oars hung useless over her side. The compact position of the enemy afforded Tom an opportunity of "picking off" more than one of his enemies at every shot; and, as the crew had not brought their muskets with them, they were unable to avenge the loss of their companions. But the yells and execrations, which now broke from their lips, warned the daring rifleman of the fate in store for him should he fall into the hands of the enraged "graybacks."

Fully realizing the danger of his position, though not in the least unnerved by it, he continued to load and fire with rapidity and at the same time with the steady coolness which always characterized his movements. Every shot told with fearful effect, and by the time the craft was within a hundred yards of that occupied by the sharpshooter, there were but five men remaining, and these had thrown themselves into the bottom of the boat, hoping thus to escape the unerring contents of the long rifle which was again bearing upon them. But as the sharp ominous crack of the piece rattled upon the air, one of them threw up his hands and rolled over on his back. Four men were now all that remained in the boat capable of performing duty, and it was evident that they were panic stricken by the fearful effect of the rifleman's fire, for although they grasped the handles of their oars they did not pull a stroke. In the meantime Tom proceeded to reload, and the next moment had raised his piece for another shot, when one of the men waved a white handkerchief about his head and shouted:

"Stop you firing for God's sake, and leave some of us to carry our dead and wounded to the shore."

"Certainly!" replied Tom, as he replaced his rifle in the bottom of the skiff, "Good-by!"

The rebels now turned their boat's head towards the shore they had left, and pulled rapidly away, while the sharpshooter resumed his paddle, directing the little craft toward the federal side of the river, where he arrived without further opposition, and related his adventure to his comrades.

A few days afterward the news of the evacuation of Yorktown spread like wildfire through the army, and Tom B—— was no longer at a loss to understand the meaning of the noises he had heard while floating under the guns of the rebel fortifications. The preparations for departure had been commenced even then, but were ingeniously concealed from the observation of the Federal aeronauts.

her, to steer as clear of

pushed on in the dark till I came to a rocky ..., where finding something like a cave, I crept into it and spent the night, resuming my journey at the first streak of light. The second day, like the first, I managed to get over a long stretch of country without being discovered, gradually shaping my course to the north. That night I spent in the woods, sleeping in some bushes, and going supperless to my damp bed. The next morning, on resuming my weary tramp, I espied several rebel soldiers, moving about in different directions, and I became very much alarmed, fearing they were in search of me, and did not venture from the wood all day. Since leaving the rebel camp, I had eaten nothing but the corn cake given me by the poor woman, and I now felt the pangs of hunger most keenly, besides being very weak for the want of food.

I could not remain where I was in safety, and as soon as it became dark, I boldly struck down through the woods into a road, and, setting my face northward, hurried forward, regardless of consequences. In the course of five miles I passed several comfortable dwellings, but I was afraid to stop and ask for food. At last I discovered a mean shanty, standing a little off from the road, and I resolved to try my luck there. As I got over the fence to go to it, a little dog ran up to me barking savagely and attempting to bite my heels. I watched my chance, and knocked him over with the breech of my musket which I still carried. As he lay quivering on the ground, it occurred to me that I could eat him; and killing him at once I picked him up, went back into the road, and continued on until I came to a wood, into which I penetrated for half a mile, and there struck a fire and cooked the animal, which I devoured with a gusto I have since wanted for a much better meal. I then went some distance from the fire to lay down, and went to sleep. I also slept some the next day, keeping myself concealed in the woods, and the next night I went back to the road and pushed on as before.

Thus I continued to work my way northward for several days, till at last I was challenged by a sentry in blue, when I almost fainted for joy at finding myself once more within the Federal lines.

I have not in this narrative exposed the noble colonel, God bless him, to whom I am indebted for my liberty, perhaps my life, for no one can trace him out from the facts I have given. The officer for whom I was to have been held was hung as a spy, and doubtless the same fate would have been mine, had I not effected my escape.

The maid who binds her warrior's sash
With smile that well her pain dissembles,
The while beneath her drooping lash
One starry tear-drop hangs and trembles,
Though heaven alone records the tear,
And fame shall never know her story,
Her heart has shed a drop as dear
As e'er bedewed the field of glory!

The wife who girds her husband's sword,
'Mid little ones who weep or wonder,
And bravely speaks the cheering word,
What though her heart be rent asunder,
Doomed nightly in her dreams to hear
The bolts of death around him rattle,
Hath shed as sacred blood as e'er
Was poured upon the field of battle!

The mother who conceals her grief
While to her breast her son she presses,
Then breathes a few brave words and brief
Kissing the patriot brow she blesses,
With no one but her secret God
To know the pain that weighs upon her,
Sheds holy blood as e'er the sod
Received on freedom's field of honor!

"MOTHERS, WEEP NOT!"

BY C. F. BERRY.

Mothers, weep not! though are lying
On that far-off battle plain,
Many a son for Freedom dying,
By the cruel rebels slain.
Mothers, weep not! God was near them
When they laid them down to die!
Angel voices gently cheered them,
Ere their spirits rose on high.

Mothers, weep not! when the tidings
Reach you from that Southern shore,
Of that field of death and carnage,
Drenched with streams of crimson gore!
"*God is good!*"—and he will never
Let the *wrong* o'er *right* prevail;
Though the foe fond ties may sever,
And our sacred laws assail.

Mothers, weep not! though they perished
In the early morn of life—
But their memories will be cherished
When has ceased this awful strife.
Mothers, weep not! though have fallen
Many a brave and gallant son!
Fought alone for Peace and Freedom,
And that Victory might be won.

...ward to the land of stars.

Sailor's Correspondence.

SHIP CITIZEN, NORTH PACIFIC OCEAN,
April 18th, 1847.

MR. EDITOR:—I will, with your leave, as I have an hour of leisure time, while away a part of it by giving you a narration of our passage from America to the Sandwich Islands. It was on the morning of the 19th of September, bidding adieu to friends and home, with a fair wind and pleasant weather, we sailed from Sag Harbor to encounter the dangers of a whaling voyage.

The first land we made was the Cape de Verds; on the morning of the 14th of Oct. we passed between the islands of St. Vincent and St. Antonio. It being just at sunrise, their lofty hills and pleasant valleys gave to one's eye a most beautiful and picturesque appearance. We sailed on without incident of importance, crossed the equator on the 22d, in longitude 17° 23′, and much to our gratification by being made sons of Neptune without the old monarch's paying us a visit, and the initiation usually practised on such an occasion. Oct. 29th, losing what oil we had on board for ship's use, we lowered and took two out of a school of blackfish, which made about five barrels of oil, and on Thursday, Nov. 26th, in latitude 42° 25′ S., longitude 52° 20′ W., we took our first whale. We lowered away and fastened; he run, rolled about, and lashed the waters to a foam; but with well-experienced officers, and willing hands we soon conquered the great monster of the deep, and secured him along side.—We cruised about two months in nearly the same latitude, and in the short space of a month and ten days, we took five hundred and forty barrels of sperm oil, and at the close of a month and twenty seven days, we had six hundred barrels of sperm oil, and one right whale. Our cruise being up, we sailed again on our course. Saturday the 7th of February, we rounded Cape Horn. We had not a very serious time, but long and tedious, with head winds and blustering weather. After rounding the Horn, we laid our course for the Islands of Juan Fernandez.

We made the island on the 4th of March, and went ashore to get some fruit, but to our sad disappointment, fruit was not ripe, we came on board, set things to rights and made straight wake for the Sandwich Islands, nothing more of importance transpiring on our passage. Yours very respectfully,

I'm lonesome since he left my side
To brave disease and danger—
To cross o'er hill and rolling tide,
And quarter with the stranger.
'Tis just one year ago this night
He took his leave in sadness;
But in a week his missive read
We'll meet again in gladness.

I long upon those ruby lips
To print the welcome token,
Assuring him my sacred vow,
No, never can be broken;
For I will ever constant be,
Though life is dark and stormy,
To him who is so gallant, brave,
My beau that's in the army.

We spent the hours so sweetly here,
Till Rebeldom revolted;
So kind and winning in his way,
That he could ne'er be faulted.
But at the 'larum of the drum,
He did both grieve and charm me,
By flying to the nation's aid,
My beau that's in the army.

The gent who sits at home in ease.
And dreams of fame and glory,
While soldiers' groans float on the breeze,
Must hear a different story.
Yes, I despise a coward drone,
There's naught in him can charm me;
But give me he who'd die for home,
My beau that's in the army.

Now if there's one within our land
Whose sympathy is callous,
I do not think it would be just
To stretch him on the gallows;
But let me warn you if you have,
Perhaps 'tis better for me,
To tell you plain you can't cut out
My beau that's in the army.

JEFF. DAVIS'S LAMENT.

With features weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
Jeff. Davis sat in his chair,
Holding his aching head;
Sadness, sorrow and gloom,
And remorse, like a frightful elf,
Were racking his fevered brain,
And thus he talked to himself.

"O God! that I might once more
But feel as I used to feel,
Before vile treason stained my soul,
And made my brain to reel;
O, but for one short day—
A respite, however brief,—
But ah, there is none for me,
My time is filled with grief.

"I once stood high as a man,
With prospects bright as the sun,
Respected at home and abroad,
But alas! I now am undone.
Must infamy cover my name,
Or blur it on history's page,—
To be read with loathing and scorn,
Classed with traitors of ev'ry age?

"I see the future all dark,
No star cheers the hideous night;
Vicksburg and Hudson are gone.
Our armies are seized with affright.
Rebellion's a terrible thing,—
This treason I see will not do;
I hoped it might make me a king,
But a scaffold I now have in view!

"Besides, to hear the sad wail
Of widows, and orphan's cry,
And sorrow's dark, piteous tale,
And want's deep moaning sigh,—
Is enough, I do declare,
To make the stoutest weep;—
Alas! that bread is so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap!

"'Twere better to be a slave
To some hard, barbarous Turk;
Or, be ter to be in my grave,
Than to lead in this horrible work.
My constituents, young and old,
Find fault, and grumble, and swear,
And curse me for every loss,—
O, it's more than I can bear.

"Demoralization and want,
On every side I meet;—
Desertions are thinning our ranks,
There's nothing ahead but defeat.
The North, with an iron will,
Responds to Freedom's call,—
The pressure we never can stand,—
Before it Rebellion must fall.

MOUNA LOA.

Though there crowns thee, monarch mountain,
No array of frowning peaks,
Thy bold profile on the heavens
True sublimity bespeaks,
Domed and vast, in silent grandeur,
Swells thy Titan-head on high,
Smoothly shaven, and forever
Propping up the leaden sky.

Deep within thy bosom cradled,
Lies the old volcanic fire,
In a boding, fitful slumber,
Nursing for some errand dire,
From thy yawning summit-craters
Oft the fiery flood hath gushed,
And in raging, wasting torrents,
Down thy sides in vengeance rushed.

Stream on stream successive resting,
Slowly upward thou hast grown,
Leaving notched the cycling ages
In thy changeless heart of stone.
Oh, what wondrous world-upheavings
Thou hast witnessed in thy day!
Islands, mountains, freshly risen,
Venus-like, from ocean's spray.

Round thy infant head the monsters
Of the primal ocean played,
Strangely, at thy fiery tossings,
From thee darting, sore dismayed;
E'en old ocean, foiled and vanquished,
Fled thy Vulcan-tempered arms,
And in triumph, thy proud summit
Rose from out a sea of calms.

Mighty art thou, ancient mountain,
Mighty—but more mighty still
He who in his palm hath weighed thee,
And controls thee by his will.
Lo! he speaks! and all thy burnings
Instant sink in dull repose;
Lo! he speaks! thy fires rekindle,
And like wax thy substance glows.

Ah! how soon, at his commanding,
E'en the flinty globe we tread,
Melting, burning, glowing, wasting,
Its expiring glare would shed.
Be thy dome, then, mighty mountain,
God's own altar evermore,
And let him who feels thy grandeur,
There creation's God adore.

C

"Our finance is sinking apace.
Our means are near at an end,—
Our credit—alas! we have none,
And nothing on which to depend.
Alarming and sad is our state,
King Cotton bows to the blockade,—
We are gone as certain as fate,
If France doesn't come to our aid.

"Defeat, and ruin, and want,
Show their teeth with a horrid grin,—
The Devil's rebellion did not
Involve a more devilish sin.
"I'm troubled far worse than was Cain,—
Things have come to a terrible pass;
And I fear—to speak candid and plain,
Abe Lincoln will hang me at last!"

When the parting bosom bleeds,
When our native land recedes,
While the wild and treach'rous main,
Takes us to her breast again,
Father! view a sailor's woe—
Guide us whereso'er we go.

When the lonely watch we keep,
Silent on the mighty deep,
While the boisterous surges hoarse
Bear us darkly on our course,
Eye that never slumbers! shed
Holy influence on our head.

When the Sabbath's peaceful ray,
O'er the ocean's breast doth play,
Though no throngs assemble there,
No sweet church bell warns to prayer,
Spirit! let Thy presence be,
Sabbath to the mustering sea.

When the raging billows, dark,
Thundering, toss our threatened bark,
Thou, who on the whelming wave,
Did'st the meek disciple save.
Thou, who hear'st us when we pray
Jesus, Savior! be our stay.

When in foreign lands we roam,
Far from kindred and from home,
Stranger's eyes our conduct viewing,
Heathen bands our steps pursuing,
Let our conversation be
Fitting those who follow Thee.

Should pale Death, with arrow dread,
Make the ocean wave our bed,
Though no eye of love might see,
Where that shrouded grave might be,
Thou who hear'st the surges roll,
Deign to save a sailor's soul.

"Annette, my dear, what country is opposite to us on the globe?" "Don't know, sir." "Well, I said the parlor, teacher. "If I

ing flames of well dried faggots. Thy request is granted. What more can I do for thee?" he asked with mock politeness.

"Relieve me of thy hated presence," replied Beatrice. The knight strode hastily from the room.

After he had gone, "Alas!" said Beatrice, "I fear it is as he said. No knight can be found to defend Beatrice of Clareford."

"Fear not," said the maid, "there are knights who do not fear Hubert De Buff. He took the lance from a champion, and he may yield it to another."

No more was said and we will leave them for the present.

* * * * *

A level spot, between two gently rising hills, had been selected for the combat. When the hour appointed for the trial arrived, the hillsides were covered with people of both sexes, and both gentle and simple. A portion of the level ground upon each side of the plain, was reserved for the use of knights and esquires, of which a large number were present, some even from the distant provinces of Burgundy and Lorraine. Already a few had returned from the distant shores of Palestine some of whom were present to witness the affair.

HOW I ESCAPED.

A SOLDIER'S STORY.

With some twenty men under my command I was scouting in one of the Southern States, when we were suddenly fired upon from an ambuscade, and two of our party mortally wounded. The next moment we saw ourselves surrounded by at least three times our number, and heard a dozen voices shout:

"Surrender! or you are dead men!"

Resistance would have been more than folly, as I saw at a glance, and I at once ordered the men to throw down their arms and dismount, which they did. Our horses were led away from us, and our arms taken possession of; and then the whole party of rebels crowded around us, in a tumultuous manner, cursing and threatening us with massacre.

"We have a right to expect the common usage of war!" I said to the leader, a savage and brutal-looking fellow.

"And you'll get what we choose to give you! for we're your masters now!" he savagely rejoined. "If we do decide to hang, we'll begin with you."

With this he walked away a few paces, and held a consultation with some of his inferior officers, while we awaited the result with feelings that were far from pleasant. The majority being for delivering us to the commandant of the fort below, we were sent off under a strong guard. A fatiguing march of some ten miles brought us to a rebel camp about dark, and we were delivered over to the Colonel commanding, greatly to our relief.

The men being duly disposed of, the Colonel accepted my parole and invited me to mess with him. He proved to be a gentleman and a scholar, and, during my stay with him, he treated me with a pleasant kindness that I shall always remember with heartfelt gratitude.

I had been in his charge something over a week, when one morning, just after breakfast, as I was about to take my usual stroll through the camp, he said to me:

"Lieutenant Hanson, I regret to say that it is no longer in my power to give you the liberty of parole. Orders have just been received from the headquarters of this department, to have you sent to Newville, and there have you put in close confinement."

"Why this severity?" inquired I.

"I believe it is in retaliation for some offence of the Federals," he replied, looking at me with so much commiseration expressed in his handsome countenance, that I instantly took the alarm and inquired,

"Have you told me the worst, Colonel?"

"No, he sighed, "would to heaven I had! You are to be sent off in irons, and are already adjudged to the same doom as a Confederate officer, who has been condemned as a spy!"

"And the men taken with me?"

"They will probably be exchanged."

"It is only myself then that is doomed to suffer!"

"That is as the case now stands," he answered, turning away his head.

"This is unjust and cruel!" said I, fairly trembling at the thought of being so ignominiously cut off in the very prime of my life.

"I pity you, my friend; but you are a soldier, and know that I am compelled to obey the orders of my superiors," rejoined the Colonel, in a tone that expressed his deep commiseration.

"I exonerate you," said I, grasping his hand; "and whether I live or die, I say God bless you, from my very heart!"

I mused a few moments, and then inquired in what manner, and how soon I was to be sent to my destination.

"You will be handcuffed," replied the Colonel, "for my orders in this respect are positive, and within an hour, or at most two, you will be sent off under the guard of two men, who will escort you to the railroad station on foot, and thence in the cars."

"How far from here to the station, Colonel?"

"Between six or seven miles, by the main road—two miles less by a cross route only travelling on foot."

"Through what kind of a country does the foot route pass?"

"Wild, rugged and thinly settled."

I looked him straight in the eye, and I felt he understood me.

"Shall I go by the nearest way?"

"If you wish—for the main road is much blocked up by army teams, cavalry, and so forth."

"Of course you will hold the men responsible for my safe delivery at Newville?" I said, in a low, meaning tone.

He nodded.

"If I should escape?"

"They would be blamed—perhaps punished."

"But not unto death, Colonel!"

"Hardly, I think."

"Colonel," said I, grasping his hand and trembling with hope, at the same time making sure there was no other listener, and speaking in a very low tone, "if I could only set out with a flask of drugged liquor in my possession, and my irons so nearly severed that I could burst them apart, there is one name that I would ever remember in my prayers."

The Colonel looked at me fixedly for half a minute, and then silently grasped my hand and squeezed it hard. He then bade me remain where I was, and hurried away. I did not see him for an hour, when he came with a man who put the irons on my wrists. He then selected two men, and gave them orders to see me safely delivered to the provost marshal at Newville, but to use no more harshness than a strict performance of their duty required.

"You will take the nearest route to the railway station, across the fields," he continued, and thence proceed in the cars to your destination. You must not lose sight of your prisoner during your journey, and should he attempt to escape, you will be justified in shooting him. You now have half an hour to make what preparations you wish."

Soon after this, the Colonel managed to slip a flask inside the bosom of my shirt, saying as he did so:

"You have your wish, and may God prospe your design! As an honorable gentleman, of course hold you bound to inviolable secrecy and to use no more force or violence, under an circumstances, than may be absolutely necessary to secure your escape!"

"Rest assured my noble friend, your confidence in me is not misplaced!" returned I, in a faltering voice and with tear-dimmed eyes "and it shall be my constant prayer that, should the dark hour of tribulation ever come to you you will find returned that kindness and mercy which you have shown to a fellow mortal in distress!

The Colonel, who was visibly affected no took his final leave of me with the remark that it would not be prudent for him to hold any further conversation with me. He bade me farewell in a voice touched with emotion walked hurriedly away, and I saw him no more.

At the time appointed, the two men returned and took charge of me, and we immediately set off on our journey. For a mile we remained in sight of the camp, and then, passing over the brow of a steep elevation, we descended to a wild rugged hollow, with trees, rocks and hills on every side of us. Perhaps there would be no better opportunity than the present to try my chance for life and liberty; and nerving myself to the effort on which so much depended, I said:

"Boys, I feel a little low-spirited, and would like to ask a favor of you."

"Well, what is it?" inquired one of the two.

"I have managed to secure a flask of whiskey, said I, "and with your permission, I will take a drink."

"That's a game that three can play at—eh, Jim," returned the fellow, with a laugh.

"Taint nothing else," replied Jim.

At this, notwithstanding the irons on my wrist, I produced the flat bottle, and drew the cork with my teeth.

"Excuse me, boys," I said, with a smile, "for taking the first drink, as I wish to make sure of at least one share while it is going!" and with this I put the flask to my lips and held it there long enough to have drank half it though not a drop of it went down my throat.

"Oh, come," said one of the men laying hold of it, "just give a fellow traveller one chance, do!"

He drank to my perfect satisfaction, smacked his lips, and handed it to his anxious companion, who nobly imitated his example—remarking when done, with a comical leer, as he handed back the bottle:

"That's the stuff for trousers."

"Just so!" said I, pretending to drink again.

In this way the flask was passed some two or three times in the course of the next ten minutes, and then, with a feeling of joyful relief, I saw that the last drop had been drained.

The effect was not immediate on my guards; but in a short time I noticed that they began to walk heavily, and then unsteadily, and then both of them muttered something about feeling "awful sleepy." I imitated their motions, with every sense alive, and my heart beating fast with hope. We continued on in this manner some little distance, and had begun to ascend the opposite hill, at a spot where the bushes grew thick on each side of the path, when both came to a halt, looked with drunken gravity into each other's faces for a few moments, and then quietly sat down, and almost instantly fell over, in a state of unconsciousness.

Now was my time, and gathering all my strength, I gave my irons a tremendous wrench. As they suddenly snapped asunder and left me free, I could scarcely restrain a loud cry of joy. To drag the two men into the bushes, out of the sight of any chance passers, was only the work of a minute. As I still wore butter-nut colored clothes which the guerillas had forced upon me in exchange for mine, there was no need for further exchange of dress to pass for a Confederate soldier, and securing a musket and plenty of ammunition, I struck off through the bushes to the right, and hurried away over a wild country, as fast as fear and hope could drive me.

Keeping to the fields and the woods, avoiding all highways, settlements, and even dwellings, I pushed on in a westerly direction all day, fortunately without meeting a single person. Just at dark I came to a lonely cabin; and sadly feeling need of food, I ventured to knock at the door.

"Who's thar?" inquired a timid voice.

"A hungry soldier, who has lost his way," I replied. "For the love of Heaven, give me something to eat, and I will go on and leave you in peace!"

A pale and sickly-looking white woman, with an infant in her arms, and three or four children clinging to her in fear, opened the door cautiously, and assured me that she had nothing in the house but some corn cake, and only a little of that. I told her to give me what she could spare, and she brought me a piece about the size of my fist. I then repeated that I had lost my way, and inquired for the nearest military station—taking good care, after I had left her, to steer as clear of it as possible.

ir. Never before did I see such utter misery —such unmitigated woe, as dwelt upon that face. Edwin Forrest's

"Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone!" is nothing to it. Most truly had Sam lost all his "pride, pomp and circumstance."

"Spect's I didn't hurt you much, eh?" uttered Cato, with becoming gravity.

But it was too much for us. Poor Sam's look at the black conqueror upset the cup, and we burst. With a deep groan the vanquished man crawled over on the other side of the boat and got out, and then made his way below. Half an hour afterwards he came on deck with dry clothes on, and having hung his wet ones in the rigging to dry, he turned to where Cato stood. He surveyed the negro from head to foot several times, and finally he placed his hands upon the arms that had lifted him so easily. He felt of their cable-like surface a moment, and then he said in a sad tone, while he shook his head dubiously:

"It's no use! You're a great nigger!"

And that was the last of Sam Rannot's mischief. His pride of physical power was broken, for he had found his superior, and he settled down into a quiet, orderly seaman. I feared at first that he might seek some revenge upon Cato, but he was too noble for that. He knew that he had invited the attack, and as soon as the first smart of pain was gone, he and his conqueror were fast and firm friends.

THE FALSE CHARGE;

—OR—

THE DOOM OF THE FAITHLESS.

A TALE OF THE OLDEN TIME.

BY GLENMORE.

When Richard of England embarked from Marseilles for Palestine, among the many nobles that accompanied him was Raymond, the young count of Montleon. He left his fine castle, one of the strongest in Guienne, and his rich domains, in the care of Hubert de Buff, his nearest kinsman, in whom he placed the fullest confidence. He left his betrothed bride, the beautiful Beatrice of Clareford, assuring her that nought but the most imperative duty could have forced him to leave her.

Three years passed away. In the castle of Montleon, in a high tower chamber, Beatrice of Clareford with her maid was closely confined. Her father had died a few months before, leaving her with no protector but herself. Soon after his death, Hubert de Buff solicited her hand for himself and was decidedly refused. At the first opportunity he seized and imprisoned her.

The fourth day of her confinement, the lady Beatrice slept calmly for the first time after her capture. Her maid was occupied in looking upon an old indented shield that hung against the wall, bearing the device and motto of the Montleons. A charmed dove had approached almost to the open jaws of a huge snake, behind which stood a man with lance raised to dispatch the serpent. Underneath were the words, "Death to the betrayer."

Under the cover of a rude pavilion, prepared for the occasion, sat the lady Beatrice and her maid, surrounded by a strong guard. There also sat Sir Reginald De Nord, an old Knight of Guienne, and the judge of the trial. A little to the right of the pavilion was the accuser, in complete armor, his bright shield bearing the emblazonry of the Montleons; he was mounted upon a dark bay steed of great strength and beauty.

The lady Beatrice cast her eyes over the throng of mailed knights, but not one could she see that seemed strong enough to cope with the broad breast and strong arm of De Buff. But hope died not entirely. A conversation carried on between two knights, on the left of the pavilion, fell upon her ear and served to revive her failing spirits.

"By what right," said one, "does yon accuser wear the arms of Montleon? I thought him simply the knight De Buff."

"He was the nearest relative of Count Raymond," said the other, "and since his death has succeeded to the titles and estates of Montleon."

"And is Raymond dead!" asked the first.

"Such is the report," was the reply, though some think that De Buff originated it for purposes of his own."

"Now by my faith," said the first, "I believe the motto yon knight sports so proudly is more befitting the arm of his antagonist? for I had rather believe him a betrayer, than yon beauty a witch."

"Methinks you are right, sir knight," said the other, "and though sixty years have somewhat weakened this right arm, yon lady shall not go to the stake until it has done its best to defend her."

A herald now entered the lists and proclaimed that the lady Beatrice was charged with witchcraft, by De Buff, who was ready to make good his charge upon all who should take up the gauntlet in her defence; first by a trial of the lance, and that failing, next with swords or with battle axes. At the same time he threw the gauntlet of De Buff upon the ground. Scarce had it touched the earth, when the knight first spoken of above, who had approached near the herald, caught it upon the point of his lance. Taking it in his hand he hurled it directly in the face of De Buff, and as it rung against the steel visor, exclaimed, "to villain do I hurl back the challenge of the basest of the base."

"Now, by Saint Paul!" cried De Buff, "though I would feign know thee better, thou shalt suffer for thy insolence."

"Take thy post," said the other, "and thou shalt soon know enough of me."

As the knight turned to pass the pavilion, Ida grasped the hand of her mistress, and pointed to his shield. As the knight passed by, Beatrice read on the bright shield these hopeful words, "fear not, I am with thee."

The trumpets soon sounded the onset. In the middle of the lists they met with a terrific shock. All had expected to see the stranger swept from the saddle; but the lance of De Buff was skilfully turned aside by the shield of the other, whose lance entered the joint of the armor of De Buff under the left arm. The armorer had done his work well; the obstinate rivets would not yield, and the staff of the lance was shivered to atoms. De Buff was raised completely from his saddle, and catching with his right hand at his bridle, he lost his hold of his lance and it fell to the ground. Instantly their swords were drawn. For a few moments nothing could be seen to show the superiority of either; nought but the gleam of circling steel, nought could be heard but the clang of weapons, and then the sword of De Buff left his hand, and circling through the air fell in front of the pavilion. "Bravo for the unknown!" rang from the hillsides. Instantly the ponderous axe of De Buff left his saddle bow. With all his strength he aimed a stroke at the head of the stranger. It was skilfully evaded, and ere the axe was raised again, the lighter one of the stranger fell full upon the head of De Buff, cleaving hemlet and vizor—cleaving through skull and brain to the very chin. The curse of his ancestor had fallen upon his head. The axe fell from the nerveless grasp. The form of the knight rolled from the saddle, the armor sending back a dull heavy clang as it reached the earth.

Without looking upon the fallen knight, the unknown threw down the bloody axe and spurred his charger up to the pavilion, where he checked the proud steed and throwing up his visor, discovered to the amazed crowd the well known features of Count Raymond, saying at the same time to De Nord—"a wanderer claims the halls of Montleon."

"Now by my faith," said De Nord, smiling, "thou shalt not have them unless thou wilt take this same maid thou hast nobly redeemed from the stake with them; for I more than half believe that you have been brought here by supernatural agency. What sayeth thou?"

"What sayest thou my lady countess?" said Montleon. The blushing maiden placed her hand in his—a priest was called—the knot was tied—and the lady Beatrice, amid loud cries of "long live Count Raymond and his bride," returned to the castle of Montleon as its mistress.

It was said that the founder of the house of Montleon was looking upon his castle just finished, and musing with a feeling of pride upon its great strength, and how it would be enjoyed by an honored posterity, when an old crone, whom he had in some way offended, appeared before him and exclaimed:

"Let the Montleon look upon his strong castles; let him dream of a long line of honored descendants; but know, proud man, that one of thy posterity shall betray his trust, and a wanderer shall reign in the halls of Montleon."

"My curse on such descendants," cried the old knight, "may he meet a death of disgrace when he thinks his fondest wish is near realization." The knight said no more for the crone had gone. But the prophecy clung so tenaciously to his mind, that it led to the adoption of the motto and device on the shield.

The maid at last left the shield and approached a small loophole which gave a view of the river Barn and the opposite shore. She looked for a few moments through the aperture, and turning to approach her mistress, saw that she had silently arisen and seemed to be wrapt in deep meditation.

"My mistress," said she, "the sun is passing the top of the tall pine on the farther shore of the Barn; De Buff will be here soon."

"Ida," said the lady, "I am prepared to meet him. I have had a dream Ida, and it has decided me to demand a trial by combat. I will tell it thee. I thought I was near castle Clareford, where I was pursued by a huge dragon. I did my best to escape him, but he had nearly overtaken me and I had given up all for lost, when a hand clasped my arm, and a voice said to me, "fear not, I am with thee." I awoke then. The touch seemed like thine, Ida, but the voice was stronger."

A footstep upon the staircase put an end to the discourse, and in a moment more De Buff entered the room. He was a man six feet high, a man of nerves and sinews, a man whose dark flashing eye bespoke a heart unknown to fear, as well as an uncontrollable will, whether its object was right or wrong. He closed the door and without ceremony addressed the lady thus:

"I have come to ask thee a question for the last time. Thy welfare depends upon the answer. If it is yea, all will be well: if nay, thou shalt be tried for witchcraft, and I tell thee that the verdict is already given. The penalty you know. Wilt thou become then the countess of Montleon?"

"It will be time enough to answer the question when the count of Montleon asks it.—None other has a right to do so," answered the lady, without quailing before his fierce glance.

"Am I not the count of Montleon? Was I not the nearest of kin to Raymond!" said De Buff.

"But that does not make thee count of Montleon while Raymond lives."

"Have I not told thee," said the knight, "that he deserted to the Sarecens, and that the curse of my ancestor had fallen upon his head."

"Thou hast told me so, but ere I believe it, I would hear it from a tongue less used to the utterance of falsehoods than thine."

"By the saints! Thou hast a sharp tongue," said the knight, reddening with anger, "but let it promise me that you will be my bride and I will forget its sharpness."

"Sooner may it rot to its very roots than utter such a promise," said the lady.

"Enough," said the knight, "prepare to meet thy judges at early dawn tomorrow, and prepare ——"

"And prepare, sir villain," said Beatrice, "to give me a trial by combat, for I shall demand it before my judges, as thou termest thy hirelings."

"Ha!" cried the knight, "and who dost thou suppose will take a lance for thy cause! Knowest thou not that I hold the champion's lance! But, by Saint Peter, wench, I have half a mind to grant thy request. Should a champion appear, the result will not be doubtful. Without one it is certain. Either way I shall have revenge; shall know whether those fair lips look best while uttering harsh

"Annette, my dear, what country is opposite to us on the globe?" "Don't know, sir." "Don't know, sir." "Well," said the perplexed teacher, "if I

"O, stay! you must not go yet!" cried the man of crimes in terrible alarm.

He argued, urged, pleaded, implored for mercy at a less fearful cost. At last the banker, seeing ruin, disgrace and death before him if he refused—agreed to terms. He also agreed to meet the stranger with the requisite sum, on the following night in front of St. Paul's church. Both were punctual to the time fixed, and bills and checks to the amount of one hundred thousand dollars changed hands.

A month later there was a tremendous run on the bank of which Stephen Edwards was the principal owner. Then the sheriff was set to work by eager creditors, and all the real estate and personal property of the late millionaire was seized and sold, leaving him a beggar, and just claims unsatisfied. Fashionable friends deserted the family, and the proud nobleman refused the hand of the ruined banker's daughter.

In the very midst of this disgrace and tribulation, Stephen Edwards encountered the same man who had turned so pale, and become so much agitated in his presence a short time before.

"I rather think you do not know me, sir?" said that gentleman, with a formal bow.

"Your face seems somewhat familiar, but I cannot place you," returned Edwards.

"Permit me to bring myself to your recollection then, as I wish you to know me. A little more than six weeks ago I was conversing with you on business, when you observed that I became deadly pale and agitated."

"Ah, yes, I remember you now."

Let me tell you why I was thus affected.—My eye had just glanced upon a curious watch chain, which had once belonged to a merchant named Philip Sydney, who was shot, in the western part of this State, some twenty years ago, and on looking at your features closely, I knew you to be the very villain who perpetrated the foul deed."

"Merciful God!" exclaimed the *ci devant* banker, with a blanched face and quaking form.

"Yes, I knew you," pursued the other, and a week after I disguised myself and had an interview with you in your own mansion. You remember that of course?"

"But, said the trembling wretch, did I not pay you your own price to keep my secret?"

"Yes, and with that very money and what other I could command, I was enabled to buy up enough of your own bills to make that run on your bank which broke it, and forced ruin on himself and you."

"And what would you now that I am ruined?" asked the other with the calmness of desperation.

"Now that I have my revenge, I want you to know that I myself am the man you attempted to murder, and did rob! I am Philip Sydney. Behold the scar where the ball struck and glanced!" and he lifted his hat and showed the scar.

"God be praised!" ejaculated the other.—"God be praised that you are still living!" and unable to restrain his emotion, he burst into tears.

"Oh, sir," he continued, "you have taken a load from my conscience—a weight from my heart. Though poverty, beggary, disgrace and death are staring me in the face, I am happy in the knowledge that I am not guilty of murder, more happy than I have been for twenty years, with all the surroundings of wealth. It was my first and last crime, and I have never been able to tell how I was tempted so to outrage my nature on that fearful occasion.—Now, sir, do with me what you will—only, I pray you, be merciful to my innocent family."

"I forgive you," returned the other, extending his hand. "I forgive you. You have been fearfully punished already, and as God has the power to preserve us both together, let us pray for our present and future salvation, endeavor so to live as to deserve the blessings we receive. I will restore you enough to place you and your family above want; and for the rest I trust we shall both remember we shall soon have to render an account of our stewardship in another world."

Philip Sydney kept his word; and with a fresh start in the world, and now an easy conscience, the still enterprising Stephen Edwards accumulated another respectable fortune, much of which he spent in charity.

Philip Sydney died in 1847, and Stephen Edwards in 1854.

Conquering a Sea-Dog.

Some years ago, when the old ship Lightheart was new and staunch, and when I had command of her, there happened on board an incident over which I have laughed many a time, when memory has brought it back to me. I loaded at Mobile with cotton, and ran to Liverpool. Among my crew was a man named Rannot. Sam, we always called him. He was one of the largest formed men I ever saw; and came from somewhere in New England. He stood six feet and five inches in his bare feet, and was stout and bulky in proportion. He had one fault, and that was an inordinate pride of strength. He was not quarrelsome, nor had he a revengeful point in his character, and yet he was continually pestering the crew. Hardly a day passed that he did not give one or more of them bodily pain by his freaks. He would catch a poor fellow by the legs and swing him over his head, at the imminent risk of smashing his brains out against the mast or bulwarks, and then would laugh at the poor man's fright. Sometimes he would seize a man by the arms and lay him upon the deck and in no very easy manner either. It was of no use for the men to remonstrate, for he would be sure to punish them in some way.

Of course I forbade Sam from doing such things; but he could not remember my orders longer than over one night. The love of "fun," as he called it, was fixed too strongly upon him, and it could not be taken out of him. He did not realize how unpleasant his pranks were, nor did he know the rest of the crew had grown to dislike him. They had adopted many expedients to cure him, but they all failed, and though he had often been made the butt of practical jokes—such a sudden drenching of cold sea water while he slept, and other things equally unpleasant—yet he always paid his tormentors off with interest. He was, in fact, the worst practical joker I ever saw, and not a whit did he care, so long as he exhibited his herculean strength, and broke no bones.

When my ship arrived at Mobile, on the return voyage, another cargo of cotton was ready for me, and I was ordered to load and be off as quick as possible. But no sooner was the ship cleared than my men—all but Sam Rannot—came and informed me that they could not go with me again unless Sam was discharged. I was not prepared for this. At heavy work Sam was worth any other three men on board, and always willing and ready. Yet I knew how the crew suffered from his thoughtless pranks, and I could not blame them. I told the men to come to me on the following day, and I would give them an audience.

At first I thought of promising them that I would see that the old sea-dog did not annoy them any more, but I soon convinced myself that it would be of no use, Sam would cut his capers when I would not see him, and the men would not report him every time he hurt them. But soon a new idea entered my head. I had a brother who owned a large cotton plantation on the Chickasaw. His place was not over fifteen miles from Mobile, and he had just the man I wanted. His arms were like iron, and the muscles of his breast and shoulders like a great bundle of wire done up in raw ox-hide.

I bantered my brother to let me have Cato for one or two voyages. "Take him in welcome," said he, "He's getting too important here."

"What—is he ugly?" I asked.

"Oh, no; just the other way. He's too good natured altogether. He sets the very sancho into the other boys. I've made too much of him."

"But will he work?"

"Yes."

So I got Cato for twelve dollars a month as long as I wanted him, with the privilege of having him for one cruise only for nothing. But I took him "for better or for worse," and agreed to pay for his services.

On the next day I went on board the ship, and when the men come to me for my answer, I asked them if they would sail with Sam if I would get a quiet, inoffensive man who could handle him, and take said man to sea with me. They said they would. I knew they would—they would have gone with me for nothing, for the sake of seeing Sam conquered. I told them he should be, and enjoined them to secrecy, which they promised.

When Cato learned that he was going to sea with me, he was beside himself with joy; and when I came to tell him what I wanted of him, he laughed till the tears rolled down his big black cheeks.

On the very day of sailing I brought Cato on board. At first the men exhibited some signs of dislike, but when they found what a jolly, good-hearted old fellow he was, they gave him their hands. Sam Rannot winked prodigiously when he saw the new man, and more than once he whispered to those near him—"There'll be fun afore long."

On the third day out we had everything snug and trim, save clearing and covering the long boat, and now the crew could find time to snooze by daylight. It was in the afternoon, the wind was from southward and westward, and we were bowling along at the rate of about six knots. Cato sat upon the combings of the main hatch, and Sam was slowly approaching him, not very unlike as a dog sometimes approaches a smaller animal which it never before saw.

"Say, blacky, get up," ordered Sam, with a grin, at the same time looking round to see if the rest of the crew were ready to enjoy the sport.

"A-yah—yah—wouldn't make a poor fellow h'ist now, eh?"

"Yes, git up."

"Don't."

"I say—git up."

"Wha' for?"

"Fun."

"Now you jes' heah, Sam; you s'spose you fool wid dis chile, eh? If you do it's all right. But I s'pecs you'll git hurt, and den you'll git mad, eh?"

This was spoken with the most imperturbable gravity, and the negro slowly arose while he spoke, looking as demure as a child.

"Who'll get hurt?" asked Sam with a flourish.

"I as'specs you."

"How?"

"Foolin' wid me."

"Now you jest set right down on them comin's again," uttered Sam, at the same time laying both his hands on Cato's shoulders.

The negro's brown eyes sparkled, and a broad grin broke over his face as he felt Sam's hands upon him; but without speaking placed one of his huge black paws upon the joker's jacket collar, and with the other he seized him by the seat of the trowsers. One deep breath came up from Cato's throat like the puff of a locomotive—then the great cords of his neck and arms came out like hawsers, and when he lifted himself up, the giant form of Sam Rannot was swayed aloft above his wooly head. A moment he looked about him, and he saw the long boat behind him nearly half full of rain water.

"A-yah—yah, mas'r Sam. Cool um off!" and as he spoke he dropped the astonished giant over the long-boat, and as he let go his hold, the massive body splashed in the deep, dirty water.

All the night before it had rained hard, and as the large boat had not been covered, and the plug being in, she was of course well filled. At any rate, there was enough water to completely submerge the victim. In an instant all hands gathered about the boat, myself among the rest. First we heard a terrible splattering, puffing and blowing, like a hippopotamus just come to land and in a moment more Sam's sandy head, all dripping and soaked, appeared

digress a moment just to say that our wounded and dead had to be removed or buried under a flag of truce; this was humiliating, but nevertheless true. The field was some five miles long, and perhaps three broad, covered thick with wounded and dead. A friend of mine left my house under the auspices of the Christian Commission early on Saturday morning for the battle-field, and arrived there that evening, and worked night and day until the next Thursday evening, carrying off our wounded from this battle-fieild. There is no doubt many of our poor soldiers starved to death; others suffered awfully from thirst. Thursday evening, just at dark, they came to an old apple tree, under which five of our soldiers had dragged themselves, to protect them some from the rays of the sun by day, and dews by night. They had only one ambulance, and this would carry only four. They must leave one of these men under the tree, alone on this vast field—and which one should they leave? One of them had been wounded in the head by a piece of shell—it was a bad wound; his head was fly blown, and maggots could be seen plainly, and as they thought he could not live long they left him there alone under that tree. He was sensible and could talk, and did not like to be left there alone to die. I have thought if I had been there I would have brought him off on my back, if I had done it by short stages. But they could not bring him off, and a rebel officer rode up to our pickets the next morning and told them he was alive then, and could talk. This is all we know of him.

John Barry was on the same battle-field. One of his legs broken, and no one to give him help. He suffered all but death; no one came to his aid. Sailor staid by him and occasionally did all he could to attract attention to Barry, but no one came. He finally came to the conclusion to send him off to Georgetown, (over forty miles,) as a bearer of dispatches. He felt his pocket over, and found an old yellow envelope, and a piece of pencil. He wrote on it, "I am wounded and on the battle-field," and signed his name to it, folded it up about as large as a quarter dollar, put it in one of Sailor's ears, and tied his ears under his neck and told him to go.

Sailor started right off, and the grass did not grow under his feet, and he did not salute any dog by the way—but in an incredible short time made his appearance at the old home in Georgetown. The family were all glad to see him, and from his jaded appearance, concluded he needed something to eat. But Sailor would not eat anything; he was a bearer of dispatches, and he must deliver them first.

He did everything but talk, to let them know it. He would stand on his hind feet, and put his paws on them and howl; but they could not understand him. I think it was the second day, the girl in the kitchen said Sailor must be killed, he acted so strange. He would rub his head against her, and howl, and he was mad. A consultation was held to talk the matter over; and at this time Sailor rose on his hind feet and put his fore feet on the shoulder of the daughter, and she told her mother Sailor's ears were tied down. She soon cut the string, and found the note from John Barry in one of his ears. They were astonished. They said if he brought a message he will probably take one back.

They went in the parlor; Sailor followed, and sat down and watched their proceedings with eager eyes. They wrote a note on white paper, telling Barry they would send him aid as soon as possible; folded it up and put it in Sailor's ear, and tied his ears down and told him to go. But he lay down on the floor, the picture of despair. What was the matter? Was it the color of the paper? They would try him. They cut the string, took out the note, and wrote one on a yellow envelope, folded it up neatly and put it in his ear, tied down his ears again, and told him to go. He did not wait to be told the second time, but started off instantly. He was off over forty miles again, and in a short time was on this great battle-field, looking for John Barry. He had been delayed so long in Georgetown that Barry had been taken from the field, and his leg amputated.

But Sailor was not discouraged at all. He started with the greatest energy to find Barry. This was a difficult matter, and he was kicked and abused while on his search. But he kept on patiently, and at last he found him and delivered the letter, and staid by him until he was removed to this city. He is now at a teamster's camp near this city, and they would not take his weight in gold for him, as high as the premium is now.

If all those standing on two feet, who have been engaged in putting down this rebellion, were as brave and faithful as "Sailor," the rebellion would have ended long ago! J. S. K.

Truth Stranger than Fiction.

In the autumn of 1817, while the woods were bright with the variegated hues that follow the light touches of the early frost, a mounted traveller was quietly pursuing his way through a dark, broad, lonely forest in the western part of the state of New York. He had ridden three miles since seeing a human habitation, and he had yet two to go before he could get sight of another. He was descending a hill into a gloomy looking valley, through which flowed a shallow but swift-running stream; and on reaching the water, he permitted his thirsty beast to stop and drink.

At that moment a man came out from a cluster of bushes into the road, or horse path, on the other side of the stream. This man was dressed like a hunter, and had a rifle on his shoulder. In his general appearance there was nothing that indicated hostile design. He was of medium size, compactly built, with intellectual features, and a certain air of gentility, seeming rather as one abroad from some settlement for a day's sport than a professional hunter. All this the mounted traveller carefully noted before he crossed the river to continue his journey, and when they came near together, a pleasant salutation was exchanged.

"Fine weather for travelling, sir," remarked the man with a gun.

"And for hunting, also, I should suppose," said the other on the horse.

"Yes, there is game enough, but I am not a good hunter, and can only show one bear for my day's work thus far, and that is almost useless to me because I have no means to take it away. I would willingly give a dollar for the use of a horse like yours for a couple of hours. If you can spare five minutes or so I would like you to see the bear. It is only about just back of us behind these bushes, some two hundred yards from here."

"I will not only look at it," replied the traveller, dismounting and fastening his horse, "but if not too heavy, I will take it along for you, seeing I am going the same way."

The hunter thanked him in a most cordial manner, and then, as if to make himself agreeable and keep up the conversation, inquired where the other was from, whither journeying, etc., and learned in reply that the latter resided in Albany, was a merchant in good business, and was travelling partly for his health, and partly with the view of making an extensive land purchase for future speculation.

"Well, here we are," exclaimed the hunter, as they emerged from the dense thicket through which they had slowly forced their way to the more open wood; "here we are, and now I will show you as fine and fat a beast as ever you saw. Observe where I point my rifle."

He stepped back some eight or ten feet, deliberately raised the piece to his eye, and pointed the muzzle directly at the head of the traveller. There was a flash and loud report, and the victim fell like a log, his face covered with blood.

This might or might not have been the first crime committed by the man with the rifle.—But as the traveller fell, the rifle fell from his hand, and he shook violently from head to foot; yet he ran to his victim, and hurriedly robbed him of a purse, a pocket-book, gold watch and chain, some curious seals, and a diamond ring, which he fairly tore from his finger. Then he dragged the body into the thicket, picked up the rifle, plunged madly through the bushes to the road, mounted the traveller's horse, and dashed away from the awful scene.

We must now suppose a lapse of twenty years.

In the spring of 1837, there lived in the city of New York a banker and millionaire, whom we shall call Stephen Edwards. He owned a small palatial mansion, splendidly furnished, in the very heart of the town, and he and his wife were among the leaders of the fashionable world. They had a beautiful daughter, just turned sweet sixteen, who was about to be married to a foreign nobleman, and great preparations were making for the happy event.

One day, about this period, as the great banker stood conversing with a gentleman from another city, who had called to see him on business, he observed the latter suddenly turn pale and begin to tremble.

"My dear sir," he said, in the usual tone of off-hand sympathy, "what is the matter? Are you ill?"

"A little faint, sir, but nothing to cause alarm," replied the other, hurriedly. "I am subject to similar spells. If you will be kind enough to excuse me for ten minutes or so, I will take a short walk and return in better condition."

In ten minutes he did return, said he was quite well, quietly proceeded to finish his business with the banker, and then respectfully took his leave.

It was, perhaps, a week after this that the great banker was sitting before the fire in his library, when a servant came in and presented him a letter. He took it with a yawn, opened it in a very indifferent and indolent manner, but had not read a dozen words before he came up with a start, turned deadly pale, and trembled so that the paper rattled. He had finished the note—for it was rather a note than a letter—worked one hand nervously at his throat, and with the other clasped his forehead and temples. For a minute or two he seemed choking into calmness, by an iron will, some terrible emotion, and he so far succeeded as to address the servant in an ordinary tone.

"James, he said to the servant, who gave you this letter?"

"A gentleman, sir, as said he'd wait for an answer."

"Then I suppose he is waiting?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well, show him in."

Soon there was a light tap on the door, and the banker said "Come in," in an ordinary tone.

The servant opened the door, ushered in the stranger, and immediately withdrew. The latter was a man verging on sixty, of rough appearance and coarse attire. He wore an old gray overcoat buttoned to the throat, and a pair of green goggles, and his whole dress was saturated with rain.

"Take a seat," said the banker, pointing to a chair near the fire.

"No, thank you, I'll stand," was the gruff reply. "You got my letter, and of course know my business."

"You allude to this, I suppose," returned the banker, producing the letter which had caused so much perturbation.

"Yes."

"I do not understand it. You must have made a mistake."

"No, no mistake at all. I was present, twenty years ago the tenth of next October, and saw you, Stephen Edwards, shoot the man, and if you go for to deny it, I'll have you in prison before morning. I've laid my plans and got everything sure; and if you go to playing innocent and refusing my terms, I'll take care to see that you die stretching hemp."

The banker, in spite of himself, turned pale, shuddered, and staggered to a seat.

"What do you want?" he groaned.

"One hundred thousand dollars—not one cent less."

"I cannot give it. It would ruin me."

"Just as you say," rejoined the other, going toward the door; "you know what'll happen if I go this way."

"Annette, my dear, what country is opposite to us on the globe?" "Don't know, sir."

A TRICK OF WAR.

A correspondent of the New York Dispatch says that during the war of 1812, he accidentally got possession of some of the signals of the British Navy, which he put into the hands of Com. Rodgers; and he thus concludes his article:

Soon after the conclusion of peace, dining with Com. Rodgers, at his house in Washington, he related to me the following circumstances, which I give in nearly his own words:

"I acknowledged the receipt of your letter," he observed, "and was determined to have the signals made on board, and to try the experiment. None of my officers understanding for what purpose they were intended, I cruised some time without meeting an enemy, until one afternoon we fell in with a schooner, some six or eight miles to windward of us. We hoisted the British ensign, which was answered by displaying another, and at the same time a signal at her maintop-gallant masthead, which I immediately discovered was like one of those you had given me. From the list of English frigates, I selected the number of the Sea Horse, one of their largest class, and known to be on our coast, and hoisted it. She bore down at once and came under our stern; I ordered her to heave to, and I would send a boat on board of her.

"This order was obeyed, and I despatched a lieutenant to bring her signal book, enjoining on him and the crew, the strictest secresy respecting our character. He was politely received by the captain, whose schooner proved to be the Highflyer. Our lieutenant's coat attracted his attention, not being of the latest London fashion, although the crown and anchor was on the button; but casting his eye on the frigate, seeing the British ensign, and now and then the red coat of a marine appearing above the hammock netting, his mind was apparently set at rest.

"The lieutenant informed him that he was requested to bring his signal book on board the Sea Horse, in order to have some alterations made, as there was a rumor that the Yankees had possession of something like the signals, and it was therefore necessary to change the number! This ruse had the desired effect, and our lieutenant returned with the book, which placed me in command of the *whole correspondence of the British Navy*. I then sent the gig for the captain, requesting him to come on board, and bring any dispatches he might have in charge.

"On reaching our deck, he seemed surprised at the size of the vessel, praised her cleanliness, and the order in which everything appeared; admired the red coats of the marines, and on being invited into the cabin, handed me a bundle of dispatches for Admiral Warren, who, he observed, must be within forty miles to leeward. I ordered refreshments, and in company with several of my officers, we entered into a general conversation.

"I asked him what object Admiral Warren had in cruising in that neighborhood. He said to intercept American privateers and merchantmen, but particularly to catch Com. Rodgers, who, he understood, had command of one of the largest and fastest sailing frigates in the American Navy. I inquired of him what kind of a man this Rodgers was, and if he had ever seen him. He said no; but he had understood that he was an odd character, and rather hard to catch. After conversing on several other subjects, I abruptly put the question to him:

"Sir, do you know what vessel you are on board of?"

"Why, yes sir," he replied, on board His Majesty's ship Sea Horse!"

"Then sir, you labor under a very great mistake. You are on board the United States frigate President, and I am Com. Rodgers, at your service."

"The dying dolphin never assumed a greater variety of colors than did this poor fellow's face. "Sir," said he, "you are disposed to be humorous, and must be joking." I assured him that it was no joke; and to satisfy him on that head, handed him my commission. At the same moment the band struck up Yankee Doodle, on our quarter deck; on reaching which, he saw the American ensign flying, the red coats turning blue, and the crown and anchor buttons metamorphosed into the eagle.

"This affair," observed the Commodore, "was of immense importance to our Country. We obtained in full the British signals: the operations of Admiral Warren, by the non-receipt of his dispatches, were destroyed for the season: and it probably saved the frigate, for the course I was running at the time of my falling in with the Highflyer, would have brought me into the midst of his fleet during the night."

THE RED RIVER DAM.—Admiral Porter has made a report of the extrication of his fleet from its perilous position above the falls on the Red River. We extract from the report the following account of the manner in which the great work of building the dam was accomplished, ten days having been allowed for the task:

"Gen. Banks placed at the disposal of Col. Bailey all the force he required, consisting of some three thousand men and two or three hundred wagons. All the neighboring steam mills were torn down for material—two or three regiments of Maine men were set at work felling trees, and on the second day after my arrival in Alexandria from Grand Ecore, the work had fairly begun. Trees were falling with great rapidity, teams were moving in all directions, bringing in brick and stone; quarries were opened; flat-boats were built to bring stone down from above, and every man seemed to be working with a vigor I have seldom equalled, while perhaps not one in fifty believed in the success of the undertaking. These falls are about a mile in length, filled with rugged rocks, over which at the present stage of water it seemed to be impossible to make a channel.

"The work was commenced by running out from the left bank of the river a tree dam, made of the bodies of very large trees, brush, brick, and stone, cross-tied with heavy timber, and strengthened in every way which ingenuity could devise. This was run about three hundred feet into the river; four large coal barges were then filled with brick and sunk at the end of it. From the right bank of the river cribs filled with stone were built out to meet the barges, all of which was successfully accomplished, notwithstanding there was a current running of nine miles an hour, which threatened to sweep everything before it."

After eight days' hard labor it was found that one day more would raise the water sufficiently to enable all the vessels to pass the upper falls:—

"Unfortunately, on the morning of the 9th inst., the pressure of water became so great that it swept away two of the stone barges which swung in below the dam on one side. Seeing this unfortunate accident, I jumped on a horse and rode up to where the upper vessels were anchored, and ordered the Lexington to pass the upper falls if possible, and immediately attempt to go through the dam. I thought I might be able to save the four vessels below, not knowing whether the persons employed on the work, would ever have the heart to renew the enterprise.

"The Lexington succeeded in getting over the upper falls just in time, the water rapidly falling as she was passing over. She then steered directly for the opening in the dam, through which the water was rushing so furiously that it seemed as if nothing but destruction awaited her. Thousands of beating hearts looked on, anxious for the result. The silence was so great as the Lexington aproached the dam that a pin might almost have been heard to fall. She entered the gap with a full head of steam on, pitched down the roaring torrent, made two or three spasmodic rolls, hung for a moment on the rocks below, was then swept into deep water by the current, and rounded to safely into the bank.

"Thirty thousand voices rose in one deafening cheer, and universal joy seemed to pervade the face of every man present. The Neosho followed next—all her hatches battened down, and every precaution taken against accident. She did not fare as well as the Lexington, her pilot having become frightened as he approached the abyss, and stopped her engine when I particularly ordered a full head of steam to be carried. The result was that for a moment her hull disappeared from sight, under the water. Every one thought she was lost. She rose, however, swept along over the rocks with the current, and fortunately escaped with only one hole in her bottom, which was stopped in the course of an hour. The Hindman and Osage both came through beautifully without touching a thing, and I should if I was only fortunate enough to get my large vessels as well over the falls, my fleet once more would do good service on the Mississippi."

Colonel Bailey and his men set cheerfully to work to repair the damage, although they had been "working for eight days and nights, up to their necks in water, in the broiling sun, cutting trees and wheeling bricks." The admiral himself made the best of the mishap, for he says it was on the whole very fortunate, "the two barges that were swept away from the centre swung around against some rocks on the left and made a fine cushion for the vessels, and prevented them, as it afterward appeared, from running on certain destruction."

"The force of the water and the current being too great to construct a continuous dam of six hundred feet across the river in so short a time, Col. Bailey determined to leave a gap of fifty-five feet in the dam, and build a series of wing dams on the Upper Falls. This was accomplished in three days' time, and on the 11th instant the Mound City, the Carondelet and Pittsburgh came over the Upper Falls, a good deal of labor having been expended in hauling them through, the channel being very crooked—scarcely wide enough for them."

Other vessels followed these in safety, having their hatches battened down and all precautions taken against accident:—

"The passage of these vessels was a most beautiful sight, only to be realized when seen. They passed over without an accident, except the unshipping of one or two rudders. This was witnessed by all the troops, and the vessels were heartily cheered when they passed over. Next morning, at 10 o'clock, the Louisville, Chilicothe, Ozark and two tugs passed over without any accident except the loss of a man, who was swept off the deck of one of the tugs. By 3 o'clock that afternoon the vessels were all coaled, ammunition replaced, and all steamed down the river with the convoy of transports in company. A good deal of difficulty was anticipated in getting over the bars in Lower Red River—depth of water reported only five feet, gunboats were drawing six.—Providentially, we had a rise from the back-water of the Mississippi—that river being very high at the time—the back-water extending to Alexandria, 150 miles distant, enabling us to pass all the bars and obstructions with safety.

"Previous to passing the vessels over the falls, I had nearly all the guns, ammunition, provisions, chain cables, anchors, and everything that could effect their draft, taken out of them."

A BIG DOG STORY.

THE EXPLOITS AND SERVICES OF THE DOG "SAILOR."

Just before the battle of Bull Run, a lady of Georgetown met a boy in the street, leading a dog by a string, and the boy was crying bitterly. She asked the cause of his crying. He said his mother had told him to take off the dog and have him killed, as she would have no dog about the house. He did not want to kill him, he was such a good dog; but he supposed he should have to do so, and thought he should tie a rope around a stone, and throw him into the Potomac. He said he would sell him for five cents; the lady told him she would give him a quarter. He accepted the offer at once, as this would give him spending money for a week. The dog appeared to be a cross of several breeds, but had long, shaggy ears, that hung down under his neck. The lady led him home. He was very intelligent, and soon became a great favorite in the family. They named him "Sailor."

A Rhode Island battery was near there, and the ladies carried supplies to the sick soldiers. Sailor used to go with them, and a gunner by the name of John Barry took quite a liking to the dog, and when he went on an errand to Georgetown, Sailor would frequently follow him back to camp; and finally he concluded a military life was the best suited to him, and he left the family altogether and took up his abode with John Barry and the battery.

Often when the battery was out practising, when the dense smoke would roll out from the mouth of the gun, Sailor has been seen to jump into the smoke and catch a mouthful and shake it, as though he had something real in his mouth.

But the battery was ordered to the front, and participated in the second battle of Bull Run.

Crime Detected.

Previously to the year 1789, but at what precise period I cannot say, the city of Paris possessed as guardian of its safety, and chief minister of police, a man of rare talent and integrity. At the same period, the parish of St. Germais, in the quarter of the Rue St. Antoine, had for its cure a kind, venerable old man, whose whole life was spent in doing good to both the souls and bodies of his fellow creatures, and whose holy consistency and dignified courage caused him to be loved by the good, and respected by even the most abandoned characters. One cold, dark winter's night the bell at the old cure's door was rung loudly, and he, although in bed, immediately arose and opened the door, anticipating a summons to some sick or dying bed.

A personage, richly dressed, with his features partly concealed by a large false beard, stood outside. Addressing the cure in a courteous and graceful manner, he apologized for his unseasonable visit, which, as he said, the high reputation of monsieur had induced him to make.

"A great and terrible, but necessary and inevitable deed," he continued, "is to be done. Time presses; a soul about to pass into eternity implores your ministry. If you come you must allow your eyes to be bandaged, ask no questions, and consent to act simply as spiritual consoler of a dying woman. If you refuse to accompany me, no other priest can be admitted, and her spirit must pass alone."

After a moment of secret prayer, the cure answered, "I will go with you." Without asking any further explanation, he allowed his eyes to be bandaged, and leaned on the arm of his suspicious visitor. They both got into a coach, whose windows were immediately covered with wooden shutters, and then they drove off rapidly. They seemed to go a long way, and made many doublings ere the coach drove under a wide archway and stopped.

During the time not a single word had been exchanged between the travellers, and ere they got out the stranger assured himself that the bandage over his companion's eyes had not been displaced, and then taking the old man respectfully by the hand, he assisted him to alight and ascend the wide steps of a staircase as far as the second story. A great door opened, as if of itself, and several thickly carpeted rooms were traversed in silence. At length another door was opened by the guide, and the cure felt his bandage removed. They were in a solemn-looking bed-chamber; near a bed, half veiled by thick damask curtains was a table, supporting two wax lights, which feebly illuminated the cold, death-like apartment. The stranger (he was the Duke de ——) then bowing to the cure, led him toward the bed, drew back the curtains, and said, in a solemn tone—

"Minister of God, before you is a woman who has betrayed the blood of her ancestors, and whose doom is irrevocably fixed. She knows on what conditions an interview with you has been granted her; she knows too that all supplication would be useless. You know your duty, M. le Cure; I leave you to fulfil it, and will return to seek you in half an hour.'

So saying he departed, and the agitated priest saw lying on the bed a young and beautiful girl, bathed in tears, battling with despair, and calling in her bitter agony for comforts of religion. No investigation possible! for the unhappy creature declared herself bound by a terrible oath to conceal her name; besides she knew not in what place she was.

"I am," she said, "the victim of a secret family tribunal, whose sentence is irrevocable! More, I cannot tell. I forgive mine enemies, as I trust that God will forgive me. Pray for me!"

The minister of religion invoked the sublime promises of the gospel to soothe her troubled soul, and he succeeded. Her countenance, after a time, became composed, she clasped her hands in fervent prayer, and then extended them towards her consoler.

As she did so, the cure perceived that the sleeve of her robe was stained with blood.

"My child," said he, with a trembling voice, "what is this?"

"Father, it is the vein which they have already opened, and the bandage, no doubt was carelessly put on."

At these words a sudden thought struck the priest. He unrolled the dressing, allowed the blood to flow, steeped his handkerchief in it, then replaced the bandage, concealed the stained handkerchief within his vest and whispered—

"Farewell, my daughter; take courage, and have confidence in God."

The half hour had expired, and the step of his terrible conductor was heard approaching.

"I am ready," said the cure, and having allowed his eyes to be covered, he took the arm of the Duke de——, and left the awful room, praying meanwhile with secret fervor.

Arrived at the foot of the staircase, the old man succeeded, without his guide's knowledge in slightly displacing the thick bandage so as to admit a partial ray of lamplight. Finding himself in the carriage gateway, he managed to stumble and fall, with both hands forward toward a dark corner. The duke hastened to raise him, both resumed their places, in the carriage, and after repassing through the same tortuous route, the cure was set down in safety at his own door.

Without one moment's delay he called his servant.

"Pierre," he said, "arm yourself with a stick, and give me your support; I must instantly go to the minister of police."

Soon afterwards the official gate was opened to admit the well-known venerable pastor.

"Monseigneur," he said, addressing the minister, "a terrible deed will speedily be accomplished, if you are not in time to prevent it. Let your agents visit before daybreak, every carriage gateway in Paris; in the inner angle of one of them will be found a blood-stained handkerchief. The blood is that of a young female, whose murder, already begun, had been miraculously suspended. Her family have condemned the victim to have her veins opened one by one, and thus to perish slowly in expiation of a fault, already more than punished by her mortal agony. Courage, my friend, you have already some hours. May God assist you—I can only pray."

That same morning, at eight o'clock, the minister of police entered the cure's room.

"My friend," said he, "I confess my inferiority, you are able to instruct me in expedients."

"Saved!" cried the old man, bursting into tears.

"Saved," said the minister, "and rescued from the power of her cruel relations. But the next time, dear Abbe, that you want assistance in a benevolent enterprise, I wish you would give me a little more time to accomplish it."

Within the next twenty-four hours, by an express order from the King, the Duke de ——— and his accomplices were secretly removed from Paris, and conveyed out of the kingdom.

The young woman received all the care which her precarious state required; and when sufficiently recovered, retired to a quiet country village, where the royal protection assured her safety. It is scarcely needful to say, that next to her maker, the cure of St. Germanis was the object of her deepest gratitude and filial love. During fifteen years, the holy man received, from time to time, the expression of her grateful affection; and at length, when himself, from extreme old age, on the brink of the grave, he received the intelligence that she had departed in peace.

Never until then, had a word of this mysterious adventure passed the good priest's lips.

DEAD-EN BIVOUAC.

BY CAPT. GEO. P. BURNHAM, C. S. U. S. A.

By the margin of the river,
'Midst the plunging snow and sleet,
On the picket-post they shiver,
As they pace their lonely beat!
Of the loved ones (calmly sleeping,
Safe from cold, alarm or fight)
They are thinking, whilst they're keeping
"Watch in watch" this bitter night.

Near the Rapid Ann we rested—
After weeks and months of toil—
(Faith and valor meanwhile tested!)
On Virginia's "sacred" soil.
By the lonely weird camp fire,
Hard upon the foeman's track,
'Mid the gloom and dampness dire
We lay down—en bivouac.

"All is well!" the sentry uttered,
Far away upon the right;
"All is well!" the centre muttered—
Then the left. 'Twas dead of night.
Still the storm was fiercely raging;
Biting blasts came down the vale;
And the elements were waging
Ruthless war—amid that gale.

But the sentinels kept pacing—
Pacing up and down the track;
While the storm-king still kept tracing
Snowy ridges—front and back.
Ah; that air was deathly frigid,
And the sleet came tempest tost!
But the orders out were rigid—
"Not a man must quit his post."

For, in front (we'd had the warning)
Massed, in force, the rebels lay,
Yet, we looked for—prayed for morning,
Though 't should prove our final day!
Hours passed. One watcher, weary—
Faltered, halted, breathed a moan;
Then, amidst the darkness, dreary—
Failed—and sank to earth, alone.

When the gray light broke, at dawning,
Calm, beneath a friendly tree—
Blanched, and still, lay Harry Corning;
Sleeping on his post—was he?
Surely, no! A soldier braver
Never met or charged the foe,
Such true hearts are few! And never
Could he fail in duty so.

"Forward!" came the word. We lifted
Quickly up his stiffened form,
Round it, wreaths of snow had drifted;
But his heart no more was warm.
He had frozen, dead—on picket,
Dreadful fate was this alack!
And we laid him 'neath the thicket,
Where he died—en bivouac.

Down all the shining lapse of days,
That grow and grow forever
In truer love and broader praise
Of the Almighty Giver;
Whatever Godlike impulses
Have blossomed in the human,
The most divine and fair of these
Sprang from the soul of woman.

Her heart it is preserves the flower
Of sacrificial duty,
Which, blown across the blackest hour,
Transfigures it to beauty.
Her hands that streak these solemn years
With vivifying graces,
And clasp the foreheads of our fears
With light from higher places.

O, wives and mother, sanctified
By holy consecrations;
Turning our weariness aside
With blessed ministrations!
O, maidens in whose dewy eyes
Perennial comforts glitter,
Untangling War's dark mysteries,
And making sweet the bitter;—

In desolate paths, or dangerous posts,
By places which, to-morrow,
Shall be unto these bannered hosts
Aceldamas of sorrow,
We hear the sound of helping feet—
We feel your soft caressings;
And all our life starts up to greet
Your lovingness with blessings!

On cots of pain, on beds of woe,
Where stricken heroes languish:
Wan faces smile and sick hearts grow
Triumphant over anguish.
While souls that starve in lonely gloom,
Flush green with odorous praises;
And all the lowly pallets bloom
With Gratitude's white daisies.

O, lips that from our wounds have sucked
The fever and the burning!
O, tender fingers that have plucked
The madness from our mourning!
O, hearts that beat so loyal-true
For soothing and for saving,—
God send our hopes back unto you
Crowned with immortal having!

Thank God.—O, Love! whereby we know
Beyond our little seeing,
And feel serene compassion's flow
Around the ache of being;—
Lo! clear o'er all the pain and dread
Of our most sore affliction,
The sacred wings of Peace are spread
In brooding benediction.

"Annette, my dear, what country is opposite to us on the globe?" "Don't know, sir."

Suddenly there came a wild, prolonged shriek, and the thrilling words:

"Oh, my God! my God! I am stabbed! I am killed! I am killed!"

"Gracious God!" cried another—"what have we done? that is Ricardo's voice! A light here, quick! a light!"

A dark lantern was in readiness, and the next moment a bright light flashed upon the dark figure of a human being stretched upon the ground, in the last struggles of death.

A scene of consternation and confusion followed, when the murderous robbers found they had slain their own look-out, or sentinel in mistake for me. Some blamed the man who struck the fatal blow, and some the murdered man himself, for approaching so near without proper warning. It was finally decided that the man had been killed by a natural mistake, under the circumstances, and no one should be blamed for a foreordained fatality. So they took up the body, from which the last spark of life had now departed, and carried it away for speedy burial.

I humbly thanked God for my own wonderful preservation, and could but feel that the awful retribution was just. Tired as I was I reshouldered my pack, and, in the still dark hours of that eventful night retraced my steps across the dangerous mountain path, resolved to quit the dangerous country forever. This purpose I am still living to say I accomplished.

The writer has only to add, that he has had the solemn affirmations of many honest and respectable persons, that they have at times been warned and guided by mysterious voices, as in the case of Pierre Boisant.

DREADFUL CALAMITY AT PORT ANGELOS, W. T.—The beautiful little American town of Port Angelos, (or Angels' Port,) which is nestled at the foot of one of the loftiest spurs of the Cascade Range of mountains, in a direction nearly opposite to our own city of Victoria, has been nearly swept away by a torrent of water, which burst upon it suddenly through a gorge or ravine which opens into the rear of the town. The calamity occured about six o'clock on Wednesday evening, the 16th of December. The first intimation which the inhabitants had of the danger was a rushing, roaring sound, proceeding from the gorge, and on turning their eyes thitherward, they saw a great body of water several feet in height, bearing upon its surface or sweeping before it logs, trees and stumps, rushing down upon them. Before they could even realize their danger, the flood was upon and over the greater part of the town. The Custom House, a large, two-story structure, stood exactly in the path of the vast torrent, and was overturned and swept away in a moment. Of the three occupants in the building at the time, Dr. Gunn, the Collector, was the only one who escaped. His Deputy, Mr. J. W. Anderson, and Captain Goodell, an inspector, were overwhelmed with the building and lost their lives. Their bodies, mutilated and swollen, were recovered from the ruins after the water had subsided. The flood next carried away the dwelling of Victor Smith, (ex-Collector,) his family narrowly escaping with their lives; and swept clear into the harbor the dwelling of Mr. E. Stanton, whose family were rescued with difficulty by boats.

The front portion of the Rough and Ready saloon, a portion of the wharf, and several thousand feet of logs, were also swept out to sea. Three or four miles behind the town, in fertile valleys, several farmers have settled, and it is feared that they, too, have been overwhelmed by the flood. One of these farmers has a wife and four children with him. A person who visited the town on Saturday says that the picture of ruin and desolation presented is indescribable. The fragments of houses, and hundreds of trees and stumps, lie scattered about in every direction, and in some places they are piled one upon another to the height of 30 feet. The face of the town site, for a breadth of at least 100 yards, by one mile long, is completely changed. The accident is supposed to have been caused by the late rains melting the snow and ice in the mountains, and causing avalanches into the lakes at the foot hills. These lakes were then overflowed and, rushing down the gorge, carried everything before them. It is said that the Indians told the whites, when they were laying out their town, that its site was subject to overflow, but no heed was paid to the information.—*From the Victoria Chronicle.*

SHARP PRACTICE.—A shrewd trick was recently practiced in London. A dandy, dressed up in the most faultless style, called at a large jewelry store, and, after a short examination, bought a gold watch for £20, and handed the rejoiced salesman a £100 note.—He examined it carefully, and finding it to be genuine, handed him back the required change, £80. Just as he was stepping out of the store, he was met by another dandy, equally well dressed, and whom he seemed to recognize. He exhibited his newly bought watch to his friend, and was very profuse in his praises about it and its fine finish. Both stepped back in the store, and a short persuasion on the part of the first dandy induced the new-comer to buy a similar watch for the same price.

He also paid for his watch with a £100 note—the English dandies do not trouble themselves with small change—and received his change after he experienced dealer had satisfied himself that the note was genuine. But just as the dandy was in the act of pocketing the money and watch, both dandies suddenly appeared very much agitated; they looked into the street, whispered to each other, then suddenly made a dash at the door. But, to the dismay and discomfiture of both, constable jumped out of a carriage, collared them both and with a triumphant "I have got you at last, you scoundrels," led them back into the store. Here he informs the dealer that these two gentlemen are two of the sharpest swindlers in London, which was saving a great deal, and asked the jeweler what business he had with them. "These gentlemen have bought two gold watches for £40 and paid them in good money," said the now frightened dealer.

The constable laughed right out, and asked him if he had not been paid in hundred pound notes. The jeweler said he had, a fearful light beginning to dawn upon him. The constable then demanded to see the notes. The *corpus delicti* were produced, and the constable informed the now thunder-stricken dealer that the notes were forged, and the culprits, overwhelmed with the weight of their guilt, silently acknowledged the deed. The vigilant officer, jubilant over this important catch, seizes watches, money, and prisoners, and summoning the jeweler to attend the police bureau in an hour, puts the prisoners in the carriage and drives off at a gallop.

Just as the last sound of the carriage had died away in the distance the jeweler recovered from his surprise. It now occurred to him that perhaps it would have been better if he had accompanied the strange expedition.—Breathless he dashed out, but the cab had vanished. He made inquiries at the police bureau, but the sharp trio had vanished, and neither cab nor men were seen again. Deeply hurt at the immorality of the times, which even made the sacred uniforms of the police serve them in their nefarious schemes, the compatriot of the great McDonald returned home a sadder but a wiser man.

U. S. SLOOP-OF-WAR MARION,
OFF SHIP ISLAND, MISSISSIPPI COAST,
Sept. 16th, 1861.

We arrived here yesterday afternoon, thirty hours from Fort Pickens, and found the U. S. steamer Massachusetts, and sloop-of-war Preble. We are at anchor about eight miles from the Confederate batteries, and can see several large steamers lying close to them. We are now making preparations to get under way, and it is rumored that we are to make a demonstration against them to-night, and retake Ship Island if we can.

Sept. 17th. Last evening, just before dark, we got under way and stood over toward the rebel batteries, followed as soon as it was dark by the other ships. It seems that we were to open the ball, as we immediately prepared for action and got ready for a night's work, not doubting but that we should be successful, although we had no idea of what we had to contend with. But our secession friends did not like to risk their chances, and had prepared to retreat at the first sign of a demonstration against them; for when we were about two gun shots distant, they lighted the torch, and in a few moments the flames were bursting over half a mile of space; and an occasional explosion told too plainly that the work of destruction had commenced. About this time the current making against us, we were obliged to anchor. This was a disappointment to us, for we had all got in fighting humor; but it was no use, our guns could not reach them.

Sept. 24th. This morning a steamer stood toward us, and after signalizing us, turned and was soon out of sight. We have no doubt but she was some secession privateer, which was not aware that the rebels had vacated Ship Island. We did not pursue her, as we are not swift enough to catch steamers, especially if they have the start of us. Unfortunately the steamer Massachusetts had gone up to Fort Pickens; if she had been here, she might perhaps have caught her.

Oct. 10th. We received orders yesterday to get under way, and proceed immediately to what is called the Middle Pass of the harbor of Apalachicola, to relieve the steamer Cuyler, which is blockading that port.

Oct. 14th. Here we are, still at anchor. The Mohawk has just come down from St. Marks, twenty-five miles to the North-East of us, so we are having what whalemen call a "gam." We are all to separate in about an hour, the Cuyler to take our place at Ship Island, the Mohawk to return to St. Marks, and we to find Middle Pass if we can.

Oct. 26th. We are lying at anchor off Dog's Island.

OUR FARMERS.

Their homes are their castles—their hearthstones a throne;
They rule without sceptre the kingdom they own;
The stalks and the vines and the fruit-bearing tree,
Are subjects that bend not to tyrants the knee;

But bend with the weight of the harvest and field,
Ever loyal and faithful, a harvest to yield.
No planning and plotting among them is known—
No traitor the sovereign would strike from his throne.

He stands 'midst his acres of grass, wheat and maize,
Like Crusoe, "the monarch of all he surveys;"
His banks are the earth-banks and stand on his farm;
The banks that are safe when the panics alarm.

The stock is the cattle—not fancy in breed;
The shares are the plough-shares that score for the seed;
Not quoted on 'Change is the broker's array;
But shares on which Nature will dividends pay.

Their banks are not those which the widows condemn;
No officers pilfer deposits from them;
If small the potatoes that in them are found,
Yet none are so small as we find out of ground.

The farmer with appetite ever can eat
The bread on his table, "as good as the wheat;"
And loving most dearly his wife, he may utter,
"My bread and my wife! I'll not have any but her!"

With juice of the apple the wife then may fill
The glass in which lingers no tremors or ill;
And she may respond that, whatever betide her,
Most happy she'll be with her husband beside her!

There's many a hearth where the embers are glowing;
There's many a heart with its joys overflowing;
The hearths and the hearts from the world's rude alarms,
Are safe in the homes that are reared on our farms.

THE BOYS ARE GONE TO THE WAR

BY M. L. BURGESS.

The sun shone forth in his splendor,
And pleasant and clear was the day,
And it will long be remembered,
As the day our friends went away.
Yes, went to uphold the old banner,
We must hold every broad stripe and star;
Now dry your tears, mother, don't murmur,
Though the boys are gone to the war.

Did you press your warm lips to his forehead,
And whisper "God-speed you! good bye!"
Or picture the battle and carnage,
And say, "my boy surely will die!"
Did you think of our national emblem,
That waves over the blue sea afar,
And say, "though hard is the struggle,
I will not hold you back from the war."

In the days of the old revolution,
For Liberty our forefathers fought;
And shall we not sustain the old standard,
By the blood of our ancestors bought?"
Shall the flames of rebellion spread o'er us,
And tinge our broad land wide and far?
No, never, while heaven's above us,
If the boys all go to the war.

Then hold not your boy back, mother,
Let him not see the tear in your eye;
He will stand by the old spangled banner,
Or upholding it, nobly will die.
And when this rebellion is over,
And sweet peace is sounding afar,
May it please an Almighty Father,
To return you your boy from the war.

The Peddler's Story.

I do not think that I am naturally superstitious; but I have all my life been troubled with a kind of super-auricular sense. By this I wish to convey the idea that I hear things over and above the natural sense of hearing. The sound, as of a human voice, comes to me and syllables words of meaning, when I know that the whole must be some kind of mental deception. Sometimes these words are of common import, and sometimes of deep significance. Well do I remember that once, when quite a lad, living at home with my parents in Paris, I heard the words, spoken in my very ear as it were:

Pierre Boisant, prepare for sorrow!"

I was alone in my father's library at the time engaged in solving a difficult problem, and therefore in no condition for this to be the effect of an excited fancy or imagination.

What followed? My father at that time was accounted a rich merchant. Three weeks after he was bankrupt. If I had been the most imaginative person in the world, I could not have presaged this.

Three years later the same words were repeated. I was then alone, on the road to Troyes, engaged in the humble calling of a peddler, to which my father's misfortunes reduced me. I felt that something serious was about to happen, and took the first conveyance back to Paris. I hastened to my father's then humble lodging, found him dying, and my poor mother almost distracted with grief. She was surprised to see me; but when I told her what brought me home, said it must be the voice of the Lord. I did not agree with her in that respect, because I often heard that same voice saying trifling things.

Well, my father died, and my mother did not long survive him, and then I was alone in the world. Seeing nothing better before me—at least better suited to my disposition for a constant change of scene—I resumed the business of a peddler, and, after two or three years spent in France, I went to Sardinia and established a route for myself among the retired villages of the mountains, where at least I was looked upon as in nowise inferior to the farmers, artizans and peasants with whom I dealt.

I was now in a region wild enough to suit my romantic turn of mind, and perilous enough to keep me in a state of excitement, which was as much a source of pleasure to me as the peaceful serenity is at the present time. Some of the routes between one habitation and another were so long that one days journey would not take me through, and then I would be obliged to find my lodging among the caves, rocks or trees, as best I could. Some of the mountain passess were very dangerous, and a single misstep might send one headlong down a hundred or a thousand feet. Then there was danger from storms and hurricanes, some of which were terrible, and not least of all was the danger from robbers, who might be met where least expected.

For six years I carried on my peddling traffic in that wild region, without any other misfortune than some serious frights and hair-breadth escapes. By that time I felt that, for a young man, I was pretty well off, and thought that I would return to Paris and set up shop keeping; and an event, or perhaps I should say tragedy, happened about that time, fixed my resolution and hastened my departure.

As I was going over a very wild and lonely pass of the mountains, the sun being nearly set, and I at least seven miles from the nearest habitation, my familiar voice which had never left me, said distinctly:

"Pierre Boisant, beware!"

I was alarmed at this warning, because I had never received a warning of the kind in vain. I looked up to the rugged frowning rocks above me, and down into the gulf below, and then before and behind at the narrow zigzag path I was pursuing, but saw no living thing, except a large, black bird, of the vulture species, that was slowly winging his way across the wild scene, as if from one mountain peak to another. I knew the voice was not human, and I felt there was some impending danger—but what it was, or when or where to look for it, I could not tell. It was not possible to remain where I was, and to go back might be as dangerous as to go forward, and so I continued to advance, looking carefully at every step, and glancing keenly and nervously at all the surroundings.

At length I reached a still wilder and gloomier place, where it was usual for me to turn off down into the dark valley, to pass the night in a little cave, which I had accidentally discovered, about a hundred and fifty yards from the path, and which was so secluded and concealed by a clump of bushes in front of it, that I believed it was known to no one except myself.—Above this cave was a steep ledge of rocks, and by keeping along the mountain side, without going down into the valley at all, I could gain a position directly over it, at a hight of perhaps a hundred feet; and though up to this moment I had not thought of changing my course, I now found myself instinctively moving off in that direction. A moment's reflection on the mysterious warning I had received convinced me that this was the best thing I could do—for if there was danger, it was most likely from robbers, who were probably lying in wait for me on my regular, well-known route—and as the night was warm, it could do me no harm to pass it in the open air.

So I went on slowly and cautiously, till I reached a point directly over the cave, which I now found was as far as I could go in that direction, owing to the rocks terminating in a precipice a few feet beyond. Some bushes, which had struggled up from the little earth between the crevices, afforded me a place of concealment; and crawling into these, I disburdened myself of my pack, spread out my blanket, and proceeded, without attempting to make a fire, to eat the food I had provided for my supper. By the time I had finished my frugal repast, the sun had set, and the dark shades of night were coming on rapidly.

"Perhaps I am foolish in taking this precaution against some fanciful danger," I mentally said; "but no matter; I would rather be foolish in this way than foolhardy."

Scarcely had these thoughts passed through my mind, than I fancied I heard voices talking in low, guarded tones.—The sounds seemed to come up from below, and it may readily be credited that I listened most intently, straining my sense to the utmost to catch the words, if words indeed they were, for after all it might be the breeze playing among the trees.

For perhaps five minutes I continued to hear these sounds, but all the time unable to make out for a certainty what they were, and then they ceased, and for another five minutes all was silent. It had now become so dark that nothing could be distinctly seen at any distance; and though I crept cautiously to the edge of the rocks, and tried to peer down, it was like attempting to look into some black gulf. My situation, under the circumstances, was lonely enough, but I experienced a secret satisfaction in being where I was, and not down in the cave, where I rather felt, than thought, some one or more was lying in wait for me.

At length that same low murmur, as of voices, was again heard, and again I listened, with my whole sense of hearing on the stretch. I soon became satisfied that words were being spoken—but I thought that it might be the mysterious voice I had heard at intervals all my life. This time, however, I was not long kept in doubt—for presently I could distinguish the words, as if the speakers in the cave had come out into the open air.

"It is strange that he does not make his appearance!" said one.

"I do not know how to account for it," replied another.

"Are you perfectly sure you saw him at all?" inquired a third.

"Am I sure I am here now?" was the rejoinder. "Have I not eyes? and can I not see with them? I tell you he was within a mile of here, coming along that narrow, dangerous path, with his pack, strapped upon his back. Here we know is where he usually passes the night in this region, and why he is not here now is more than I can conjecture."

"If he had gone past, we should have heard from the others before this," remarked the first speaker.

"Undoubtedly," was replied. "No, he must be somewhere on the mountain, unless he has fallen over the precipice and broken his neck—in which case we shall find all we want of him, in the morning, and be saved the trouble of blood-letting."

"Could he have got near enough to have heard our voices?" inquired another.

"No, for Ricardo is so posted that he would have seen or heard him first."

"Well, then, he may be here yet. Hark? hush! there are steps coming this way now!" said the speaker, in a whisper, which I could barely hear, the night being still and my position directly over them. "Now, then, be ready, and let us make quick work of it!"

After this the robbers were silent as death; and with feelings that must be left to the imagination, I listened to the approaching footsteps, which I knew were mistaken for mine. It was with a shudder, and a strange kind of dread, that I heard the steps slowly and steadily approaching, with now and then a slight rustling of the bushes, and the occasional loosening and rolling of a stone. I felt that some human being was moving onward to his doom, and I would have called out to him to beware, if I had known I could have saved him with anything short of my own life.

For the few seconds of awful suspense that elapsed, I trembled so that I was fearful of being heard, and the perspiration started out of every pore.

"Annette, my dear, what country is opposite to us on the globe?" "Don't know, sir."

LOSS OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

The first real disaster was the grounding of the propeller City of New York on the bar. She left Hampton Roads on Saturday, with others of the fleet, under sealed orders, which were opened when outside Cape Henry. Her captain, it is stated, would not have attempted to make Hatteras Inlet had he previously known that to have been his destination, but when once under way he felt under obligations to obey orders, and do the best thing possible with reference to crossing the bar. She arrived off Hatteras Sunday afternoon, when she anchored some five miles from the Beacon. About noon Monday the pilot boat (a small tug) steamed alongside, and proceeded to lead the City of New York, which she did until the ill-fated steamer gradually run upon the sand bar and stuck fast. The tug then tried to pull off the steamer, but after an hour of ineffectual attempts, the pilot proposed to take off the men and leave the steamer. The danger of losing the propeller not being very apparent to her captain, he preferred to remain and await aid from other steamers; but this he did not get from Monday night till Wednesday morning, though there were fifteen or twenty steamers anchored within two miles. The officers of the ship state that they were assured of safety in crossing the bar by the pilot on the tugboat that led them into trouble, and they further say that had assistance been sent immediately she might have been got off and saved. On Tuesday the total destruction of the steamer seemed inevitable, and a signal of distress was set; but no assistance was rendered them. About 4 o'clock Wednesday morning the vessel bilged and the cargo was set adrift. Heavy seas had passed over her during the night, and all the persons on board felt their case a desperate one, and prepared themselves for a struggle in the surf, by securing each a life preserver.—Shortly after the ship got aground, the first mate, with three men, took one of the boats and attempted to pass through the surf, but failing in this they put out to a schooner some miles distant outside, which was reached in safety. Two boats were stove in the davits by the sea, and the life boat, while being launched, filled and her painter breaking she drifted away; thus, only one boat was left on Wednesday morning. No assistance being rendered the desperate men on board, early in the morning two brothers, Chas. A. and Wm. H. Beach of Trenton, N. J., offered to attempt a passage through the surf for relief, and they were joined by the second engineer, the steward (colored), and one of the firemen. Fortunately they succeeded in reaching the Cossack, where every immediate comfort was supplied them possible, and upon their asking that something be done to get off the remainder of the men upon the wreck, and asserting that she was momentarily expected to go to pieces, Captain Bennett ordered down a surf boat and with his first officer and a crew started for the scene with dispatch. A boat from a schooner near by put off at the same time, and considerable emulation was manifested between the crews of the three boats as to which should first reach the wreck. The schooner's boat reached her first, however, and taking off the men without great difficulty, returned with most of them to the Cossack, amid the cheers of the soldiers on board. The wrecked men were nearly exhausted, having been without sleep and having had scarcely any food since Monday, and were but too thankful for what had been done in their behalf.

SINKING OF A GUNBOAT, AND OTHER CASUALITIES.

Wednesday evening the propeller gunboat Zouave was injured by coming in contact with another vessel, and finally sunk in about four fathoms of water.—She had on board the camp equipage of the Mass. 25th Regiment. She was pierced for six guns, none of which had been mounted, although 32 pounders were on board.

The schooner Hope, laden with lumber, ran her jib boom into the wheelhouse of the steamer Cossack, and before they could be disengaged, the cabin and a portion of the hurricane deck of the steamer were badly smashed in.

The steamer Louisiana got stuck on a sand-bar, and was badly "hogged." Her value is estimated at $60,000.

LOSS OF A FLOATING BATTERY.

The floating battery Grapeshot was lost while coming down the coast on Monday. Her crew were saved. She was a canal boat altered over and much strengthened.

LOSS OF A STEAMER WITH HORSES.

The side-wheel steamer Pocahontas, of Philadelphia, which was chartered to take over one hundred horses of the 4th Rhode Island regiment, went ashore north of Cape Hatteras on Friday, and is a complete wreck. The men were all saved but some ninety horses were lost. The steamer is one of the oldest in existence, I am told.

DISASTER TO THE GUNBOAT SUSNEE.

The gunboat Susnee, with ordnance stores on board, got aground on Friday, and in consequence of her heavy load, she bilged when the tide ebbed, and will probably be a total lost.

SINKING OF A SCHOONER.

The schr. T. P. Leonard, loaded with coal, sunk on Thursday. Her taffrail is just above water. The constant movement of the sandy bottom of the channel will probably bed her in so that little will be saved.

THE ANCHORAGE.

The vessels in the fleet are anchored in a basin between the bar that is crossed in reaching the fort and another shallow, over which it will be necessary for us to make a passage before reaching the sound. The water nowhere is more than thirty feet deep, while most of the vessels have to take their berths in less than fifteen feet at high water. In consequence of this, scarcely an hour occurs but one or more of the vessels are either aground or running into a neighbor. This keeps what tugs there are here constantly at work in rendering assistance of some kind. As an instance, the Cossack has been ran into three times, and has been aground six or seven times to-day; and from appearances other steamers have come off no better. This experience cannot last many more days without serious results.

THE "SWASH."

There is no doubt but this expedition was originally planned to operate upon another point, far different from this, or vessels of the class brought here would not have been included in it. In order to enter the Sound from Hatteras Island, a bar must be crossed, where the water is but eight feet deep, at high water.—This is locally known as the "Swash," or the "Bulkhead." The channel over this bar is narrow and crooked; hence the difficulty of crossing. Within a few days buoys have been placed here and lights placed upon them so that when there is favorable weather, the vessels are hurried over by night and day. All vessels drawing eight feet of water must have their cargoes taken out before attempting the passage, and then several tugs help them along. The Cossack was taken over on Tuesday night. She "is supposed" to draw seven feet six inches, but in order to cross the bar her entire load was taken off and the water blown out of her boilers, and then she could not be taken over in one tide, though the distance is but a few rods. This is one instance of the correctness with which the draft of the vessels here is marked. This steamer, like most others, is sagged amidships, and consequently draws from six to ten inches more than was supposed by her master. Nearly all the commanders of steamers here are newly appointed to their boats, and many of them never before had experience other than upon a square rigged craft, with plenty of sea room, and to be in this tight place puts them to their wits' end, for it becomes necessary, in this case, to calculate the fractional part of an inch, and when a few inches of water under the keel of a boat is secured, it is a subject of congratulation to all on board.

DESTINATION OF THE FLEET.

Many here think Roanoke Island our destination, but there are other equally advantageous points within reach of this armada, if it is intended to make this expedition only an advance guard for future and more extensive operations. To the south of Pamlico Sound is an opportunity of taking possession of the railroad connection from Beaufort, on the coast, to Raleigh, the capital. Newbern, at the head of navigation on the Neuse river, is a town of about 3000 inhabitants, and stands second to no town in the eastern portion of the State except Wilmington. Beaufort is about the same size, and the possession of Newbern cuts off communication with that town by rail. There was formerly a considerable trade in tar, turpentine and grain from this port.

REBEL NAVY.

The rebel navy in these waters is composed of small steamers, of in the vicinity of seventy-five to one hundred tons each, and they shoot round in shallow water where many of our boats cannot follow, and several of them have been near the fleet reconnoitering. If the rebels do not get ready to receive us, with the information they may have obtained in this way, then they must be very much demoralized.

Late reports state that the entire fleet had left Roanoke inlet.

DUTCH CHEESE FOR SHOT.—"Nauticus," a correspondent of the Boston Transcript, says: "Some years since, when I was at Montevideo a fight came off between Admiral Brown, Commodore of the Buenos Ayrean squadron, and Commodore Coe of the Montevideo fleet. The combatants had six vessels each, mostly indifferent craft, purchased from the Americans. During the fight the principal gunner went to Commodore Coe with the information that about all the shot was expended. Coe was one of the coolest fellows (like our General Grant) that I ever knew, and was at the time taking a luncheon of bread and Dutch cheese, and the thought immediately occurred to him (having taken a prize a few days previous with a great number of Dutch cheeses on board,) that he could not do better than to give the old Admiral a share of his lunch.—Accordingly orders were given to load the guns with cheeses.

The first shot fired struck the rival ship, shivering the bulwark and tearing the sails to pieces; a portion flew into Admiral Brown's face, so that for some minutes he could hardly see out of his eyes. By———, he swore, with his mouth half full of cheese, "what will that infernal scamp do next!" The result was, the rind of the cheese was as effective as slugs, and was the means of terminating the war. Indeed, his novel thought proved to be "just the cheese." Coe was not one *mite* afraid, because he was an able *skipper*, to use the cheese unsparingly; he knew Commodore Brown, having been his First Lieutenant in the Buenos Ayres service for some years. An American by birth, from the State of Connecticut, he has now the "rhino," and has settled in Europe, on the banks of the Rhine, in an elegant mansion,—all caused by the rind of cheese."

The King and the Banker.

Some time ago,—said Mr. Peabody, the banker, to the writer of the following anecdote,—business of importance required my speedy presence at the Prussian capital. Our house had not long been established, and as the Prussian government wanted money, I thought it expedient to see their minister myself without delay. The journey was somewhat dangerous, as the state of Germany had become rather precarious. The French had been so polite as to pay us, unasked, a visit, and were not likely to look with a very kind eye on a banker who was hastening to the seat of government to lend money. However, I was young, undaunted, of a happy flow of spirits, and cared neither for Napoleon or any of his adherents, and so I bade Anthony, who is my witness (the well embroidered footman nodded complacently from behind the chair of his master) to make himself ready, to place some wine and a dozen pheasants in our chest, and to take his seat in the post chaise. The pheasants were intended as a present for the Prussian finance minister. I felt highly delighted when I arrived at the frontiers of Saxony, but my joy was soon to give way to other sensations. I was always fond of a good dinner and a good glass of wine; things which are rarely to be met with in Saxony. It is a wretched country, and their wine is stuff compared to which our vinegar is nectar. I had travelled three days, and changed horses fifteen times. My bottling establishment was nearly out when I found myself on the borders of Prussia, a vast desert of sand where nothing grows but the hungry pine and curly-headed children; yet still they might put better dinners before respectable travellers. It is really a shame; nothing but dry veal, potatoes and beer! You may judge, sir, of my situation by the fact that I was obliged to attack the chest which contained the intended present for the Prussian minister, and to purloin one of the pheasants. I ordered Anthony to cook it; it was excellent, and so was my last bottle of Rhenish. My appetite being satisfied, I mounted my post chaise again, and proceeded on my journey. Our wheels plowed through the waves of sand as deeply as a three-decker through the billows of the sea."

(Our banker had made the tour across the channel in the Calais packet, and he loved to speak of the sea.)

My patience at length became exhausted, and being weary of looking at the sandy surface, I fell asleep. Shortly afterward a terrible shock awakened me. I endeavored to look round, but could not. I struggled to open my mouth; it filled with sand. My feet were fast in the carriage. I was near being killed. In short the axle-tree of the chaise, and one of the wheels were broken. Anthony had fared somewhat better than his master, and he relieved me from my disagreeable situation. Now, sir, you may believe me, this was no joke. There I was, fifteen miles from Berlin, and two from the next village, with a portfolio containing several hundred thousand dollars in papers, and no conveyance. Presently I discovered a carriage travelling the same road. It approached. Two gentlemen occupied the seats. A footman was behind. My resolution was soon taken. I ordered Anthony to get my post-chaise repaired, and to follow me to the Bradenburg hotel as soon as possible. Thus resolved, I stepped toward the carriage which had now come up to us.

"Gentlemen," said I, lifting my hat civilly, "will you be so good as to afford a traveller whose chaise you see is broken, a seat in your carriage?"

"Certainly," said the youngest; "please to step in."

I did so. The first minutes were passed in surveying the strangers, with whom my happy or unhappy stars, I knew not which, had brought me in contact. I was in a military country, and I was soon convinced that my new companions were military men.

The complaisance of these strangers soon restored me to my former good humor; and thinking it my duty to meet their politeness by similar advances, I began to enter into something like conversation with them; they, however were not the most talkative persons in the world. I spoke of the war raging between France and Austria, but I received only a nod. I went over the prospects of Prussia—no answer at all; the old gentleman was as dry as a chip, the youngest one as shy as a lark. I hate sullenness, especially in a young man, and thinking that my subjects were perhaps disagreeable, I changed them to the state of the country. I was not very lavish of my praise, and censured the government for not repairing the roads. Both gentlemen were extremely attentive, but still more reserved. I had now tried every means to bring them into conversation. At last I spoke of my fare, and of the miserable dinners provided for travellers. They smiled.

"What do you think, sir," said I, addressing the young man, "I have dined upon?" A pheasant I knew he never would guess.

"I do not know, sir."

"Well, guess then," said I.

The young man looked significantly, and entering into my humor, returned:

"I do not know, indeed; perhaps a shoulder of mutton!"

My hand fell involuntarily on his knee.

"Higher," said I.

"Well, then, perhaps you have dined on a goose?"

"Higher," replied I, placing my hand a second time on his knee.

"Then it was a chicken," said he.

"Higher," replied I, accompanying my word with a third slap.

"You have not, surely, dined on a turkey in so poor a country?"

"Higher, sir," returned I, striking him for the fourth time on his knee.

"Well, then, it must have been a pheasant."

"You have hit it, sir; a pheasant brought from Frankfort; and if you will do me the honor of being my guests at the Brandenburg hotel, you shall dine of pheasants, too."

Neither promised to come, but both smiled.

After this dialogue we rode several miles without speaking a single word, when the young man, in quite a friendly tone, said,

"Now, sir, to ask you a question, whom do you think you ride with?"

This question was put in the usual brisk tone of a Prussian officer. I looked at the stranger a moment; he was about my age, but much taller. His dress was plain surtout, and his head was covered with a woolen cap, strongly set in leather with a narrow gold brim. He had a good deal of the military cast.

"Well," said I, "I think I have the pleasure of being in company with a military gentleman—a captain?" added I, askingly.

"Higher," said the young man, striking me in his turn on the knee.

The old gentleman now began to laugh.

"A major, then," said I.

"Higher," repeated he, slapping me a second time.

He understands a joke, thought I.

"So young, and already a colonel?"

"Higher," said he again with a fourth slap.

He is getting impudent, thought I. I looked confounded at his assurance.

"Then I have the honor to be in company with a general?" said I, with a sarcastic incredulity.

"Higher," he still replied, with another slap.

This, I thought, is the most impudent fellow I ever met with, and giving vent to my impatience, said:

"Then you are a field marshal?"

We were by this time before the Brandenburg gate. I was fully persuaded that I was treated as a dupe by my companions. The young man's "higher" had so confounded me that I was thunder-struck, when the hats flew off in every direction. *Geweler aus!* shouted the multitude, and officers and soldiers rushed from the guard house to their arms; the drums were beating, the arms presenting; a number of carriages passed through the gate, and in the confusion of the crowd thronging from every side, I looked for the royal personage, to whom all these honors were paid. Our carriage whirled fast toward the Brandenburg hotel.

"Where do you wish to alight?" said the young man.

"At the Brandenburg hotel, if you please, was my answer.

"There it is," said he.

I leaped from the carriage, took my portfolio, and bowing, requested the pleasure of their seeing me at dinner.

"You shall see us," said the younger and off they went.

The landlord and waiters of the hotel rushed toward me as I entered the gate, bowing to the ground. The former addressed me by the title of highness.

"My name," said I, "is Peabody, banker. Do you know the gentleman with whom I arrived?"

"Gentleman," repeated the landlord, significantly; "it was the king."

"A good joke," said I; "the young fellow was near telling me so himself."

"Beg your pardon, banker," said the landlord, "but please use other terms when you speak of his majesty."

"You are not in earnest?" said I.

"But I am, though; it is the king."

The waiters, and fifty other persons who had assembled round me, pledged themselves for the truth of what the landlord had spoken.

There was no doubt it was the king with whom I had made so free.

I am, sir, a republican, and not afraid of any king in Christendom, yet the affair might have become a serious one. I had dropped expressions which were not suited to royal ears, and which I might have kept more wisely to myself. How would he take these things? were thoughts which kept me awake for the greater part of the night.

The next morning I began the rounds of my visits. I found the finance minister extremely tough. When I returned home the landlord informed me that a royal page had been at the hotel, summoning the banker Peabody to the castle.

Well thought I, nothing can happen worse than hanging, and throwing myself into a hackney-coach I rolled toward the royal residence of the king. The appointed hour was five. I was conducted through numberless guards into the royal apartments. When the last door opened, I beheld my young travelling companion seated on an ottoman. On his right side was a most beautiful lady; two boys and as many girls were playing in the chamber.

A king, thought I, who can enjoy domestic happiness, cannot be a tyrant, and I stepped resolutely forward.

"This, dear Louise," said his majesty, "is the banker, who agreeably entertained me yesterday."

"Banker Peabody," said the lovely queen, "we hope you will take a better opinion of our country home with you."

She stretched out her hand and I was permitted to kiss it.

Nor was this all. I had to tell my whole adventure over. I, however, omitted the slapping on the knee. In short, I spent the most agreeable hour in my life. The following day I concluded my money business. The royal condescension had rather too much captivated the otherwise cool banker. I entered somewhat deeply into Prussian money matters, so deeply that his royal majesty, twelve months afterward, had well-nigh ruined me. I do not know whether I would not have forgiven him for the sake of this hour. However, Frederic William has since honestly paid me both debt and interest.

and rigging by the severe contest with the king's cruiser.

The lugger is again anchored in the quiet cove, and all hands are piped to witness punishment. The traitor who had betrayed the ship had confessed his guilt and the price of his treachery is found upon his person. The crew were at their stations, all save six seamen chosen by lot, who stood apart from their companions with downcast eyes and trembling forms, for they were the agents through whom a fellow creature was to be launched, in cool blood, into eternity. Those hearts of oak that a few hours since stood fearlessly at their guns dealing death and destruction around, and with blood flowing like water at their feet, now trembled! A strange quiet reigned throughout the ship; even the wounded seamen below had suppressed their groans, and the tick of the captain's watch could be heard at any part of the quarter deck. The miserable man who was now to suffer, stood upon a gun, his arms confined behind him and a rope around his neck—the cord was rove through a block at the extreme end of the yard arm and reaching down again to the deck; the opposite extremity was also placed in the hands of the six chosen by lot. Contemplating this arrangement for a moment the captain said:

'Why, men, next to mutiny I know of no blacker or more accursed sin than treachery; that man has betrayed us—may Heaven forgive him as I do at this moment; he was seduced from his duty in an evil hour while under the effects of liquor—he is now penitent, and you see how bravely he will die—you have had revealed to you the peculiarities of his case which I think has many extenuating points—you are his jurors; shall he die? Shall we send your old messmate into eternity? Speak my men.'

'No! no! if the captain forgives him, that's enough,' said the generous hearted crew.

'Blow me,' said the old seaman who has before spoken in this story, 'if I don't think a man who could betray such a commander and such a ship, must find punishment enough in overhauling the log of his own consience without *our* sending him to soundings.'

The feelings of the criminal, for he is a criminal who betrays those who have confided in him, may be better imagined than described; he left the gun an altered man. He was *forgiven* his sin.

Well knowing that the boldness of this last adventure with a cruiser of the Royal Navy would draw down certain destruction upon them, the captain and crew of the lugger ran her into a French port, where she was sold, and the proceeds equally divided among the officers and crew, who were thenceforth disbanded.

Let us follow, for a moment, gentle reader, the life of this captain of the Dolphin, this smuggler of the Isle of Man.

Still actuated by a love of adventure, and fondness for the sea, he proceeded to London, where he was soon entrusted with a large merchant vessel, in the West India trade, as captain, in which capacity he led a lucrative and adventurous life for several years, subsequent to which he visited and settled in America. On the breaking out of the war with the mother country, his ardent love of the principles for which our fathers contended, led him to offer his services in behalf of the cause of liberty. He was appointed captain of a noble vessel, the first of the American Navy, and his was the hand that raised her flag first upon the blue waters. With this vessel and others with which he was subsequently entrusted, he gained some of the most brilliant naval victories ever won. Through his whole service there was one faithful follower, who never left him, and whose protecting arm twice saved his life, in the memorable battle between the *Bon Homme Richard* and the *Serapis*, the former of which he commanded. Reader, that follower was the [illegible] criminal of the Dolphin Lugger!

[illegible] follow the commander still further [illegible] successful and an [illegible] Congress passed a public vote of thanks [illegible] his gallant services, endowing him [illegible] highest rank in the American Navy, while to this day his memory is embalmed in the grateful hearts of a free people. Reader, this is a chapter in the life of

ADMIRAL JOHN PAUL JONES.

here is a voice within me,
And it has so sweet a voice,
That its soft lispings win me,
Till tears start to mine eyes.
Deep from my soul it springeth,
Like hidden melody;
And evermore it singeth
This song of songs to me,
This world is full of beauty,
As other worlds above;
And if we did our duty,
It might be full of love!

If faith and loving kindness
Passed coin 'twixt heart and heart,
Old Bigotry's dark blindness
And Malice would depart.
If men were more forgiving,
Were kind words oftener spoken,
Instead of scorn so grieving,
There would be few hearts broken.
When Plenty round is smiling,
Why wakes this cry for bread?
Why are crushed millions toiling,
Gaunt—clothed in rags—unfed?

The sunny hills and valleys
Blush ripe with fruit and grain,
But the lordling of the palace
Still robs his fellow men.
O God! what hosts are trampled
Amidst this press for gold,
What noble hearts are sapped of life
What spirits lose their hold!
And yet upon this God-blessed earth
There's room for every one:
Ungarnered food still ripens
To waste—rot in the sun;
For this world is full of beauty,
As other worlds above,
And if we did our duty,
It might be full of love!

Let the law of bloodshed perish,
Wars, gore, and glory, splendor—
And men will learn to cherish
Feelings more kind and tender.
Were we true to each other,
We'd vanquish Hate and Crime,
And clasp the hand of brother
In any land or clime;
If gold were not an idol,
Were mind and merit worth,
Oh! there would be a bridal
Betwixt high heaven and earth!

Were truth an uttered language,
Angels might talk with men,
And God-illumined earth should see
The golden age again;
For the leaf-tongues of the forest—
The flower-lips of the sod—
The birds that hymn their raptures
Into the ear of God—
And the sweet wind that bringeth
The music of the sea,
Have each a voice that singeth
This song of songs to me:
This world is full of beauty,
As other worlds above,
And if we did our duty,
It might be full of love.

Strive for the Best.

'Tis better to give a kindly word
Than ever so hard a blow,
To know we have by kindness stirred
The man who was our foe:
To feel we have a good intent,
Whatever he may feel—
That gentleness with us is meant
To make the old wounds heal.

'Tis better to give our wealth away
Than let our neighbors want,
To help them in their needful day,
While they are weak and gaunt;
A kindly deed brings kindly thought
In hamlet and in city;
A little help, we have been taught,
Is worth a world of pity.

'Tis better to work and slave and toil,
Than lie about and rust,
An idle man upon the soil
Is one of the very worst.
He eats the bread that others earn,
And lifts his head so high,
As if it was not his concern
How others toiled or why.

'Tis better to have an humble heart,
Living in faith and trust,
To act an ever upward part,
Remember we are dust;
To let the stream of life run past,
Beloved and lovingly,
Until we reach in joy at last
The great eternal sea.

Lord, the people of the land
In Thy presence humbly stand;
On this day, when Thou didst free
Men of old from tyranny,
We, their children, bow to Thee!
Help us, Lord, our only trust!
We are helpless, we are dust!

All our homes are red with blood,
Long our grief we have withstood;
Every lintel, each door-post,
Drips, at tidings from the host,
With the blood of some one lost
Help us, Lord, our only trust
We are helpless, we are dust!

Comfort, Lord, the grieving one
Who bewails a stricken son!
Comfort, Lord, the weeping wife
In her long, long widowed life,
Brooding o'er the fatal strife!
Help us, Lord, our only trust!
We are helpless, we are dust!

On our nation's day of birth,
Bless Thy own long-favored earth!
Urge the soldier with Thy will!
Aid Thy leaders with Thy skill!
Let them hear Thy trumpet thrill!
Help us, Lord, our only trust!
We are helpless, we are dust!

Lord, we only fight for peace,
Fight that freedom may increase.
Give us back the peace of old,
When the land with plenty rolled,
And our banner awed the bold!
Help us, Lord, our only trust!
We are helpless, we are dust!

Lest we pray in thoughtless guilt,
Shape the future as Thou wilt!
Purge our realm from hoary crime
With Thy battles, dread, sublime,
In Thy well-appointed time!
Help us, Lord, our only trust!
We are helpless, we are dust!

With one heart the nation's cries
From our choral lips arise:
Thou didst point a noble way
For our fathers through the fray;
Lead their children thus to-day!
Help us, Lord, our only trust!
We are helpless, we are dust!

In His name, who bravely bore
Cross and crown begemmed with gore
By his last immortal groan,
Ere he mounted to his throne,
Make our sacred cause Thy own!
Help us, Lord, our only trust!
We are helpless, we are dust!

SONG OF IRON

I am mighty in the saber,
Fiercely wielded by the brave;
Glorious in the stalwart steamer,
Laughing at the storm and wave.

Beauteous in the palace pillars,
Saving in the pointed rod,
As it brings the deadly lightning
Quelled and harmless to the sod.

But there is a glorious essence,
Where I take my grandest power
Giving to the EACH my surest,
Sweetest aid, in danger's hour.

See! before me fly diseases!
See the darkest hydras bow!
See the rose of health and beauty
Take the palest cheek and brow.

Fly, dyspepsia: fly consumption!
Yes, all ills are crushed at length;
For I give what nature
Only ever needed—STRENGTH!

Shall I tell in what great essence
I can thus your spirits cheer up?
Pallid, trembling, dying sufferer,
'Tis the famed "PERUVIAN SYRUP.

"Helpless, Lord, I lean on thee,
In my grief to thee I flee;
Whither, Saviour, should I go,
In this hour of bitter woe?
My dear Lord to me doth cry,
In sad dreams forever nigh.

See his body, bleeding, rent!
Jesus, should I not lament?
Tender heart, that soothes each grief,
Ever quick to bring relief.
O! to see his warm blood spilt!
Shows us all our horrid guilt!

Guilty, to thy throne I fly,
Save me, Lord, or else I die;
Hear me, in this time of need,
Thy atoning blood I plead;
That can make me white as snow;
Jesus, now to thee I go.

Spurn us not, if poor are we;
Thou cans't make me rich in thee!
Stirs thy presence yet within—
Thou cans't save me from my sin,
Bring me up, from depths, above,
Feed me with thy bread of love.

Bring me to thy chosen place,
Show me oft thy smiling face;
Then shall I abide in peace;
Then, my faint heart shall increase,
And Messiah soon shall come!
He will grace my heart and home.

He, the olive branch will bring,
Reigning now, our Lord and King;
His light and truth shines afar—
He, our lovely Morning Star;
With all nations shall abide,
And forever be our Guide!

THE SCHOLAR'S JOYS.

AIR.—"LONE STARRY HOURS."

1 Oh! The bright dewy morn give me, boys,
When up to the glorious sun,
Each round laughing face we raise, boys,
So glad that his journey's begun,
When no clouds in the blue sky we see, boys,
When all is so blithesome and gay,
Then our sweet morning song, we'll sing, boys
And hie to the schoolroom away.

2 Oh! The dear happy school give me, boys,
Where treasures of knowledge we find,
In the books we study so hard, boys,
Worth more than the rich golden mine,
A smile from our teachers we get, boys,
When to greet them we do not delay,
Then a sweet morning song we'll sing, boys,
And hie to the schoolroom away.

3 Then our own peaceful homes give us, boys,
That we seek when our study is o'er,
Though humble to some it may seem, boys,
To its pleasures we could not add more,
For our mothers so gently will smile, boys,
On those who've been good through the day,
And our sweet evening song we'll sing, boys,
And then kneel beside them to pray.

In the year 1772, previous to the annexation of the Isle of Man to the English crown, the inducements for smuggling from that well-known spot, were of the most seductive character, giving employment to a few hardy and daring spirits, whose large profits in their perilous trade, more than compensated them for the continued risk they encountered in their nightly voyages from the Island to the shores of the Solway. This island of the Irish sea, once a rendezvous fortfreebooters and smugglers, is now rendered a place of no small commercial importance as well as forming a military and naval depot for the crowded ranks and numerous fleets of the British army and navy. Its productive soil and highly cultivated lands, its neat cottages and admirable roads are a picture of modern improvements, while at all times it wears a lively and busy appearance. From the highest point of the Island in clear weather the visitor has a view of the three united kingdoms.

It was at the close of a fine day in the latter part of August, 1772, that a three-masted lugger was seen riding at a single anchor in a quiet cove on the west side of the island. The craft might have been of about a hundred and fifty tons burthen, though her dark low hull gave her the appearance of being much smaller, while the symmetry of her spars and rigging, tapering beautifully at their various points as seen against the sky, showed her to be a craft upon whose rig time and care had been expended. Around her hull extended a line of red, broken at two points on each side by an open port, while the height of the waist showed that it was intended to serve as a breastwork to those who navigate the vessel in times of danger. Altogether, you would have pronounced the lugger at first sight a suspicious craft, and unless she carried the king's commission, one most likely bent upon mischief. At the hour of which I write, an individual rather below the usual height, yet commanding in appearance, dressed in a seaman's garb, with a broad belt about his waist into which was thrust a couple of boarding pistols, was pacing the quarter deck; in his hand he held a speaking trumpet which at this moment he raised to his lips, and issued the orders necessary for getting under weigh.

Fifty as fine fellows as ever handled a marlinspike, sprang cheerfully to execute his orders, enlivened by the shrill tones of the boatswain's whistle. While all was bustle and activity about him, the captain slowly promenaded the quarter deck, presenting the picture of a young hero. Blended in his open countenance was the spirit of daring, but yet of noble purpose; his mild thoughtful eye belied his otherwise spirited appearance. His form, as we have said, was rather below the ordinary height, yet was he handsome in figure, his person evincing great power of endurance, with strength and agility; he might have been in age, about twenty-two years.

'We are brought to sir,' said the first lieutenant of the lugger to his captain.

'Heave round, sir,' was the prompt nautical reply. 'Heave and pull.'

The anchor being raised and stowed, the wide breadth of canvas peculiar to the lugger rig, formerly so well known in the Bay of Biscay and the British Channel was spread upon the life-like vessel, and bending gracefully under the influence of the gentle west wind, she took her course under a cloud of canvas for the shores of the Solway.

'Mr. Merrick,' said the captain to his first officer, 'I think we are likely to have trouble on this night's trip. I learn from trusty agents that intelligence has been lodged relative to the character of our swift-footed craft, and I fear there has been treachery aboard the Dolphin.'—So was the lugger named.

'I hardly think that, captain,' was the reply, 'though the crew have had full freedom on shore and have lately visited Carlisle and Keswick.'

'They know the rules of the ship, Mr. Merrick,' said the commander, sternly, and how treachery will be rewarded. Let the crew sleep with one eye open, sir, we may have work for them.'

The watch was set, while the remainder of the crew 'turned in all standing, which signifies in sea parlance with their clothes on, ready for prompt and immediate service. The cargo on board the craft that now rounded the mouth of the sheltering cove, was contraband and valuable, and the object of the commander was to land it safely and return again from the main land to the island before morning.

The lugger held on her course till rounding the nothern point of the island, when the captain who had not yet left the deck, discovered off his starboard bow, a vessel whose indistinct outlines, alone discernible in the darkness of the night, appeared to be those of a large craft; at the same moment the lookout forward, discovered and announced the stranger as a sloop of war under easy sail.

The course of the Dolphin was changed two or three points more northerly, in the hope of passing the strange sail at a distance as not to be noticed by her crew; the effort was successful, the commander of the sloop not expecting his prey at this hour, was not on the lookout for the smuggler. On board the well-regulated lugger all was silent as the night itself, while every sail expanded with the freshening breeze.

'Mr. Merrick,' said the captain, when silence was no longer necessary, 'pipe the crew to quarters, sir. I have a few words to say to them that may serve as a rough night cap for even these sea dogs.'

The wakeful crew, most of whom were already upon deck, having heard of the proximity of the stranger, gathered buietly aft near the sacred precincts of the quarter deck, where they stood with their hats off and their hair waving wildly in the night air. A well disciplined ship's crew look upon their captain with much the same respect as does a courtier upon his king, save that if possible, the former is most profound, as is the authority of his superior more absolute.

'My lads,' said the young commander, addressing his attentive crew, 'most of you saw that strange sail we passed within the last hour; do you know that nothing save treachery could have placed that vessel in the direct track of the Dolphin's night course?'

'It does look mighty 'spicious, your honor,' said an old seaman in the front rank of the crew, 'but shiver my timbers if I believe we've got anybody shipped aboard this ere craft but loves the saucy Dolphin and your honor too well to play them a scurvy trick.'

'There has been treachery I have said; is there one of my crew that can tell me its penalty aboard this ship?'

'Death at the yard arm, sounded from the deep guttural voices of the crew, who shrunk beneath the piercing eye of their captain.

'It is my duty,' said he, 'to watch over your interests and my own with a jealous eye. I never deceive you, my men; the traitor shall receive his punishment though I pursue him to the foot of the throne. Enough, to your duty.'

The hours passed on—the busy crew had landed the cargo, and in the hands of confidential agents, it was soon hidden from the most careful search of the revenue officers.

The greatest danger was yet to be encountered. The cargo landed, the lugger must again sail for the sheltering protection of the island, but the rising moon now threw its mellow and unwelcome light—unwelcome at least to those on board the Dolphin—across the heaving swells of the Irish Sea.

Hardly had the lugger got underweigh before the cruiser was again discovered lying nearly midway between the English coast and the Island; the course the Dolphin steered, and in fact the only route she could take, would bring her in full view of the cruiser, and within range of her guns. The captain of the lugger viewed the dilemma with calm and quiet countenance giving his orders in a tone that inspired those about him with fresh courage.—The two vessels were now fast nearing each other, when a hoarse hail came down across the water from the sloop—'what vessel is that?'

The captain of the lugger knowing that every moment he could gain in delay was of the utmost importance in the furtherance of his purpose to run the gauntlet of the cruiser's broadside, made a mumbling and inaudible reply through his trumpet, so that the query from the sloop was put, 'What answer do you make?'

The breeze still freshening drove the lugger, with her wide spread canvas, swiftly through the water. She was already nearly abreast of the cruiser who having tacked, now stood on the same course as her adversary.

'What vessel is that?' was the question again put from the commander of the sloop, to which he added, 'answer or I shall fire into you.'

No reply being made to this hail, the captain of the York, for so the cruiser was called, ordered a shot fired into the lugger, 'to wake her up,' as he observed; the ball passing thro' the white field of the mainsail struck the water far to the windward. The compliment was immediately returned from a heavy gun amidships of the lugger, the ball of which aimed by the hands of the captain himself, shot away the foretopmast of the York, which fell with all its hamper towards the deck—a fierce broadside from the cruiser followed this discharge, making sad havoc among the symmetrical rig of the Dolphin.

The armament of the lugger consisted of four small pieces of ordnance and one gun amidships, revolving upon a pivot, which was of superior metal to that of any gun aboard the York. From this instrument of death the missiles of destruction were so faithfully aimed that already had the foremast of the cruiser come lumbering upon her deck, confounding the crew, and greatly retarding the means of defense.—The York carried sixteen guns with a complement of about a hundred and fifty men. She was now unable for several moments to return the constant and destructive fire of the lugger, the wreck of the foremast having fallen along her larboard battery, being the side nearest the Dolphin. Both vessels were so cut up in their rigging as to make but little headway, and were now rising and falling on the swells of the sea within a few yards of each other.

Several of the heavy shots from the lugger had penetrated the York's side at the water line, and a large number of the crew of the latter vessel were piped to the pumps as the craft was fast making large quantities of water. At this moment, the eye of the smuggler captain rested upon the person of one of his own foremast men on board his enemy—the truth flashed in a moment across his mind; the *treachery* was accounted for and there stood the traitor. In an instant the grapnel irons were ordered to be thrown and the boarders piped to duty, a few hasty words from the commander of the Dolphin, sufficed to inform his followers that the traitor to the crew was on board the York, and headed by their brave and daring captain, the lugger's men leaped upon the cruiser's deck.

'Secure the traitor and back with you all,' cried the captain, pointing with one hand to the trembling villain who had betrayed them, while with the other he kept a score of men at bay with his flashing sword.

After securing their treacherous comrade, the Dolphin's crew retreated swiftly to their own vessel amid the astonishment of the crew of the York, who had been taken completely by surprise, the deed being accomplished in far less time than is required to relate its particulars.

Regaining his own deck, the captain of the lugger now backed his topsails, while those that remained to the York continued full; thus the two vessels parted. The Dolphin as she fell astern of her antagonist gave her one raking shot which did fearful havoc upon her deck. The captain of the cruiser was forced to make all speed for the shore, when the York was run aground in a sinking condition. Thus ended the fight between the lugger and the man-of-war, showing what cool courage and skill can accomplish against superior force.

The Dolphin sailed for the cove on the eastern side of the island, sorely shattered in hull

"Annette, my dear, what country is oppo-

A FEARFUL DISCOVERY, AND ITS RESULTS.

During any period of a battle the appearance of a new enemy in the field—no matter how insignificant that enemy may be—cannot fail of producing some effect upon the opposing party. Until the young hunter rushed forward from the gangway he had not been observed by the pirates, and as his first blow was aimed at their chieftain they were for a moment so startled that the points of their weapons were involuntarily allowed to drop. Orlando's blow had been calculated for an effective one, and the pirate chieftain fell beneath it never to rise again to earthly life. In a moment the buccaneers recovered their suspended senses, and two bright cutlasses gleamed at once above young Chester's head, but he was calm in his purpose of self-redemption, and his quick eye served him faithfully. With his own weapon, still red with the fallen chieftain's blood, he struck off the blow of the assailant upon the right, and with his ready pistol he shot the other through the head.

This feat of Orlando's, as terrible as it was unexpected, served a double purpose. It not only struck terror to the hearts of the pirates, but it also gave new courage to the crew of the brig. Nolan sprang forward to the youth's side—the rest followed his example, and with a loud shout of victory they set with almost demoniac bravery upon the enemy. Foot after foot did the pirates give up of their ground, as one after another of their number fell beneath the determined strokes of Orlando and his companions, until at length, with not over a dozen of them alive, they turned at the fore rigging, and leaped upon their own deck. Dick Nolan threw their grappling after them, and in a few minutes the brigantine's head swung off and she started away from the scene of her unsuccessful combat.

"Chester," said Nolan, as he grasped the young man by the hand, after the pirate was fairly off, "will you forgive me for the part I took against you? You've proved yourself a noble man, and I never could rest easy if I thought you'd laid up anything against me. Only say you'll pardon me."

"You have my pardon, fully and freely," replied the youth, as he returned the warm grip of the old sailor, "and now I trust I am at liberty at least, as much as the present confines of ship board will admit of."

"That you are, and if you desire it, the brig shall be at once put back," said Nolan.

"I could wish, at least, that you would land me as near Jamestown as possible."

"I don't know but we shall have to put back there at any rate. The captain and mate are both gone, and I don't much feel like putting the brig through to England myself."

The crew were loud and enthusiastic in their thanks to our hero; and from a doomed prisoner he found himself at once transformed into a hero and commander, for all hands expressed themselves ready to obey his wishes.

Upon examination it was found that eight of the crew had been killed, while two were so badly wounded that they were completely disabled, so there were only nine men, including Orlando, left for duty. The first thing done was to get the decks cleared of the dead, and though from the bosom of the victorious youth there issued a silent prayer for the souls of the departed, yet their bodies were consigned to the blue deep without any other ceremony than the lashing to the cold feet of a sinking weight. Then the brig was filled away, and after a short consultation her head was put back, the wind allowing her to lay, close-hauled, just up to her true course for the Chesapeake. The second mate knew but very little of navigation, so the command of the vessel was given, by unanimous consent, to Nolan.

As soon as the decks were washed, and the true course marked out, attention was turned to the moving of the two guns, but before they were got back to their respective places one of the men came running up from below, with his face all blanched with fear, and pointing down to his shoes, which were full of water, he exclaimed:

"We're sinking! See there—it's already over my shoes in the cabin!"

For a moment Nolan was horror-struck, but he soon regained his self-possession, and bidding the man at the wheel look well to his charge, he called upon the rest to follow him and hunt up the leaks.

As soon as the hatches were taken off, it was found that the water was already deep in the hold; and even Nolan started back aghast as he found that there was a shot-hole through the side of the brig, and that it was now over a foot below the water-line. He sprang back upon the deck, and having rigged the pumps, he set four of the men at work upon them, and with the rest he went again upon the search. In the excitement of their victory the men had entirely forgotten the shots they had received from the pirate, and now they found out their effects too late! Half the cargo in the hold was covered, and it soon became evident that there were other leaks than that on the side, and ere long they found that they had three more shot-holes in the larboard bow, through which the water was pouring in torrents.

An hour earlier the shot-holes might have been stopped, but now it was too late. With a fearful energy the men worked away at the pumps, but still the water gained upon them alarmingly, and upon sounding the well it was found that the intruding element had gained nearly two feet since the pumps were rigged!

"It's no use!" uttered Nolan, as the men let go of the pump-brakes in despair. "We might as well try to pump out the ocean."

"Then the brig must sink," said Orlando, in a half-inquiring tone.

"Yes, there is no help for it," returned Nolan, as he stepped to the main hatchway and looked once more into the hold.

"How long will she be able to float?" inquired the young hunter, over whose mind a new fear was beginning to creep.

"Not over an hour at the furthest," returned Nolan, "for the more water she takes in the faster she'll go."

The *pro tempore* commander knew that it would be useless to bestow any more time upon the pumps, so he turned his attention at once upon casting loose the long boat and rigging up the stay and yard burtons for hoisting her out. In half an hour the boat was safe alongside, and provisions and water enough for a fortnight's allowance were with considerable difficulty got out from the store-room and stowed away in her stern-sheets. The boat's mast was next stepped, with its sail brailed snugly up, the stays were hauled taut, and the jib rigged in its place. The men took with them such arms and ammunition as they could procure, besides the charts, compasses, quadrant, and other small articles of value that could be got at, then the two wounded men were assisted into the boat, and shortly afterwards Nolan and his companions followed.

All was now in readiness, and at the word from Nolan the painter was cast off, the boat's head shoved off, the sails loosened, and with a bound almost of animation, the frail bark started from the vessel's side. The sea was not very heavy, and the swells, though somewhat high, were long and steady. The young hunter cast his eyes back upon the brig, and a strange feeling of awe crept over his soul as he saw the heavy fabric reeling to and fro upon the verge of its grave. While yet he looked, the vessel rocked more heavily—then stood for a moment still, as if contemplating her doom—then a perceptible tremor shook her vast frame, and with one heavy throe she pitched forward, plunged her bows into the flood, and in a few moments more the blue water closed over her forever!

In half an hour after the men had taken the last look at their old ocean dwelling the dark curtain of night settled over the vast deep, and Nolan divided his men into watches, giving to the second mate the charge of one, while he took charge of the other, and after making arrangements for the course through the night, half of the men drew their blankets around them and laid down beneath the thwarts to seek repose for their weary limbs.

When the morning dawned, the wind, which had been comparatively low during the night, began to freshen, so much so that it was found necessary to take a reef in the mainsail, and as soon as this was accomplished Nolan and the mate distributed the morning's meal. While the men were engaged in eating their breakfast, one of them, who had stationed himself in the bows, uttered a sudden exclamation of joy, and as the boat rose upon the bosom of the next sea a sail was distinctly made out to the northward and eastward.

A new hope instantly sprang up in the bosom of the men, and putting up the helm they eased off the sheets and stood towards the discovered sail. The pistols were loaded, and one after another they were discharged into the air, with a sort of reckless hope that the sound might reach those who could save them. Nolan had stationed himself against the mast with a glass, and for a long time he gazed steadily upon the distant sail. The men watched his countenance as though it were an index to their prospects, and they hung upon each varying lineament of his features for the raising or the crushing of their hopes. At length the glass trembled in Nolan's hand, a shade of deep disappointment overspread his face, and with a groan he stepped down from the thwart.

"My men," said he, as he closed the glass, "she's steering from us, and is already more than hull down!"

The boat was once more hauled upon the wind, and with sad and heavy hearts the crew turned their eyes towards the point in the horizon where the object of their sudden hopes had disappeared. They were nearly five hundred miles from land, with nothing but a single inch of plank between themselves and eternity, a heavy sea running against them, and a prospect of having their provisions destroyed by the salt water that came dashing over the bows.

Hearts that had been tied to earth for years now began to turn towards a Power mightier than their own, for their own late conquering strength, and the weapons that lay about them, were utterly void against the relentless storm-god, and as they lay upon the bosom of the treacherous ocean the ill-fated men knew not how soon it might open its broad, deep grave to receive them!

If We Knew.

If we knew the clouds above us,
Held by gentle blessings there,
Would we turn away all trembling
In our blind and weak despair?
Would we shrink from little shadows
Lying on the dewy grass,
When 'tis only birds of Eden,
Just in mercy flying past?

If we knew the cares and crosses
Crowding round our neighbor's way,
If we knew the little losses,
Sorely grevious, day by day,
Would we then so often chide
For his lack of thrift and gain—
Leaving on his heart a shadow,
Leaving on our lives a stain?

If we knew the silent story
Quivering through the heart of pain,
Would our womanhood dare doom them
Back to haunts of guilt again?
Life hath many a tangled crossing,
Joy hath many a break of woe,
And the cheeks tear-washed are whitest;
This the blessed angels know.

Let us reach into our bosoms
For the key to other lives
And with love toward erring nature,
Cherish good that still survives;
So that when our disrobed spirits
Soar to realms of light again,
We may say, "Dear Father, judge us,
As we judge our fellow men."

A soldier of the Seventh Ohio, who was fighting during the close of the day on our left, had used up all his caps, and asked a man by his side to let him have part of his. The reply was that he had no more than he needed himself. With that a poor wounded rebel, no doubt a conscripted Union man, exclaimed, 'Boys, I've got caps,' and running his feeble hand into his pocket pulled out what he had, and handed them to the federal soldier. 'Now, boys,' said he, 'can't you give me some water!'

Unfortunately, their canteens were empty, and they had none to give. 'Well,' he exclaimed, 'won't you raise up my head and place something under it, for it seems too low.' In the midst of the fight the soldier raised up the dying man's head, and made him as comfortable as he could, then went on in the discharge of his duty

SION OF A REBEL OFFICER.—When ce espouse a cause, I know it is gen- considered weak-minded to desert it, or don it. But men of sense, when con- nced of an error, will always repent and make amends so far as in them lies. I es- poused the cause of the rebellion in May, 1861; served as an officer in the Confederate army to the best of my ability until Septem- ber, 1862, when I was put under arrest by or- der of Gen. Van Dorn, and held as a prisoner till the second of last month. Notwithstand- ing I demanded an investigation of the charges time and again, it was refused. I urged a trial last month, through the medium of in- fluential friends, and the charges were investi- gated on the second of last month. I was ex- onerated and reinstated, sent to Avery's Is- land, on Vermillion Bay, to picket the roads and bay, and I deserted the command on the 11th, and reached the lines of the United States forces on the 22d or 23d, or thereabout. I know that I will be looked upon and treated with contempt by those whose sympathies are still with the rebels. Let it be so; I am pre- pared to meet their cold, icy looks, and to treat them with as much respect as I consider the cause to which they cling entitles them.

I have done what I did, after mature delib- eration. I became convinced that I had em- barked in a bad cause; and after I was excul- pated of the charges against me, I considered I had a right to act for myself. I enlisted in the rebellion against the earnest entreaties of my parents, and left my dear mother in tears when I left for the rebel army. Oh! that I had taken her counsel, and not waded through her tears to the execution of a deed that I shall ever repent. But I think the adage is exem- plified in this case—that experience is a dear school, but fools will learn in no other.

The trans-Mississippi Department, com- manded by Gen. E. Kirby Smith, is conquer- ed to-day. 'Tis true they may fall back into Texas, and make a show of resistance—for, indeed, it will only be a show—till they reach the mountainous regions in Western Texas, where they will keep up a bushwhacking war- fare, till a want of the necessaries of life will, in one year, compel them to sue for peace, and be willing to take it upon the terms of the United States government, let them be what they may. A large majority of the Louisiana volunteers, commanded by Brig. Gen. A. Mouton and Green and Spait, will never cross Sabine river to go into Texas. I will stake my existence upon it, that two- thirds of Taylor's army deserts him before he gets into Texas.

There is a great disaffection among the citi- zens of the country, who, previous to the Emancipation Proclamation of the President of the United States, were good secessionists, are now as good Union men as they were rebels. They saw plainly that by complying with the proclamation that the war could be brought to a speedy close, and the further ef- fusion of blood evaded. But, ah! why did not the people of the rebel States comply? Gladly would seven-eighths of the non-slaveholding population have complied; but a proposition, or hint, of such a thing from any person, would have been the signal of death to him or her without ceremony.

I assert, positively, that it is not the fault of the citizens of the States in rebellion that the war is not ended, and the Union reconstruct- ed. Twelve months ago, if the voters of the rebel States could have gone to the polls and voted their sentiments perfectly untammeled, they would have voted reconstruction by two- thirds majority. The United States govern- ment should wage a war of extermination against them, and never lay down the sword till Jeff. Davis, with every other leader of this rebellion, may be seen dangling from the limbs of trees at the end of a rope. I have witnes- ed scenes in the Confederate army, perpetrated upon the helpless and the unoffending Con- federate soldiers, that would make infamy itself blush. When Gen. Taylor retreated from the Teche last summer, (or the latter part of last spring, I believe,) there was scarce- ly a farm-house on the line of march but what bore ocular proof of the depredations of Sib- ley's men; and the only excuse they gave for robbing the citizens was, that they did not want to leave it for the Yankees.

They even went so far as to shoot cattle down on the prairie and leave them lying to be eaten by buzzards. I saw a Texas soldier shoot a soldier's wife's cow in her yard, and it was the only one she had—and because she remonstrated, set her house on fire and turned her and her little ones out doors.

Who, I ask, is responsible for all this?—Echo answers, Jeff. Davis & Co., and the ghosts of thousands of helpless women and children and poor deluded soldiers, will loom up before him in the day of judgment, and point their long skeleton fingers towards his naked spirit, and enumerate the sufferings and insults which he caused them in this world—and the testimony will sink him deeper and deeper into his Satanic Majesty's den, till the creakings of the fastenings will die away in the distance.

The stronghold of the Western rebel forces is Galveston, and it is nothing to compare with those at Vicksburg and Port Hudson; and, indeed, they may be forced to evacuate Gal- veston without firing a gun. If Gen. Banks penetrates Texas from the east towards Hous- ton as far as the Naches or Trinity river, Ma- gruder will fall back to Houston. The sup- plies of the Colorado river cut off from the Confederate army, they are lost. A want of clothing, provisions and money has completely demoralized the trans-Mississippi Department. I am aware that I will be stigmatized as a de- serter. Let it be so; I am prepared to stem the storm of sneers and cross looks of those who were once my friends. I am here without money and without good clothes; but, let come what will, I am determined to lend all the aid in my power to quash the rebellion, and re- store the Union as it was, save the institution of slavery. I know if I should be so unfortu- nate as to fall into the hands of the rebels, they will show me no quarter; consequently, when they get me, they will get only my dead body.

I am ready and willing to go wherever I may, in the judgment of the General com- manding, be most useful, and I am determin- ed, let others do as they may, to serve the United States government to the best of my ability. And when I shall fall, I hope it may not be till I have wiped the stain from the Stars and Stripes I have put upon it, by being so silly as to be blinded with what the South- ern demagogues say about our wrongs. If slavery is the cause of our family quarrels and dissensions, do away with it, for God's sake; the sooner the better.

I give you these as a few of my reasons for deserting the rebel army. There are those who may discard me from our former friend- ship on account of the course I have pursued; if so, I say go to the rebel army, and meet me on the prairies of Texas, and we will settle all

A FISH NET BLANKET.—In Artemas Ward's inimitable lecture on Ghosts, he tells of an absurd man who wouldn't have any glass in his windows—he thought the sash would be enough, as it would keep out the coarsest of the cold. This reminds a correspondent of a story that old Parson H., of P. used to tell of his experience of the cold on the night of marriage. They went on a "*bridle tower*" to his cousin's down on the shore of Connecticut, and spent the night, which was one of the coldest of the season, and being put into a cold, spare room, they suffered severely. Af- ter a while his wife asked him to get up and see if he couldn't find something more to put on the bed. After diligent search he could find nothing but his and his wife's clothing, which he gathered up and packed upon the bed, and got in and tried it again, but still they "grew *no warmer* very fast," and his wife begged of him to get up and search about and see if anything more could be found, and sug- gested that there might possibly be something in a closet, in one corner of the room; so he went and examined the closet and reported to his wife that an old fish net was the only thing he could find. "Well, my dear," said she, "put it on, put it on, that will tangle the cold a little."

WHITTLING A USEFUL INVENTION.—In read- ing, recently, a detailed statement of the cap- ture of Fort Pulaski by our troops, on the 11th of April, 1862, we learned that whittling was turned to good account. Late at night, (the engagement was to begin early next morning,) Lieut. Porter visited all our bat- teries to see that everything was ready for the opening of the great drama. Many little items were found to be needed, and were promptly provided. At the 10-inch mortar battery, fuse-plugs were still wanting and there were none to be had. The ordnance officer had brought up a supply, but they were prepared for another piece, and were of no use. Here then, were four pieces, in the most advanced position, which would be use- less—and fire was to be opened at daylight.—The officer was in despair—until a happy thought struck him; there was a Yankee reg- iment on the island—all Yankees are whittlers—and if that regiment could be turned out at once, and set to *work* at their favorite *pas- time*, they could whittle out a supply of plugs before daylight. Porter immediately put spurs to his horse, and made furiously to camp "The Sixth Connecticut was ordered out to whittle, and *did* whittle to advantage, provid- ing all the plugs that were used in the battery Totten on two succeeding days"—until Pulas- ki pulled down the rebel flag, and passed again under the shadow of the Stars and Stripes.

What Young People Should Know.

The best inheritance that people can leave their children, is the ability to help themselves. This is better than a hundred thousand dollars apiece. In any trouble or difficulty, they will have two excellent servants ready, in the shape of their two hands. Those who can do nothing, and have to be waited on, are helpless, and easily disheartened at the misfortunes of life. Those who are active and hardy meet troubles with a cheerful face, and soon surmount them. Let young people, therefore, learn to do as many different things as possible.

Every farmer's boy should know how sooner or later:

1. To dress himself, black his own shoes, cut his brother's hair, wind a watch, sew on a button, make a bed, and keep all his clothes in perfect order.

2. To harness a horse, grease a wagon, and drive a team.

3. To carve, and wait on the dinner table.

4. To milk the cows, shear the sheep, and dress a veal or a mutton.

5. To reckon money, and keep ac- counts accurately, and according to good book-keeping rules.

6. To write a neat, appropriate, brief- ly expressed business letter, in a good hand, and fold and subscribe it properly.

7. To plow, sow grain and grass seed, drive a mowing machine, swing a scythe, build a stack and a load of hay.

8. To put up a package, build a fire, whitewash a wall, mend broken tools, and regulate a clock.

There are many other things which render boys more useful to themselves and others—these are merely a specimen. But the young man who can do all these things well, and who is ready at all times to assist others, will command far more respect and esteem than if he knew mere- ly how to drive fast horses, smoke cigars, play cards, and talk nonsense to foolish young ladies at parties.

"I have the good fortune to report to you the destruction of the rebel schooner Isabel this A. M., about 2 o'clock, by Acting Master's Mate N. M. Dyer, of this vessel. Agreeably with the permission of Capt. Goldsborough I sent the second cutter with nine armed men in charge of Mr. Dyer close to the Swash channel and give due warning of any vessel attempting to run in or out. At 11 P. M. Mr. Dyer made a vessel close under Fort Morgan, and think- ing she was on her way out he laid quietly watching her. Seeing no movement on her part, he pulled cautiously in, trying to get in shore, but run upon a hawser, which was run to the shore from her, concluded that she was aground and had been so for some time. He then boarded her, taking her crew completely by surprise, and capturing her. Her captain with six men and her papers in an armed launch from the shore had just left her to go for a steamer and assistance.

"Finding it impossible to get her off, and seeing the captain coming to her rescue, Mr. Dyer removed the prisoners, papers, &c., and set fire to her. As she burned but slowly, he returned to her, and knocking in the heads of the barrels of turpentine, again fired her, and came off to this vessel, leaving her in flames. For his coolness and efficiency in the above transaction, Com. Farragut, at the suggestion of Lieut. Jewett, has promoted Master's Mate Dyer to Acting Ensign, subject to the appro- val of the Department.

"Annetta, my dear, what country is oppo-

A beautiful Indian summer day, in the autumn of 1844, a stranger appeared in the streets of Hanover, N. H., whose garb bespoke the utmost poverty and destitution. As he staggered along, he was surrounded by a crowd of village boys, who amused themselves by insulting him with coarse jests and personal indignities. He bore their abuse with exemplary patience, and begged them to wait till he felt a little better, and he would sing them a fine song. His voice was thick with unnatural excess, and he was too weak to protect himself from the rude jostling of the crowd; yet he smiled on his tormentors, and exhibited no other sense of his helpless and forlorn condition than a look of grief and shame which, despite his efforts and smiles, would occasionally overspread his countenance. Late in the afternoon, the writer, then a student, passed in company with a friend, when our attention was arrested by a voice of unusual power and beauty, singing that favorite national song of France 'La Parisienne.' As he proceeded, a great number of students from college gathered around him and at the conclusion, an involuntary expression of delight broke from the entire mass. He was enthusiastically encored, and afterwards the Marseillaise was called for. The same rich, clear voice rang out that wild melody in the very words which are wont to arouse the spirit of the French soldier to frenzy. The admiration of the poor inebriate's auditory was now raised to the highest pitch. Despite his tattered and filthy garments, his squalid beard and brimless hat, now that the fumes of liquor had subsided, his form appeared symmetrical and manly, and his face glowing with the sentiments of the patriotic song, and flushed with excitement at the unexpected praise he was winning, assumed an expression of intelligence and joy that beautifully set off his really fine features. 'What and who is the stranger?' was the universal inquiry. His singing is incomparable, and his French and English are both faultless.

'Yes,' said he, dropping his eyes, 'and I can give you German, or Spanish, or Italian as well, or Latin or Greek either,' he added, carelessly. In reply to the many questions that were showered upon him with the coin he so much seemed to need, he at length said in a sad tone, and slowly endeavoring to push his way through the crowd, 'Gentlemen, I am a poor vagabond, entirely unworthy of your kind sympathy. Leave me to my rags and wretchedness, and I will go on my way.' But our curiosity was too much excited to allow this, and amid loud cheers we escorted him to a room, where he was furnished with water and an entire suit of good clothes, the barber's art was put in requisition, and after an incredibly short time, re-appeared upon the college steps, smiling and bowing gracefully, a man of fine appearance and noble bearing as ever eyes beheld. The delight of the crowd at this transformation was intense, and repeated shouts rent the air. 'Give us La Parisienne,' echoed from all sides, and as soon as silence could be obtained, again that clear, rich voice uttered those inspiring words—

"Peuble Francaise, peuple de braves
La Liberte rouvre ses bras."

He was conducted to the spacious chapel, and there for two hours he held an audience of one thousand people spell-bound by one of the most interesting autobiographies that it was ever our lot to hear. Born in Paris, of wealthy parents, he had in early life been thoroughly educated at the university of Wittenburg, and received the master's degree. He soon after joined the fortunes of Napoleon, and with the rank of lieutenant, was with him during all the campaigns in Egypt, in Italy, in Austria, in Russia, and at Waterloo. He had been engaged in more than seventy battles. His account of scenes in these battles, and his description of places and cities were expressed in choice and graphic terms, and on being compared with history, were found to correspond in every particular. He related many unwritten and curious incidents in the life of Napoleon, which had come under his observation, and finally closed with a touching account of his own career after the battle of Waterloo. In the terrible rout that followed that memorable event his detachment was chased by a body of Prussian huzzars, and becoming scattered in the night, he wandered for three days in the woods and by-places without food or drink.

The chase being at length given over, the poor Frenchman sank down weary and sick with his wounds, and ready to die by the roadside. A humane Dutch girl, discovering him in this situation, brought him refreshments and cordials, among the latter a flask of brandy.

'Here,' said the old soldier, 'was the beginning of my woes. That angel of mercy, with the best of motives, brought me in that flask a deadly foe, which was to prove more potent for evil to me than all the burning toils of the Egyptian campaign, or the intolerable frosts and snows of the Russian; more fatal than the cannon of seventy battles; which created in me a thirst more insatiable than that which forced me to open my veins on the desert sands of the East. Till that day I had never tasted strong drink. I had uttered a vow in my youth to abstain from it, and to that vow I owed my life, for not one of all my comrades who indulged in the use of it survived the horrors of the Egyptain campaign.

'But as I lay in anguish, longing for death, and momentarily expecting its approach, a sweet face appeared to me, wearing an expression of deep pity and sympathy for my sufferings, and I could but accept, without inquiry, whatever she gave. She gently raised my head, and wiped with her kerchief the dampness from my brow, and administered the cordial to my lips. It revived me. I looked around; my courage, my love of life returned. I poured forth my gratitude in burning words, and called down the blessings of Heaven upon her. Ignorant of what it was that so suddenly inspired me, as soon as my spirits flagged, I called for more. I drank again and again.—For three weeks her loved voice soothed me, and her kind hand administered to my wants.

'As soon as my strength was sufficiently recovered, fearing that some enemy might still be lurking near, I bade her adieu with many thanks and tears, sought the seaside, and embarked as a common sailor on the first vessel that offered, and have followed the sea ever since. My fatal thirst has ever accompanied me and cursed me; in port and on deck this foe has debased, and kept me from all chance of promotion. Oh, how often have I in the depths of my heart wished I had died on the field of Waterloo, or breathed out my life in the arms of my gentle preserver. Six weeks ago I was wrecked on the packet ship Clyde, off the coast of New Brunswick. I have wandered on foot through Canada, and New Hampshire, singing for a few pennies, or begging my bread, till I met your sympathy to-day. How do these college halls and this noble band of noble students recall to my recollection the scenes of former years.'

The emotions of the stranger for a moment overcame his voice, when he resumed, the tears still coursing each other down his cheek:

'I know not why God should direct my steps hither, but, gentleman, this shall be the beginning of a new life to me, and here, in His presence, and that of these witnesses, I swear, as I hope to meet you in Heaven, never to taste a drop of alcohol in any form again.'

Prolonged and deafening cheers followed these words, and I noticed many a moist eye. A collection was immediately made, and more than fifty dollars were put into his hands. As he ascended the coach to take his departure, he turned to the excited mulitude who surrounded him, and said:

'It is but justice that you should know my name. I am Lieut. Lannes, nephew of the great Marshal Lannes. May God bless you all—farewell!'

As those youths thoughtfully returned to their accustomed pursuits, not a few resolved, in their deepest souls, that temperance and virtue should ever mark their character, and that the soldier's vow should be theirs

With features weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
Jeff. Davis sat in his chair,
Holding his aching head;
Sadness, sorrow and gloom,
And remorse, like a frightful elf,
Were racking his fevered brain,
And thus he talked to himself.

"O God! that I might once more
But feel as I used to feel,
Before vile treason stained my soul,
And made my brain to reel;
O, but for one short day,
A respite, however brief,—
But ah, there is none for me,
My time is filled with grief.

"I once stood high as a man,
With prospects bright as the sun,
Respected at home and abroad,
But alas! I now am undone.
Must infamy cover my name,
Or blur it on history's page,—
To be read with loathing and scorn,
Classed with traitors of ev'ry age?

"I see the future all dark,
No star cheers the hideous night;
Vicksburg and Hudson are gone,
Our armies are seized with affright.
Rebellion's a terrible thing,—
This treason I see will not do;
I hoped it might make me a king,
But a scaffold I now have in view!

"Besides, to hear the sad wail
Of widows, and orphan's cry,
And sorrow's dark, piteous tale,
And want's deep moaning sigh,—
Is enough, I do declare,
To make the stoutest weep;—
Alas! that bread is so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap!

"'Twere better to be a slave
To some hard, barbarous Turk;
Or, be ter to be in my grave,
Than to lead in this horrible work.
My constituents, young and old,
Find fault, and grumble, and swear,
And curse me for every loss,—
O, it's more than I can bear.

"Demoralization and want,
On every side I meet;—
Desertions are thinning our ranks,
There's nothing ahead but defeat.
The North, with an iron will,
Responds to Freedom's call,—
The pressure we never can stand,—
Before it Rebellion must fall.

"Our finance is sinking apace
Our means are near at an end,—
Our credit—alas! we have none,
And nothing on which to depend.
Alarming and sad is our state,
King Cotton bows to the blockade,—
We are gone as certain as fate,
If France doesn't come to our aid.

"Defeat, and ruin, and want,
Show their teeth with a horrid grin,—
The Devil's rebellion did not
Involve a more devilish sin.
I'm troubled far worse than was Cain,—
Things have come to a terrible pass;
And I fear—to speak candid and plain,—
Abe Lincoln will hang me at last!"

"Sam," said an interesting young mother to her youngest hopeful, "do you know what the differenbe is between the body and the soul? The soul, my child, is what you love with, the body carries you about. This is your body, (touching the little fellow's shoulder's and arms,) but ther is something deeper in, you can feel it now. What is that?"—"Oh! I know," said Sam, with a flush of intelligence in his eyes, "that's my flannel shirt.

We heard a dozen men complain,
When Wednesday it began to rain;
Just as before when it was dry,
They mourned a drouth with many a sigh,
And seemed most strangely to forget
That water generally is wet!
If all men's prayers were heard together
The world would have the queerest weather.

"My mill stands still!—oh Lord give rain!"
"My grain is down—oh Lord refrain!"
"My corn is parched!"—"ah, Susan's bonnet—
"Don't let a drop of water on it!"
"Oh, not to-day, our washing's out!"
"Roll up, ye clouds, I go for trout."
"The hen's come off—the brood is drowned!"
"Ah, let it pour!" my boat's aground!"

So, 'mid the murmurs of the world,
The clouds like banners are unfurled,
The rains descend, the bow is bent,
The sky smiles clear, God's azure tent;
Sweet springs and robins sing together,
And, rain or shine, 'tis pleasant weather;
The sower's hopeful seed is flung,
And harvest songs are always sung.

In the rolling mill of the Old Colony Iron Works, at East Taunton, on Saturday, by the falling of a small cog upon the fly-wheel, twenty feet in diameter, in rapid motion, the latter was broken into fragments, one of which, weighing some fifteen hundred pounds, was hurled through the roof, and fell into the street, fortunately without injury to anybody.

...hey lived and loved together,
...their wigwam—happy twain!
And Weenona's song of gladness
Echoed thro' the hills again.

In the Valley of Wyoming,
Years agone, one lovely night,
Languished gentle, young Weenona,
And her spirit took its flight.
Soon her husband followed after,
To the Silent Land of Shades;
Nevermore their songs of gladness
Echoed thro' the valley-glades.
Near the river, where a willow,
Weeping, droops o'er grassy mound,
There they laid the Indian lovers—
Sacred be that spot of ground.
In the charming "Vale of Waters,"
There is our Weenona's grave;
Underneath the fringing osiers,
By the blue and shining wave.
And the violet lifts its head
O'er the long-forgotten dead!

A very interesting narrative of the loss of this ship and the consequent sufferings of the crew, was published a few years since, to which I refer such of your readers as are not already familiar with the details of that catastrophe. In the following account I shall confine myself to only a few of the events consequent upon the singular accident which occasioned the loss of the Essex.

The ship Essex, Capt. George Pollard, sailed from Nantucket 12th of August, 1819, on a whaling voyage to the Pacific Ocean.—Her crew consisted of 21 men, 14 of whom were white, mostly belonging to Nantucket; the remainder were blacks. On the 20th of November, 1820, in lat. 0 40 S, lon. 119 W, a school of whales was discovered, and in pursuing them the mate's boat was stove, which obliged him to return to the ship, when they commenced repairing the damage. The captain and second mate were left with their boats pursuing the whales. During this interval the mate discovered a large spermaceti whale near the ship, but not suspecting the approach of any danger it gave him no alarm until they saw the whale coming with full speed towards them. In a moment they were astonished by a tremendous crash. The whale had struck the ship a little forward of the fore chains. It was some minutes before the crew could recover from their astonishment so far as to examine whether any damage had been sustained. They then tried the pumps, and found that the ship was sinking. A signal was immediately set for the boats. The whale now appeared again, making for the ship, and coming with great velocity, with the water foaming around him, he struck the ship a second blow, which nearly stove in her bows. There was now no hope of saving the ship, and the only course to be pursued was to prepare to leave her with all possible haste. They collected a few things, hove them into the boat, and shoved off. The ship immediately fell upon one side and sunk to the water's edge. When the captain's and second mate's boats arrived such was the consternation that for some time not a word was spoken. The danger of their situation aroused them as from a terrific dream, to a no less terrific reality. They remained by the wreck two or three days, in which time they cut away the masts, which caused her to right a little. Holes were then cut in the deck, by which means they obtained about 600 pounds of bread, and as much water as they could take, besides other articles likely to be of use to them. On the 22d of Nov. they left the ship with a gloomy prospect before them as can well be imagined. The nearest land was about one thousand miles to the windward of them; they were in open boats, weak and leaky, with a very small pittance of bread and water for the support of so many men during the time they must necessarily be at sea. Sails had been prepared for the boats before leaving the ship, which proved of material benefit. They steered southerly by the wind, hoping to fall in with some vessel, but in this they were disappointed. After being in their boats twenty-eight days, experiencing many sufferings by gales of wind, want of water and scanty provisions, they arrived at Dacres' Island, in lat. 24 40 S. lon. 124 40 S, where they were disappointed in not finding a sufficiency of any kind of food for so large a company to subsist on.—Their boats, being very weak and leaky, they were hauled on shore and repaired. They found a gentle spring of fresh water, flowing out of a rock at about half ebb of the tide, from which they filled their kegs. Three of the men chose to stay on the island, and take their chance for some vessel to take them off.

On the 27th of Dec. they left this Island and steered for Easter Island, but passed it far to the leeward. They then directed their course to Juan Fernandez, which was about twenty-five hundred miles E. S. E. from them. On the 10th of Jan., 1821, Matthew P. Joy, the 2d mate, died, and his body was launched into the deep. His constitution was slender, and it was supposed that his sufferings, though great, were not the immediate cause of his death. On the 12th the mate's boat separated from the other two, and did not fall in with them afterwards.—The situation of the mate and his crew became daily more and more distressing. The weather was mostly calm, the sun hot and scorching. They were growing weaker by want of food, and yet, such was their distance from land, they were obliged to lessen their allowance nearly one-half. On the 20th a black man died. On the 28th they found on examination, that their allowance, only one and a half ounces of bread per day to a man, would be exhausted in fourteen days; and that this allowance was not sufficient to sustain life.

Heard you not the din of battle,
Cannon's roar, and musket's rattle,
Clash of sword, and shriek of shell,
Victor's shout, and vanquished yell?

Saw you not yon scene of slaughter,
Human blood poured out like water;
Northern valor, Southern pride,
Stern resolve on either side?

Cheering on his flagging men,
Rallying to the charge again,
Comes a bullet, charged with grief,
Strikes the brave Confederate chief.

Down he falls, amid the strife,
Horses trampling out his life:
Scarce can his retreating force
Find and save his mangled corse.

Home they bore him to his mother—
He was all she had—none other:
Woful mother! who can borrow
Words to paint her frantic sorrow.

As she mourned her slaughtered brave,
Came and spake her aged slave;
Came and spake, with solemn brow:
"Massa, we is even, now.

I had ten, and you had one;
Now we're even—all are gone;
Not one left to bury either—
Slave and mistress mourn together.

Every one of mine you sold—
Now your own lies stark and cold:
To the just Avenger bow—
Missis! I forgive you *now*."

Thus she spoke, that sable mother;
Shuddering, quailed and crouched the other.
Yea! although it tarry long,
PAYMENT SHALL BE MADE FOR WRONG.



"Annette, my dear, what country is oppo-

New York, Oct. 24.—The steamer McClellan has arrived from the Southwest Pass 14th, and Fort Pickens 15th. The McClellan brings reliable accounts of the fight at the mouth of the Mississippi.

The rebel fleet consisted of six gunboats, the ram Manassas, and a large number of fire ships, which filled the river from shore to shore.

Our squadron comprised the Richmond, Huntsville, Water Witch, Preble and Vincennes and storeship Nightingale. They were at anchor inside of the South West Pass.

The Manassas drifted foul of the Richmond, knocking a hole in her quarter and stern, doing but little damage.

To avoid the fire ships the squadron got under weigh immediately and drifted down the river. The Richmond, Preble, Vincennes and Nightingale got ashore on the bar, and while ashore were attacked by the rebels.

Only one of their shots took effect, and that struck the Richmond on the quarter. They were beaten off by the Vincennes with two guns, she having thrown overboard the rest of her armament, with her chains, anchors, &c., to lighten her, she being much exposed to the rebel fire. Not one person was killed or wounded in the squadron.

The Richmond, Preble, and Vincennes were towed off the next day by the McClellan. The Nightingale was still ashore, but probably got off the next day.

Details of the fight at Santa Rosa Island say the enemy's force was 1500 strong. They landed on the island from three steamers, four miles above Wilson's camp. It was about two o'clock in the morning and very dark. They [illegible] formed in three columns and proceeded [illegible]ward the Zouave camp, hoping to ef[illegible] surprise.

[illegible]ere but partially successful. The [illegible]d, about 600 yards off, discovered [illegible]pon them, which gave the alarm and [illegible] regiment from annihilation. The [illegible] enemy's columns was simultane[illegible]y after volley was aimed upon [illegible] were forced to fall back, [illegible] the hands of the rebels, [illegible]ed burning.

[illegible] by this time thoroughly [illegible]mpanies of regulars came [illegible] The rebels retreated to [illegible] followed by the regulars [illegible]r of volunteers, who kept [illegible] upon them, killing and [illegible]mber. The rebels finally [illegible]t their steamers were [illegible] the beach, and our men [illegible]ve into the crowded mass. [illegible]nd by the shouts and [illegible] evident we had [illegible] their insult to [illegible]ved nobly. The [illegible]d, and Col. Wilson [illegible]a inefficiency. He [illegible]as over.

[illegible]llan [illegible] arri[illegible]

[illegible] and Stuff were furnished [illegible] make their escape, but the gal[illegible] Colonel refused it, and gave orders to use it for conveying the wounded across the river. It was filled with wounded, who reached the Maryland shore in safety, and this gallant and humane Massachusetts officer was taken a prisoner.

Of the pictures Time's hand claims,
Of the pictures Memory frames,
None to me are half so blest
As this from the far Southwest—
As this one of laughing eyes,
April flowers, and April skies.

Forest such as forests are,
In the Southwest land afar;
Trees, apart full many a rod,
No rank weeds, but greenest sod,
More like meadow land, yet made
Prettier by grateful shade.

Hills aslant towards a brink
Where fierce waters rise and sink;
Verdure-robed and flower-crowned
Sloping dell and rising mound;
Logs, moss-cushioned, for a seat,
Beckoning to you retreat.

Winds, that lull the mind to calm,
Such as move the leaves of Palm,
'Mong the leaves at hide and seek,
Kissing hard and downy cheek,
Bending but the slender flower,
Trembling at its own weak power.

Sky—ah! such a sky as this!
Wakens dreams of wayward bliss!
Such as one the lover hails,
Wandering through Italia's vales;
Through such fit bright fairy doves,
'Neath such bloom rich orange groves.

Happy four we were, and gay,
Gathered there that April day,
April now three years agone,
Seeming but as yestermorn!
Ah! how in Life's foreground shine
Scenes we loved in "Auld Lang Syne!

Cynthia, with dark eyes and hair,
Sported, careless, here and there,
Sang gay ditties, hummed sweet airs—
Crushed she too, ah! unawares,
Many blossoms, fair and bright,
'Neath her feet, in early blight.

Other blossoms, many said,
She, too, crushed beneath her tread—
Flowers so tenderly upreared,
Flowers so hollily revered,
Which from human hearts upgrew;
Carelessly were they crushed, too.

Mary—ah! that name so blessed,
Name by angels pure caressed!
Mary, gentle, sweet and fair,
Eyes of blue, and golden hair,
Scarcely stirred the afternoon—
Sat and hummed a low love-tune.

But she sat there not alone,
Humming in that low love-tone;
Sang she, too, to other ears,
Than her own of seventeen years;
She her songs, so gay, yet low,
Sang to him beside her—Joe!

Gallant Joe! the village pride,
For him all the girls had sighed,
Sighed and set their caps with grace,
Wreathed with smiles each pretty face
Praised his steady-brown eyes and hair,
Praised his skin, than some less fair.

I, whom all termed strange and cold,
Some said crazy, young, yet old,
Acted strangely, wildly gay,
Like a kitten lost at play;
Watched the scene so gay, so fair,
Builded castles, light, of air.

But light winds soon swept away
All my castles, brightly gay;
Only one was left to view,
Builded 'twas of gold and blue;
I, in watching happy Joe,
Burned for one to love *me* so!

When we all had tired of play,
Forming nosegay, wreath, bouquet,
Fruits from North and tropic land
Wilder made our quartette band,
Till, ere we had ceased our fun,
Eve had claimed the glowing sun

Years have came and passed since then,
Flitted snow-bird, robin, wren;
And that April quartette, gay,
From those scenes is far away.
Cynthia, Mary, Joe and I,
Were we now beneath that sky

Of the pictures Time's hand claims
Of the pictures Memory frames,
None to me are half so blest
As this from the far Southwest,—
As this one of laughing eyes,
April flowers and April skies!

The links of fifty golden years
Reach to the golden ring
Which now with glad and grateful tears
We celebrate and sing,
O chain of love! O ring of gold!
That have the years defied;
And still in happy bondage hold
The old man and his bride!

The locks are white that once were black
The sight has feebler grown;
But through the long and weary track
The heart has held its own!
O chain of love! O ring of gold!
That time could not divide;
That kept through changes manifold
The old man and his bride!

The little ones have come and gone;
The old have passed away;
But love—immortal love—lives on,
And blossoms 'mid decay.
O chain of love! O ring of gold!
That have the years defied,
And still with growing strength unfold,
The old man and his bride!

The golden bridal! ah, how swee:
The music of its bell,
To those whose hearts the vows repeat
Their lives have kept so well!
O chain of love! O ring of gold!
O marriage true and tried!
That bind with tenderness untold
The old man and his bride!

We give you joy, dear, precious friend!
The heartiest we can give,
For when life's loving journey ends
There'll still be life to live!
O streets of gold! O harps of gold!
O love beautified!
Joined in a heavenly home, behold
The old man and his bride!





'Tis midnight deep,—the storm is loud,
And wild the gale is roaring;
And from a dark and watery cloud,
Impetuous rain is pouring.
No star to gild the threatening sky
With cheerful light is gleaming;
But bright from yonder beacon high,
The watch tower light is streaming.

And though the night is dark and drear,
And though the storm grows wilder,
That light the gathering gloom can cheer,
And make its terrors milder.
It shines like youth's unclouded dreams
When hope and joy are beaming,
And bright as truth's unsullied beams,
The watch tower light is streaming.

So on life's dark tempestuous way,
Where pain and bliss are twining,
May holy heaven's unclouded ray
On us be ever shining;
And blest religion's tranquil light
Be ever round us beaming,
As o'er this dark and dreary night
The watch tower light is streaming.

Hail, thou bright majestic river,
Sporting with the summer gale;
Where the sunshine-arrows quiver
In the peaceful, smiling vale!
Here once dwelt an Indian maiden,
Fair Weenona! blithe and free;
And her step was like a sunbeam
Dancing o'er the playful sea.

Young and handsome was Weenona,
Light and graceful as a fawn;
And her cheeks vied with the roses,
With the crimson blush of morn.
Like the dew-stars' brilliant sparkle
From their jeweled realms of light,
Were her eyes; her silken tresses,
Like the darkness of the night.

One there was, an Indian warrior,
And the red men called him "King!"
He had seen the queenly maiden—
Heard the young Weenona sing.
One bright evening she sat musing
Near her wigwam—in a dream;
While the star beams shone above her,
While she sat there by the stream,—
Suddenly there stood before her,
One she loved—Chief of the braves:
"Fair Weenona, has Abankee
Dipped his paddle in these waves?"
"Ay, he has," she softly answered—
"Ha—the villain!" and he frowned,
Darkly as the storm-cloud's threat'ning,
Ere the rain-drops pierce the ground.

Clearly shone the moon above them,
Near them rocked their light canoe;
"Let us fly!" Weenona whispered;
"Brave King, I will follow you!"
Like an arrow from its quiver,
Swift they sped adown the stream;
Ah, they saw not their pursuers,
Nor the tomahawk's pale gleam!
O'er the cataract's mad waters,
Thro' its white and seething foam,
They were wafted safely onward,
To their far off forest-home.

Blaze, with your serried columns!
I will not bend the knee;
The shackles ne'er again shall bind
The arm which now is free.
I've mailed it with the thunder,
When the tempest muttered low;
And where it falls, ye well may dread
The lightning of its blow.

I've scared ye in the city,
I've scalped ye on the plain;
Go, count your chosen where they fell
Beneath my leaden rain!
I scorn your proffered treaty;
The pale face I defy;
Revenge is stamped upon my spear
And "Blood!" my battle cry.

Some strike for hope of booty;
Some, to defend their all;
I battle for the joy I have
To see the white man fall!

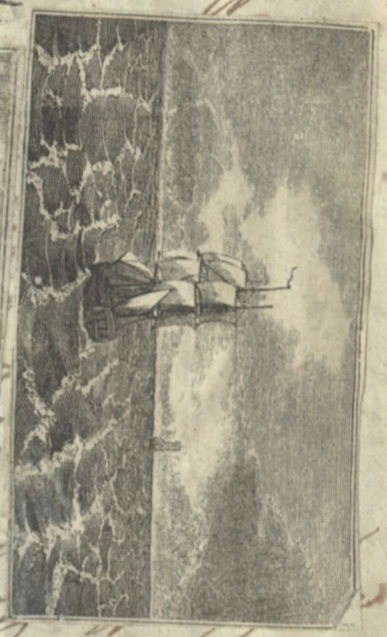
* * * *

Ye've trailed me through the forest,
Ye've tracked me o'er the stream;
And, struggling through the everglade,
Your bristling bayonets gleam.
But I stand as should the warrior,
With his rifle and his spear;—
The scalp of vengeance still is red,
And warns ye, "Come not here!"

I loathe ye with my bosom,
I scorn ye with mine eye;
And I'll taunt ye with my latest breath,
And fight ye till I die!
I ne'er will ask ye quarter,
And I ne'er will be your slave;
But I'll swim the sea of slaughter,
Till I sink beneath the wave.









Capt. Hagar, Tropic Bird, which arrived at this inst., states while on the Western g[rounds] the 1st of October, he lowered two boats after a lone whale. Each of these succeeded in putting an iron into the monster; but were soon after struck and stove in pieces by him, when one of the boatsteerers. Mr. Reed, of Dartmouth, was drowned. Noticing the situation of the boats' crews, the captain at once moved to their assistance with the bark, when the whale angrily attacked the latter, striking her under the quarter. As he passed along the side of the vessel, Capt. Hagar threw a lance at him, which so infuriated the whale that he turned at once, and again struck the bark under the bow, tearing off the copper, and causing her to tremble from stem to stern.—Night soon came on, and leviathan was seen no more

The rebel pickets on the Rappahannock taunt our men with the delay in capturing Vicksburg. They suggest that we shall have "a sweet job of it." A party from each side, lately, while bathing, swam toward each other, shook hands with a "how are you old fellow," in the middle of the river, and agreed to change positions for the time being. Our men, therefore, swam to the rebel shore, while their antagonists continued to this side. The latter then personated Yankees, shouting—"How are you secesh?" with many expletives not calculated for ears polite, and were answered by "How are you pork and molasses? When are you going to pitch into us again?" etc. After a friendly talk with those near by, both parties recrossed. This may seem odd, among men engaged in killing each other, but private and professional life are two very different matters. It is a demoniac rifle ball one day, and a friendly hand-shaking the next.

William Lynch, the recruit in the 2d Massachusetts Cavalry, who was the ringleader in the mutiny which occurred several weeks since, and who was tried, convicted and sentenced to be shot by the Court Martial lately in session at Fort Independence, suffered the extreme penalty of military law on Tuesday afternoon, within the fort. The condemned man conducted himself with remarkable firmness, and as he was conducted to the fatal spot he smiled upon his comrades and paid the customary salute to Capt. Quincy, the recruiting agent under whom he enlisted. Seven balls entered the body of the unfortunate man, two of which passed through his heart, causing his death almost instantaneously. The last words he uttered were: "Shoot me in the breast; don't mark my face."

"Annette, my dear, what country is oppo-



SOUTH-CAROLINA.



MARYLAND.



FLORIDA.



INDIANA.

SUNNY DAYS IN WINTER.

BY D. F. MACARTHY.

Summer is a glorious season,
Warm, and bright, and pleasant;
But the past is not a reason
To despise the present;
So, while health can climb the mountain,
And the log lights up the hall,
There are sunny days in winter, after all!

Spring, no doubt, hath faded from us,
Maiden-like in charms;
Summer, too, with all her promise,
Perished in our arms;
But the memory of the vanquished
Whom our hearts recall,
Maketh sunny days in winter, after all!

True, there's scarce a flower that bloometh
All the best are dead;
But the wall-flower still perfumeth
Yonder garden bed;
And the arbutus, pearl blossomed,
Hangs its coral ball:
There are sunny days in winter, after all!

Summer trees are pretty,—very,
And I love them well;
But the holly's glistening berry
None of those excel,
While the fir can warm the landscape,
And the ivy clothes the wall,
There are sunny days in winter, after all!

Sunny hours in every season
Wait the innocent;—
Those who taste with love and reason
What their God has sent;
Those who neither soar too highly,
Nor too lowly fall,
Feel the sunny days of winter, after all!

Then, although our darling treasures
Vanish from the heart;
Then, although our once-loved pleasures
One by one depart;
Though the tomb looms in the distance,
And the mourning pall,
There is sunshine, and no winter, after all!





GATHERING WILD RICE.

WISCONSIN.

I would not wed for beauty,
For beauty will decay;
I would not wed for riches,
For riches will waste away;
I would not wed for splendor,
For times may sadly change;
But I would wed for true love,
To soothe my aching pains.

Yes, I would wed for true love,
The joy of every heart—
It soothes the dying pillow
When loved ones you must part.
It soothes the dying pillow
When to rest with the loved ones you'd fain,
And breathe a hope into the soul
In heaven to meet again.

Maria, 'tis not because thou'rt handsome
That I do love thee so,
But 'tis because thou'rt faithful
To the heart that's true to you;
And if my hopes upon this earth
Can never be realized,
A vision speaks that it will again
Beyond the deep blue skies.



GEORGIA.



A minister who had received a number of calls, and could scarcely decide which was the best, asked the advice of a faithful old African servant, who replied—"Master, go where there is the most devil."



To the Past I bid good-bye,
To the Future cry good-morrow;
In the Present gayly I
Live without a care or sorrow.
Mary, dear! while you are near,
All the heaven I ask is here.

In the sunshine of the Now,
Like a flower, am I basking.
What may be to come, or *how*,
Shall I, like a fool, be asking?
Mary, dear! while you are near,
All the heaven I ask is here.

To lure pleasures that have flown,
Retrospection was invented.
Every one, indeed, must own,
Hope is for the discontented.
While you're near, my Mary dear!
All my Paradise is here.

HOUSEHOLD LIGHTS.

BY CARRIE CALDERWOOD.

To the tired cosmopolite,
Travelling when comes the night!
To the wanderer, who knows
Nothing of home's sweet repose—
Who is wafted here and there,
Never resting anywhere,
O, how cheerfully they beam!
How invitingly they gleam!
Picturing, as day grows dim,
Quiet bliss—yet not for him!

Now they flicker, now they flit,
Emblems of his life more fit—
Of the many hopes and fears
That have wavered through his years
Of some good that he pursued,
That would still his steps elude:
Of some star to cheer him sent,
Very bright, but occident;
O, the tapers tell a tale,
As they flicker, flit and fail!

From the lowliest window-pane,
Not a small light looks in vain;
If the way be dark and drear,
Many a traveller it will cheer:
Many a one who fails to see
In it type or simile,
As so fitfully it beams,
As it flickers, flits and gleams;
Blest are they who never learn
To feel sad when tapers burn!

WAS IT TRUE?

BY EDGAR L. VAUGASSEN.

When you whispered to your neighbor
Of the sin of Alice May,
Were you certain of the truthfulness
Of what you then did say?
Were you *sure* the name of Magdalen
Was fittest for her brow?
That Alice May no longer
At virtue's shrine could bow?

Or had you *heard* the story
That other lips let drop:
And since you envied Alice May
You would not let it stop;
But sent the tale of slander
From lip to lip, until
It took from tongues of gossips
The venom that can kill!

O, lady, you are haughty
In your beauty and your pride;
You step stately as an empress,
With your lover by your side;
But when you told the story
Of the sin of Alice May,
You were not half so innocent
As Alice is to-day.

Hast ever seen the lily
Hang its pale head and die?
So Alice May ere long will do,
Beneath the world's cold eye.
But He who sits on yonder throne,
And sees the thought within,
Will hold lost Alice guiltless,
And charge you with the sin.





MARINE DISASTER.—Bark Sarah A. Nichols, of Searsport, Me., Nichols, from Elizabethport for Portland, struck on Great Rip, Nantucket, on Friday last and soon after broke up. The captain's wife, and child eight months old, servant, first mate and two of the crew, who had got into the boat, had to be cut adrift in order to save the boat from sinking alongside the ship. The captain, second mate and three men who remained on the quarter deck, and floated off with it after the ship broke up, with loss of one man, were picked up by a smack and carried into Edgartown on Saturday. The captain immediately proceeded to Hyannis to learn, if possible, the fate of the boat, which has not yet been heard from. The second mate and three men arrived at this port to-day in schooner L. Snow, Jr., from Edgartown.

...EATH AND WEST OF ENGLAND AGRICULTURAL SHOW AT BARNSTAPLE.

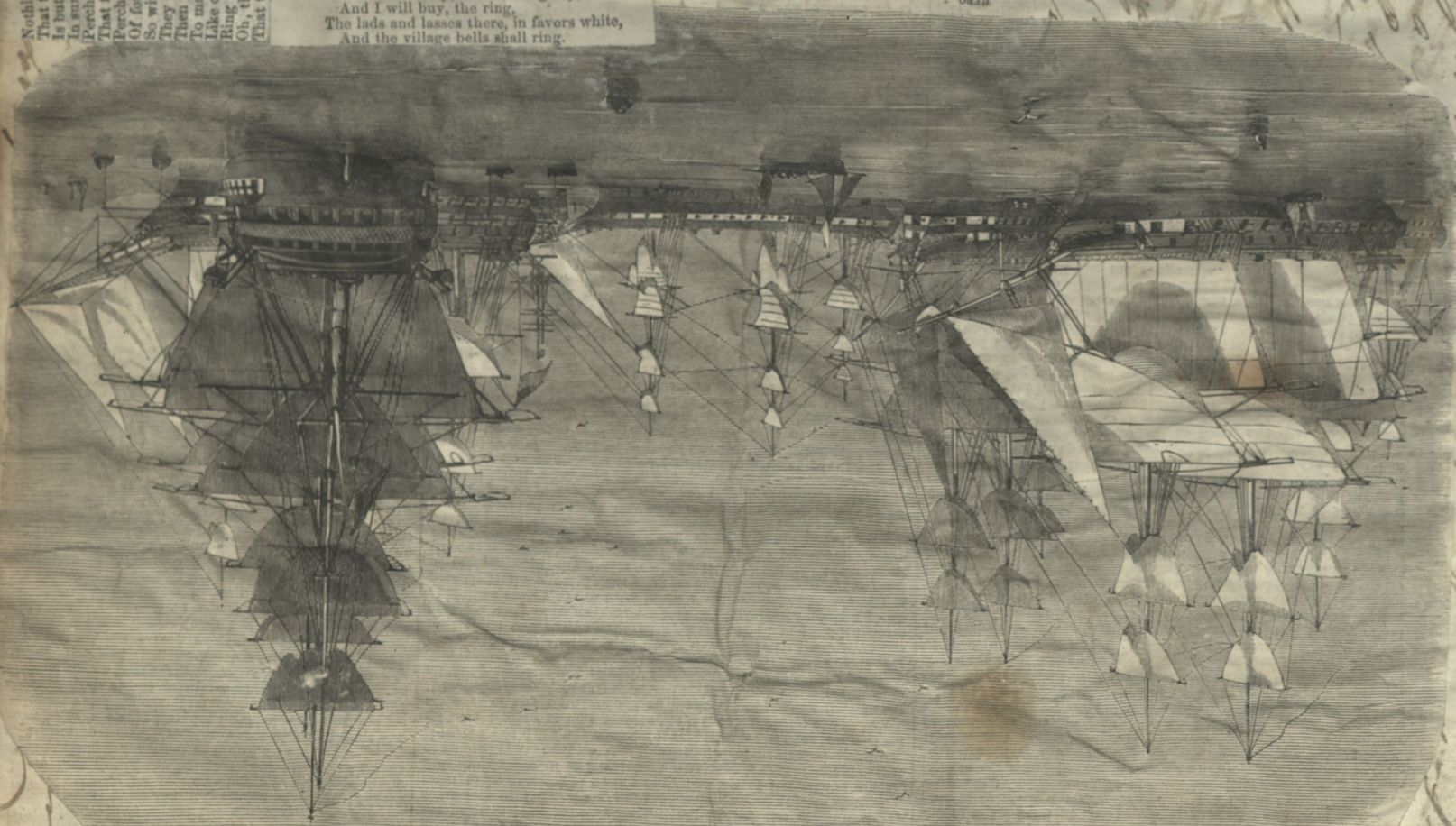
"Annette, my dear, what country is oppo-

Nothing Lost.

Nothing is lost: the drop of dew
That trembles on the leaf or flower,
Is but exhaled, to fall anew
In summer's thunder-shower;
Perchance to shine within the bow
That frowns the sun at fall of day—
Perchance to sparkle in the flow
Of fountains far away.
So with our deeds, good or ill,
They leave their power scarce understood
Then let us use our better will
To make them rife with good;
Like circles on a lake they go,
Ring within ring, and never stay,
Oh, that our deeds were fashioned so
That they might bless always!

The Bloom is on the Rye

My pretty Jane, my pretty Jane,
Ah, never, look so shy,
But meet me, in the eve'ning
While the bloom is on the rye.
The spring is waning fast, my love,
The corn is in the ear,
The summer nights are coming, love,
The moon shines bright and clear.
Then pretty Jane, my dearest Jane,
Ah, never look so shy,
But meet me, in the evening,
While the bloom is on the rye.
But name the day, the wedding-day,
And I will buy, the ring,
The lads and lasses there, in favors white,
And the village bells shall ring.



THE CHANNEL FLEET IN PORTLAND ROADS.



TRAVELLING IN AMERICA.



OUR WORKS BEFORE JACKSON, MISSISSIPPI.—SKETCHED BEFORE THE EVACUATION BY CAPTAIN AUBENBACH OF NINETY-SEVENTH ILLINOIS VOLUNTEERS.—[SEE PAGE 526.]

THE CLOUD ON THE WAY.

BY W. C. BRYANT.

See before us, in our journey, broods a mist upon the ground,
Thither leads the path we walk in, blending with that gloomy bound;
Never eye hath pierced its shadows to the mystery they screen;
Those who once have passed within it never more on earth are seen.
Now it seems to stoop beside us, now at seeming distance lowers,
Leaving banks that tempt us onward bright with summer green and flowers.
Yet it blots the way forever; there our journey ends at last;
Into that dark cloud we enter, and are gathered to the past.
Thou who, in this flinty pathway, leading through a stranger land,
Passed down the rocky valley, walking with me hand in hand,
Which of us shall be the soonest folded in that dim Unknown?
Which shall leave the other walking in this flinty path alone?
Even now I see thee shudder, and thy cheek is white with fear,
And thou clingest to my side as comes that dark mist sweeping near.
"Here," thou say'st, "the path is rugged, sown with thorns that wound the feet;
But the sheltered glens are lovely, and the rivulet's song is sweet;
Roses breathe from tangled thickets; lilies bend from ledges brown;
Pleasantly between the pelting showers the sunshine gushes down;
Dear are those who walk beside us, they whose looks and voices make
All this rugged region cheerful, till I love it for their sake.
Far be yet the hour that takes me where that chilly shadow lies,
From the things I know and love, and from the sight of loving eyes."
So thou murmurest, fearful one, but see we tread a rougher way;
Fainter glow the gleams of sunshine that upon the dark rocks play;
Rude winds strow the faded flowers upon the crags o'er which we pass;
Banks of verdure, when we reach them, hiss with tufts of wither'd grass.
One by one we miss the voices which we loved so well to hear;
One by one the kindly faces in that shadow disappear.
Yet upon the mist before us fix thine eyes with closer view;
See, beneath its sullen skirts, the rosy morning glimmers through.
One whose feet the thorns had wounded passed that barrier and came back,
With a glory on His footsteps lighting yet the dreary track.
Boldly enter where He entered; all that seems but darkness here,
When thou once hast past beyond it, haply shall be crystal clear,
Seen from that serener realm, the walks of human life may lie,
Like the page of some familiar volume open to thine eye.
Haply, from the o'erchanging shadow, thou may'st stretch an unseen hand,
To support the wavering steps that print with blood the rugged land.
Haply, leaning o'er the pilgrim, all unweeting thou art near,
Thou may'st whisper words of warning or of comfort in his ear,
Till, beyond the border where that brooding mystery bars the sight,
Those whom thou hast fondly cherished stand with thee in peace and light.

"Peace, be Still."

BY MRS. A. B. FULLER. Tune on pag

The tempest is hushed that so fiercely was raging,
The foam-crested waves are dashing no more;
And the fear-stricken sailors, their terrors all banished,
Are quietly mooring their bark to the shore.
For the spirit of God passed over those waters,
Wind and flood heard the voice of the Saviour divine;
They checked their wild roar and calmed their mad raging,
And now peaceful, reflect the stars as they shine.

How oft, like the sea, is my own spirit surging,
As 'tis stirred by the power of indw[illegible]
While base unbelief, like a dark clou[illegible]
Obscures from my vision the presen[illegible]
Who e'en then is waiting, with hea[illegible]
My soul with his love and his glory [illegible]
O, Spirit of love! ever more in m[illegible]
May I hear thee, low whispering, "[illegible]

15

"Annette, my dear, what country is oppo-

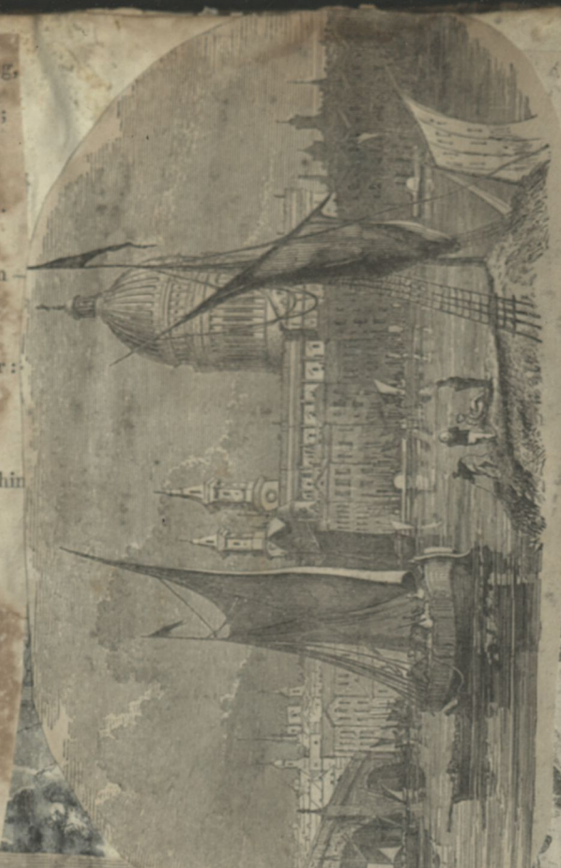
Peace, be still"

When winter's cold tempest and snows are no more,
Green meadows and brown furrowed fields reäppearing,
The fisherman hauling his net to the shore,
And cloud-cleaving geese to the far lakes are steering;
When first the lone butterfly flits on the wing,
When red glow the maples, so fresh and so pleasing,
Oh! then comes the blue-bird, the herald of spring!
And hails, with his warbling, the charms of the season.

He flits through the orchard, he visits each tree;
In the red glowing peach, or the apple's sweet blossom
He hunts the destroyers, wherever they be,
He seizes the caitiffs that lurk in its bosom;
He draws the vile grub from the corn it devours,
The worms from their webs, where they riot and wetter:
His song and his services freely are ours;
And all that he asks is, in summer, a shelter.

The ploughman is pleased, when he gleans in his train;
Now searching the furrows, — now mounting to cheer him
The gardener delights in his sweet simple strain,
And leans on his spade to survey and to hear him;
The slow-lingering school-boy forgets he 'll be chid,
While gazing intent, as he warbles before him,
In mantle of sky blue, and bosom so red,
That each little loiterer seems to adore him.

When all the gay scenes of the summer are o'er,
And autumn slow enters, so silent and sallow,
And millions of warblers that charmed us before,
Have fled in the train of the sun-seeking swallow;
The blue-bird, forsaken, yet true to his home,
Still lingers, and looks for a milder to-morrow;
Till, forced by the horrors of winter, to roam,
He sings his adieu, in a lone note of sorrow.



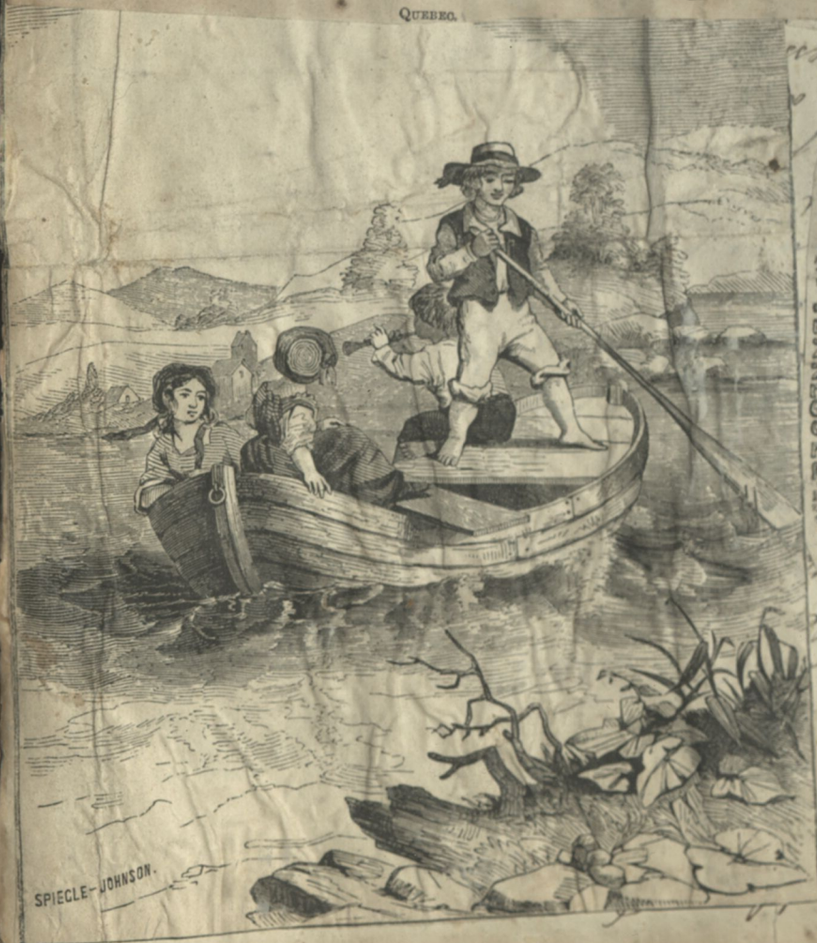
London.



Quebec.



A View of a part of Lake Superior.



SPIEGLE-JOHNSON.



MISSISSIPPI.

2. *The Elephant.*

The Elephant is the largest and strongest of all quadrupeds. This is the most sagacious[4] of all animals, except man. Its appearance, however, is stupid. It has large, long ears, small eyes, thick legs, a huge body, and long trunk. Notwithstanding this clumsy form, it has great powers and faculties. Pacific, mild, and brave, it only exerts its power in its own defence.

The Elephant is social and friendly with its kind. The veteran[5] of the troop always appears as their leader. As they march, the forest seems to sink beneath them. Their invasions are terrible. An army of men is scarcely equal to their united numbers. Travellers relate that this animal will strike the foe with his tusks, seize him with his trunk, toss him in the air, and, after he falls, trample him to death.

Elephants delight to frequent the banks of rivers. They always disturb the water before they drink, and often fill their trunks with it, which they spout out in the manner of a fountain.

This animal is said to live upwards of a hundred years.

An Elephant, once tamed, is the most gentle and obedient of all animals. It will kneel in order to receive its rider; and seems to live but to serve and obey him. This animal will draw with ease what six horses could scarcely move. It can support three or four thousand pounds' weight on its back, and one thousand on its trunk alone.

The teeth of elephants are of great value, and furnish ivory, for the sake of which these noble animals are often killed

5. *The Ostrich.*

The Ostrich is certainly the largest of all birds: it is nearly as high as a man on horseback. In its general appearance it has some resemblance to a Camel, and is almost as tall. The plumage of this bird more nearly resembles hair than feathers.

It is generally a mixture of black and white, though sometimes gray. The large feathers at the end of the tail and wings are mostly white; the next row black and white.

All are of a kind peculiar to the Ostrich, and as soft as down. Though the elegant plumage of this bird is often used in female attire,[1] yet the upper parts of the head and neck are covered with a fine hair, and the legs are covered with scales.

The Ostrich bears no affinity[2] to any other bird, and both its form and habits are peculiar. It inhabits the sandy and burning deserts of the torrid[3] regions of Asia and Africa only; there they are seen in large flocks.

They feed on everything edible.[4] The female lays forty or fifty eggs at a time, and no birds take more care of their young. Not only the plumage, but the eggs and the flesh are highly esteemed.



In one of the States they passed an act that no dog should go at large without a muzzle, and a man was brought up for infringing the statute. In defense he alleged that his dog had a muzzle. "How is that?" quoth the justice. "Oh!" said the defendant, "the act says nothing of where the muzzle should be placed; and as I thought the animal would like the fresh air, I put the muzzle on his tail."



"Annette, my dear, what country is oppo-

NATTY BANGS,

The American Boy;

OR,

THE PATRIOTS OF '76.

A MILITARY ROMANCE OF SEVENTY-SIX.

BY HARRY HAZEL,

Author of "The Shooting Star," "West Point Cadet," "Red Raven;" "The Mute Spy," "The Light Dragoon;" etc. etc.

CHAPTER X.—Continued.

"Before such a force," he remarked to his chief aide-de-camp, "the whole rebel horde of the colonies ought to be made to throw down their arms and cower at our feet."

Having completed the tour of the lines, his excellency and his staff took up an eligible position, and by a series of manœuvres, the several divisions formed a single square, ten deep, about him, leaving an area of some thirty feet square in the centre. The chief officers, the colonels and majors, the captains, lieutenants and cornets, then came forth from the mighty phalanx, into the hollow, and assembled about his excellency. The music was hushed, and every ear was attentive. Gage lifted his chapeau, and every officer bared his head.

"My brave officers and soldiers!" he began, "this was to have been a day of parade and review; and it rejoices my heart to observe how well you are prepared for the closest inspection. But let your souls and voices tell me that you are equally well prepared for sterner duties—for fierce and bloody strife?"

One loud affirmative response quickly followed the question.

"Soldiers!" he resumed. "I knew your answer ere it was spoken. Ever victorious are the armies of old England. I know that you will prove no exception to the rule. Steel your hearts with the idea of invincibility, and victory will surely perch upon our banners. A crisis has now come. The audacious rebels have had the temerity to hoist their nondescript flag on Breeds' Hill, and have intrenched themselves behind a loose mass of earth, which, in the darkness of last night, they threw up. It will be your duty, or such of you as will be detailed for the purpose, to dislodge this foolhardy and tatterdemalion band—not of soldiers, but of diggers of earth, whose skill lies not in the use of arms, but in the use of the pick, the spade and the plow. Let us turn their last night's work to our own advantage, and then we will give them opportunity to fortify all the hills of the vicinity, and one by one they shall fall into our hands. Soldiers! those who distinguish themselves this day, a grateful ministry will remember. The man who first plants his foot on yon rampart shall be rewarded—if an officer he shall be promoted—if a soldier in the ranks he shall receive a commission. Let your war-cry be, 'King George and his Colonies!' and 'Death to the Rebels!'"

"Officers and Soldiers!" he concluded, after three hearty cheers had been given; "you will be commanded in this expedition by a noble, brave, and accomplished officer—General Sir William Howe. (Cheers.) Brigadier-General Pigot, whom you all know and honor, will be second in command; (cheers) while the third division, for this occasion, will be commanded by that intrepid officer, Major Pitcairn, (no cheers). These heroic officers, I am sanguine, will lead you to a glorious victory."

Vociferous huzzas, and a flourish of drums and trumpets, followed this harangue. The officers took their respective positions; and corps after corps deployed to the right and to the left, thus opening the square, and giving his excellency and his suite an opportunity to leave the field, which they did at full gallop.

Under the orders of General Howe, the several divisions, minus three regiments, were soon in line, and took up their march for the north part of the town, where all the barges and cutters of the fleet, and scores of other boats, were ready to convey the troops across the Charles, and into the mouth of the Mystic, where upon its left bank and beneath the frowning summit of the fortified hill, they were to land.

As the day advanced, the atmosphere became hot and sultry. The columns therefore moved but slowly, and halted several times in their march of half a mile; and when, at eleven o'clock, the left of the first division reached the point of embarkation, the first detachment of boats, containing three hundred of the van of the army, moved across the waters. Another and another soon followed, and at thirty minutes past the meridian hour the last detachment left the pier.

The fleet of war-ships, which had been moored off Long Wharf, had previously weighed anchor and, with the flowing tide, had dropped up the harbor to a position near the confluence of the Charles and the Mystic, where they again were moored. Here their heavy guns were within range of Breed's Hill, the compact village of Charlestown and the Neck beyond, and at the same time in a position to effectually cover the easy disembarkation of the troops.

For this last purpose, however, the naval power was entirely unnecessary, for, strange as it may have seemed, not an ounce of powder was expended by the patriots to prevent the landing of their formidable enemy, although from their entrenchment above, they might have caused them considerable annoyance.

The commanders of the ships, however, deemed it necessary to make a demonstration, and from their batteries there belched forth a continual stream of flame, smoke, and heavy shot, during the whole time of the passage of the army. The shot, of course, were wholly directed toward the breastwork, but it being impossible to elevate the guns sufficiently to throw upon or over the work, they contented themselves with throwing balls into, and in ploughing up the ground before it.

The crisis had indeed come! From every height, and from every house-top, in and around Boston, thousands of people had watched the passage of the river, and now, in breathless expectation, concentrated their gaze upon the wall of earth on the summit of the hill, and on the embattled array beneath it! On the former scarcely a human being could be discerned, and were it not that the patriots' banner floated above the rampart, no one could have supposed that any considerable number were there entrenched to defend it. Among the latter all was life, animation, even enthusiasm—three thousand bright scarlet uniforms, with lofty caps and waving plumes, and three thousand bristling bayonets glistening in the vertical rays of the meridian sun, comprised a spectacle by no means familiar to the eyes of provincials. In addition to this, the imposing fleet, with the battle-flag waving from each mizzen-peak, drawn up in battle array—the officers at their stations, and all hands piped to quarters—their guns again charged, ready to obey the anticipated mandate to hurl forth fiery balls and devastating bombs upon the doomed town! It was to be no sham-fight—no holiday pastime—but a serious and sanguinary contest between the well-disciplined veteran regulars of an ever victorious nation, and one third of their number of men and boys, raw, undisciplined, and even unorganized, and who, as General Gage said in descanting sneeringly upon their ill condition, understood far better the use of certain agricultural implements, than they did the use of implements of war!

One well directed assault upon that feeble breastwork, by one half of that orderly army below, and it must fall! thought both patriots and loyalists, as they gazed upon the scene, from every house-top and every height that commanded a view of that fortified summit.

"The rebels have entrapped themselves, remarked General Gage, who, from the belfry of a church, had viewed with delight, the passage of the army and its safe disembarkment; and now gazed proudly upon the magnificence of the *tout ensemble*, as column after column wheeled into line preparatory to the one grand onslaught which would bring the daring rebel flag to the ground, and raise in its place the flaming red-cross of St. George! "In forty minutes more," he continued, "and the bold outlaws will be upon their knees suing for quarter!"

"I marvel that they do not leave their almost defenceless work, and run for their lives!" replied Sir Egbert Stanley, of his excellency's staff for that day, by especial favor.

"Poor entrapped fools! Should they now attempt a retreat, the guns of the ship's batteries would mow them down like grass before a scythe, while crossing the neck! Such fool-hardiness I never before saw exhibited! Whoever projected the movement ought to suffer a thousand deaths; and were it not that I feel it to be my duty to inflict, by way of example, a terrible punishment upon these outlaws, my feelings of humanity would almost justify me in sparing such an effusion of blood on condition that they would peaceably surrender the post! But stern duty otherwise wills it—that hill must be the mausoleum of the rebellion! where whole hecatombs of ill-advised, restless, turbulent violators of authority must perish! The cry of quarter! quarter! will not avail them there to-day!"

"Why, your excellency, it almost makes me sick at heart to think of it," remarked the weak-headed baronet.

"Humanity must not shudder to-day," replied his excellency. "The great end will justify the awful retribution. It will carry terror to the heart of every rebel throughout the land; and among those who in any degree sympathize with their reckless audacity, it will create a panic which will shut their mouths and purses forever after in their behalf! Yes, baronet, we have tampered with these knavish agitators too long; we have shown them too much clemency; it has but added fuel to the flame. Now for a blow that shall kill this monster called 'Liberty!' a blow which shall give us peace in the colonies and the royal favor at home. See, baronet!" he continued, enthusiastically, and pointing to the army opposite, "the advance column is in motion! What a magnificent sight! Now, by St. George, do I regret that I did relinquish the command to Lord Howe! I would give my commission to be at the head of that column! With what firmness and steadiness each section march across the plateau! The second column, with the dashing brigadier, now moves on—Pigot is determined to win a major-general's commission to-day. His sanguine nature is too much for his judgment—he knows better how to fight than when to fight—therefore, he is much more useful as a brigadier. Huzza! the third and last column moves forward, and by the aid of this glass I can see the bold, obstinate Pitcairn at its head. He has promised to redeem himself to-day, and to let the ministry know that the disasters of the 19th of April are in no manner attributable to a lack of courage or soldier-like misconduct in him!"

"Ah, that was a very shocking affair, your excellency—very!" remarked the epauletted baronet.

"But this shall make amends for all," continued his excellency. "Howe halts at the base of the hill, to allow the two other columns to form in parallel. Howe is a splendid-looking officer, but he'll never make a Marlborough; he has to do everything on too formidable a scale. If I had taken the command to-day a thousand or twelve hundred troops would have been all that should have followed me. He takes not into consideration the politic fact that the less number of troops a general wins a victory with, the greater the renown he gains thereby."

"Then I do very much wonder that he did not take three hundred men instead of three thousand," said the baronet; "for, 'pon honor, I believe that all that splendid army has to do is to march up the hill, take the rebels prisoners, and then to march down again. Even to do this must be infernally uncomfortable on this disagreeably hot day—quite diabolical, don't you think so, excellency?"

"It is quite warm."

"Warm?—it is stewing hot!—the thermometer stands at ninety—not a degree less!—it does, 'pon 'onor."

"Now are the three columns in motion!" resumed the excited Gage, steadily gazing through the glass, and describing at the same time the movements which most interested him. "Onward—and now upward they march! Why don't the rebels show their heads? Why don't they fire? The advance is within musket range! There goes a volley from Howe's advance! another from Pigot's! another from Pitcairn's! That is for the purpose of drawing the rebels' fire! No signs from them yet? I verily believe they've managed to make good their retreat! Upward still—nearer and nearer—another volley from the advance of each column! They approach nearer and nearer—not more than twenty yards now intervene between my soldiers and the breastwork of the enemy, and not a musket shot from the latter yet! Now do I see signs of life all along the crown of that rampart—and now—by the thunder god! what a fearful discharge of musketry was there! Volley upon volley still follows! The brow of the hill is lost in smoke! my eyes grow dizzy at the spectacle—oh, horror!"



In 1848, while the Convention which nominated Gen. Taylor was in session at Philadelphia, a somewhat noted local politician from Pickaway County, Ohio, was in the city mingling in the muss. As the Convention adjourned over Sunday, he concluded to go to church. We will let him tell his own story:

"I had mounted my best regalia and looked fine; stopped at the door and asked the sexton for a seat; and was shown to a very good one, entirely unoccupied, in the back part of which I seated myself. In a short time a very decent-looking man, plainly dressed, entered and took the front of the pew. I held my head reverently and looked pious. He glanced at me several times, then took out a white handkerchief, looked at me again, then took out a card, drew his pencil, wrote 'This is my pew, sir,' and tossed the card to me.

"I picked it up, and immediately wrote on it, 'It is a very good one. What rent do you pay?' and tossed it back.

The earthquake at Lisbon occurred on the 1st of November, 1755, a short time before Mr. Howard made his second visit to the continent of Europe. The shocks of this earthquake were felt in England, as well as in many countries still more distant from Spain and Portugal. The accounts of its extraordinary ravages at Lisbon, excited a strong curiosity in many people, to view the ruins of that city, and determined Mr. Howard, who was going abroad without any particular object but the benefit of his health, to turn his steps that way. Accordingly, he embarked on board a Lisbon packet; but instead of reaching its destined port, the vessel was captured by a French privateer.

When two nations are at war, as the English and French then were, it is customary for each government to allow merchant vessels to arm themselves, and capture the enemy's vessels. The property thus taken is, of course, lost to the owners forever, and divided among the captors; but the persons so taken, are considered as prisoners of war; they are entitled to be well treated, and only deprived of their liberty, until an exchange of prisoners can be negotiated between the two contending nations.

So far, however, were the English sailors and passengers, captured on board the Lisbon packet, from receiving the treatment proper to prisoners of war, that their privations and sufferings were too bad for felons. They were carried into Brest, and there lodged in the filthy dungeon of an old castle that was used as a prison, with only a little straw to protect them from the damp floor. After being kept forty hours without food, a piece of mutton was then thrown in to them, but without a knife, or plate, or any decent means of dividing it. In this wretched situation, they all remained nearly a week.

Mr. Howard was then removed to a prison at Carpaix, where he soon made the jailer his friend, and inspired him with so much respect and confidence, that, on giving his word and honor that he would not attempt to escape, he was allowed to live where he pleased in the town. This is a privilege always granted to officers of the army and navy, when made prisoners of war, but not extended to private individuals.

There was something in Mr. Howard's manner and appearance, which won the confidence even of strangers; and the person in whose house he boarded and lodged, at Carpaix, was so convinced of his integrity, that he supplied him with money and clothes, and maintained him during his stay, upon the simple promise of his guest, that he would repay him whenever he returned home, or could receive remittances from England. After two months thus spent, Mr. Howard obtained leave from the French authorities to visit England, and try if he could negotiate with his own government an exchange of himself for some French officer, captured by the English.

On his arrival in his native land, his friends hastened to wish him joy on the recovery of his freedom: but he begged them to suspend their congratulations, as he might yet be obliged to return to captivity. It was not usual for an exchange to be made with a private individual like himself; and therefore he had many fears that his negotiation would fail, in which case, he would, of course, return to France, and submit to a farther loss of liberty. This trial, he was happily spared: the British ministry agreed to the exchange; and Howard was once more a free man in his own country.

As soon as he was out of danger himself, he used every effort to procure relief for his suffering countrymen who were still in captivity. Whilst at Carpaix, he had corresponded with the prisoners of war at Brest, Morlaix, and Dinnan, and learned that they were cruelly treated, that many hundreds had died from ill usage, and that thirty-six English sailors had been buried in a hole, at Dinnan, in one day. These accounts, together with what he had himself seen and felt of the barbarous treatment of prisoners, induced him to make so strong a representation of the case to the proper authorities in England, that they not only thanked him for his information, but set to work immediately, and in good earnest, to remove the grievance. Such arrangements were made with the French government, that Mr. Howard's benevolent heart was soon made glad, by hearing that all the prisoners whose situation he had described, were restored to their own country.

It was this slight experience of the captive's misery, which first interested Mr. Howard in that class of sufferers; but it was not till many years afterwards, that it became the chief business of his life to mitigate the sufferings of all prisoners.



Great Battle!

The rebels made a raid on Manassas on Tuesday night last. Two thousand rebel cavalry dashed in upon the rear of our lines, reached Manasas Junction, on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, and captured three trains, numerous prisoners, and Quartermaster's stores to the amount of half a million dollars. They also destroyed all the buildings, public and private, the station houses and storehouses, and burnt the railway bridge over Bull Run. That bridge is six miles on this side of Manasas Junction, and is a structure of considerable length and expense. Its destruction cuts off railway communication between the capital and the army.

On taking possession, the rebels captured seven trains being fully loaded with provisions, ammunition, &c., and ten locomotives, all of which they destroyed. Of the eighty-four men of the 105th Pennsylvania Regiment on guard, all were killed, wounded or taken prisoners, as only three are known to have escaped.

The loss of life on two trains which collided, containing sick and wounded was terrible. The cars were crushed like eggshells.

On discovering that a large force of the rebels had turned his right toward Manassas, Gen. Pope broke up his camp and marched rapidly back in three columns.

The division of Hooker, while marching towards Manassas came upon the enemy near Kittle Run, on the afternoon of the 27th, and after a sharp skirmish routed them completely, killing and wounding 300, capturing their camps and baggage, and many stands of arms.

On the morning of the 28th the command pushed rapidly to Manassas Junction, which Jackson had evacuated about three hours in advance. He retreated by Centreville and took the turnpike toward Warrenton. He was met 6 miles west of Centreville by McDowell and Sigel late that afternoon. A severe fight took place which was terminated by darkness. The enemy was driven back at all points, and thus affairs rest for that night.

Of the proceedings on the succeeding day, FRIDAY, Gen. Pope telegraphed to Gen. Halleck as follows:

"We fought a terrific battle here yesterday [Friday] with the combined force of the enemy, which lasted with continuous fury from daylight until after dark, by which time the enemy was driven from the field, which we now occupy. Our troops are too much exhausted to push matters, but shall do so in the course of the morning, as soon as Fitz John Porter's corps comes up to Manassas. The enemy is still on our front, but badly used up. We have lost not less then 8000 men killed and wounded, and from the appearance of the field the enemy have lost at least two to our one. He stood strictly on the defensive, and every assault was made by ourselves. Our troops have behaved splendidly. The battle was fought on the identical battle-field of Bull Run, which greatly increased the enthusiasm of our men. The news just reaches me from the front that the enemy is retreating towards the mountains. I go forward at once to see. We have made great captures, but I am unable as yet to form any idea of their extent."

On SATURDAY the enemy was heavily reinforced and attacked Gen. Pope's army before the arrival of Gens. Franklin and Sumner. The attack was boldly met, and a severe battle followed. The advantage on the whole was with the rebels, and Gen. Pope fell back to Centreville with his whole army in good order. He has now been joined at Centreville by Franklin, and Summer was march to join him last night. He occupies the strongest position in the vicinity of Washington, and is expected promptly to renew the contest and repeat the successes of Friday.

Information received indicates that there were but little if any fighting SUNDAY.—Our army is well concentrated, in good condition and spirits.

LASHED TO THE MAST.

Past the sentinel forts
Dashed boldly the ships;
Guns belching forth fire
From their red hot lips!
The crews sworn together
To stand to the last
By the brave Admiral
Lashed to the mast!

Amid the smoke fluttered
The stripes and the stars,
Above the din was heard
The shouts of the tars!
None cared for the danger,
And none stood aghast;
Was not the Admiral
Lashed to the mast?

The loud roar of the guns,
The shriek of the shells!
The air filled with smoke
And sulphurous smells!
A hail of hot iron
Thick falling and fast
Round the brave Admiral
Lashed to the mast!

The deck of the flag ship
Slippery with gore,
Thundering from ev'ry
Huge gun that she bore!
The Tecumseh went down
In the fearful blast,
Wept by the Admiral
Lashed to the mast!

Oh, how it stirs the heart
Of loyal and leal
To think of that fight
In the bay of Mobile!
Where navy won laurels
More bright than the past,
Under old Farragut
Lashed to the mast!

The American navy—
The best in the world!
The American banner—
The proudest unfurled!
The American sailor—
Let cowards avast!
The type of the bravest
Lashed to the mast!

"Annette, my dear, what country is oppo-

CAMP FIRE SKETCHES.

THE OLD SCOUT'S STORY.

Ichabod Marvel and myself were seat around a camp fire on the sacred soil of Virginia, waiting until our turn should arrive to relieve pickets. The silvery waters of the Pamunky flowed past with a musical sound, and the sombre shadows of the dense forest crept up to the edges of the camp, and were made only more gloomy by the flickering lights of camp fires. Nothing broke the silence but the regular tramp of the guard, or the quick challenge given to some officer returning after an inspection of the posts. The enemy was, contrary to expectations, very quiet, and our pickets did not have their usual exciting pleasure of hearing that peculiar musical sound which denotes a passing Minie ball. Conversation had died away, and I enjoyed the luxury of studying my companion's features by the red glare of the camp fire.

Ichabod, or Ike, as he was generally called, was a noted character in camp. He was a Kentuckian by birth and a trapper by profession; but when the present rebellion broke out he enrolled himself under the folds of the glorious old flag, and, by his great knowledge of woodcraft, cunning strafegy, and bold daring, he at once became our principal scout, and how nobly, yet silently, did he do, his many brilliant episodes of the war bear testimony. His eyes were bright and piercing, and generally bore a stern, commanding look; but many times they became illuminated with a soft, warm glow, that betokened a kind heart beneath a rough exterior. His mouth was large, yet firm and expressive, and a fugitive smile seemed to hover continually about its corners. His leading characteristics may be summed up in a few words. He never forgave an enemy, and never forgot a friend. He was stern, almost to harshness, before strangers; mild, almost to tenderness, before those he called his friends. He loved but three things: his country, his flag, and his rifle.

There was one great peculiarity about Ike's appearance which we have not mentioned, namely: His head was entirely devoid of any natural covering. It was as bare as—well, I cannot make any comparison. It reminded me of a large gilt ball with a noon-day sun shining upon it. Ike's pate was a butt for all the jokes of the camp; he took them all good-naturedly, and enjoyed the sport of his comrades heartily.

"Ike," said I, abruptly breaking the silence, "spin me a yarn. This is becoming intolerable."

"What kind will ye have?" he answered

"Tell me why you never married."

"Good," cried Ike, as he vigorously kicked the smouldering cinders together; "and bein' as my head is a subject of interest to all the camp, suppose I tell ye something about it, too?"

"I readily gave my consent, and he continued:

"As ye know, I was brought up in old Kaintuck, on dad's farm. I was a kinder bashful boy, and didn't get much inter society; tharfore I wa'n't a wondrous sight acquainted, especially with the gals; and I took good keer not to get acquainted with 'em. I thort they were a kind of bein's sent yhar to poke fun and larf at a feller, until he felt as unhappy as a pig under a fence. I was afeard of the critters, and when I'd see 'em a comin' around the farm I'd streak off inter the woods and stay thar until they were gone. Dad and marm tried to coax me to stick up to the gals, but I couldn't do it; I shied off from 'em as I would from a kicking colt, for every time I looked at 'em my face got as red as a biled beet, and they'd begin to giggle, and then I'd feel freezin' and bilin' and freezin' again all to once.

"Wal, things went on this way until I was about nineteen years old, when my dander got fiz to freezen' pint by seein' all the other fellers, who warn't as good lookin's as me, a havin' gals and 'scortin' 'em to meetin' and singing school, and a takin' 'em out a ridin'. Ses I to myself, to 'Ike, you orter be ashamed of yourself to be afeared of the gals. You're good lookin', and all the gals want is a chance to have you. Pile in and show your grit, and let the gals know that you aren't afeard of 'em.' Sayin' this I started right off and dressed myself in my Sunday-go-tomeetin' clothes, rubbed a bottle of marm's best goose grease on my hair, for I allers wore a wig, although nobody knowed on it except the old folks at home, greased my boots, and started for Polly Ann Snoople's house. Polly Ann lived about two miles from our farm, and I tell ye she was the purtyest gal these eyes ever sot sight on. "Wal, when I got near the house I was mighty skeered, and felt like makin' a back streak for home; but I knowed that the old folks 'ud larf at me, and I walked up to the door and knocked. In about two minutes the door was opened, and there, standin' in the passage, was the loveliest critter this side of nowhar. She said 'Good evenin',' and told me to walk in. Youngster, ye may talk of marshal music and sich like, but, b'ar grease and buffalo steaks! it was a cow-horn alongside of her voice. Thar she stood right afore me, and thar I stood a lookin' with my eyes and mouth wide open. She had beautiful golden hair—some called it red, but it wa'n't so; exqueesit eyes, and sich a splendiferous nose, that ran out inter a pint and then turned up a little; a large mouth, allers open and on the watch, like a b'ar trap; and an ankle like a six-inch saplin'. She had on a nice calliker dress, covered with big red pictures.

"I followed her in, and sat down in one corner, while she sat down in another. I tried to say somethin' twice, but every time I'd wanter speak somethin' ud get inter my throat. I looked at my fingers, counted the brass buttons on my new coat, and squinted at my toes with one eye shet for an unmerciful long time. I tried to tell her that it was fine weather, but my tonge wouldn't move. After countin' the black and red stripes in the carpet I thout I'd look at her, and, what d'ye think, she was a giggl n' and langhin' like all possessed. 'Sally Ann,' ses I, pickin' up squnk; 'will you go sleigh-ridin' with me next Sunday. I've got a brau new cutter, and dad says I may take the old mare.' 'Yes,' says she. 'You're the gal,' ses I, and I picked up my hat and ran all the way home to tell ma'am.

'I took her out a sleigh-ridin' on Sunday, and you'd better believe, the fellers were mad as pison when they saw me with her. A night or two arter the sleigh-ridin' I went over to Polly Ann's house. Seein a light in the sittin' room, I thort I'd peep in and see who was thar, and, by all the Marvels, there she was sittin on Job Snyder's knee, with his arm around her waist, and both on 'em kissing each other. I didn't wait nary longer, but skedaddled for home. I was all-fired mad to think that a feller as ugly as Job Snyder should circumvent me, and I sat up all that night a tryin' to think of some plan to cut him out. I went inter town the next day and bought a nice wig and a brau new beaver hat, and I tell you I looked harnsome. Arter gettin' home I tied some corn-cake and meat in my red silk handkercher, and puttin' it in my coat-tail pocket for dinner, I started for Polly Ann's house. Polly smiled mighty nice when she saw me, and invited me inter the sittin' room. She seemed kinder bashful and sat down away off in one corner, and commenced playin' with an ugly little dorg; a mussin, and pattin', and huggin' it, until I was almost jealous.

"'Ichabod,' I whispered, 'now is your time to pop the question.' I had heern tell that the fashionable way to ask a gal to marry you was to get down on your knees afore her, and make a site of promises. I concluded I'd foller etiket. So, with a beatin' heart, I got up kinder cautious, and walked over to Polly. She dropped the dorg and looked raythor kewrious, and I do b'lieve she knowed all the time what I was a goin' to say; wimen folks are so cunnin' ye know. When I got near enough to Polly, I cort up one of her hands, and, fallin' down on both knees, I told her how much I loved her, and how she had smashed my heart all inter squash by her cruel treatment. I saw that my fine langnification was a tellin' on her, and I continued. But all to once I felt somethin' a pullin' and tuggin' at my coat tails, and puttin' my hand around, I found it was that darned little dorg a eatin' my dinner. It kinder skeered me, and I turned suddint round, when my big hat struck Polly Ann on the nose, and quicker'n nothin' away went hat and wig on the floor. The dorg, seein' the wig, cort it between his teeth, and, arter shakin' it, started off, and, although I made a grab at his tail, he got under Polly Ann's cheer. Polly bust out a larfin', and catchin' up her apron she stuffed it inter her mouth; but it was no use, for the next bust blew it out inter my face. I jumped up and looked inter the glass, and greased turnips, what a lookin' pictur; a man with a telescope couldn't have seen a hair on my head. I didn't swear any, but you may imagine I did some tall talking. I took a partin' look at that plaguey dorg, who was a dissecting my wig, another at Polly Ann, who was still larfin', and broke for the door. Meetin' Polly's mother, who was comin' to see what the noise was about; I unavoidably ran against her and knocked her down, but I didn't wait to pick her up.

"Next day Polly Ann sent me my hat and the remains of my wig, with a note, sayin' she'd have to decline my off. Ever since, I hate the site of wimen folks and dorgs like pison, and I don't want a beaver hat, a wig, or a red handkercher any whar near me. And now, since I've told ye how my bald pate cost me a wife, I'll tell ye sometime how it also saved my life."

At this moment the order came to relieve pickets, and, as I shouldered my rifle and moved to my position, my thoughts were busy on the old scout and his curious story.







Up from the meadows rich with corn,
Clear in the cool September morn,

The clustered spires of Frederick stand
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.

Round about them orchards sweep,
Apple and peach-tree fruited deep.

Fair as a garden of the Lord
To the eyes of the famished rebel horde,

On that pleasant morn of the early fall
When Lee marched over the mountain-wall

Over the mountains winding down,
Horse and foot, into Frederick town.

Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their crimson bars,

Flapped in the morning wind: the sun
Of noon looked down, and saw not one.

Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,
Bowed with her fourscore years and ten;

Bravest of all in Frederick town,
She took up the flag the men hauled down;

In her attic window the staff she set,
To show that one heart was loyal yet.

Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.

Under his slouched hat left and right
He glanced, the old flag met his sight.

"Halt!"—the dust-brown ranks stood fast;
"Fire!"—out blazed the rifle blast.

It shivered the window, pane and sash;
It rent the banner with seam and gash.

Quick, as it fell, from the broken staff
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf.

She leaned far out on the window-sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will.

"Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,
But spare your country's flag," she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
Over the face of the leader came;

The nobler nature within him stirred
To life at that woman's deeds and word:

"Who touches a hair of yon gray head
Dies like a dog! March on!" he said.

All day long through Frederick street
Sounded the tread of marching feet;

All day long that free flag tossed
Over the heads of the rebel host.

Ever its torn folds rose and fell
On the loyal winds that loved it well;

And through the hill-gaps sunset light
Shone over it with a warm good-night.

Barbara Frietchie's work is o'er,
And the rebel rides on his raids no more.

Honor to her! and let a tear
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier.

Over Barbara Frietchie's grave
Flag of Freedom and Union wave!

Peace and order and beauty draw
Round thy symbol of light and law;

And ever the stars above look down
On thy stars below in Frederick town!







"Annette ... door when company is ...



...cky shores by ...ne waves were worn.
...ang to the May Flower, one bright morn,
...lexannas to the Free.
...e Pilgrims came from the father-land,
...o bleak December day,
...y gathered for prayer, a grief-stricken band;
...n meekness they knelt on the shelterless sand,
And mingling their grief with the wave-salted strand,
They prayed as the pious ones pray.

She 's a proud old State, by the Puritan raised,
The world from its stains to rid;
The labor was done when the faggot blazed—
When the waves ran blood—when the preacher praised
The pious deeds which they did.
'T was a wonderful thing, that pious race
To rid the world of its sin;
The flame was lighted with the lowliest grace,
And the deadliest hate wore the longest face,
When it hurried on at the swiftest pace,
To trouble the heretic in.

She 's a proud old State, that the Baptists' knell
And the Quakers' requiem sung,
When on crests of pearl, with a mighty swell,
The storm rolled in the dread story to tell,
That Baptists and Quakers were hung.
'T was a noble crew that the May Flower shipped—
The true, the pure, and the good;
They prayed for grace while the women were stripped,
And through the towns with the witches were whipped,
And in the Charles swamps with the witches were dipped,
To wash from their limbs the blood.

She 's a proud old State, and she treads in her pride
On the soil owned by the free—
Where the Baptist bled, and the Quaker died,
And the witch was dragged to the silvery tide,
All—all for dear Liberty.
'T was in Liberty's name the old State declared
That creeds and witches should die;
And when witches and creeds the death-doom shared,
Out on the arena the nigger was scared,
And the old State asked if any one dare
To hold Cuff in bondage—and why?

She 's a proud old State, and good at a trade—
Aye, good at a trade in slaves;
She dealt in the article while it paid,
Nor deemed for a moment her conscience betrayed,
Selling sons on their sires' graves.
When the trade ran down, and the profits were slim,
Cuff was sold to the southern land.
The South, far away in the distance dim,
Was busy at work, and had labor for him;
And 't was then his old masters, with visage grim,
Called Cuffy a contraband.

She 's a proud old State, and she don't forget
On her tall State pony to ride;
And she 's pushing her work of piety yet;
Old Greeley and Beecher, and Phillips she 'll sweat,
Ere they save the nigger's hide.
They 've sworn for the knife at the white man's throat,
To get old Cuffy off clear;
To all who will help her she has pledged her vote,
How often soever he has turned his coat,
Or tried on the partisan sea his boat,
Along with the curren to let it float,
Or on any side to steer.

She 's a proud old State, and proud of the nest
Where she hatched out her motley brood,
As motley a crew as mother e'er blessed
While claiming a deluge of blood her behest,
To wade to her waist in the flood.
She 's a proud old State, of her dignity turned,
With enough to do of her own;
'T were well if to mend her own business she 'd learned,
And satisfied now with the fame she has earned,
The witches and creeds to have hanged, drowned and burned,
And now let the niggers alone.

MANEO.

Circledale, June 20, 1861.

...ces. ...lowers.

...DITT.

...s. By ...rth bring forth
...ead came ...ll,
...ree,
...coffin in w... enough
...iles of c... toil,
...exclai... vers.
... and ... in mine
... positi...
... and calli... flower
...ndant rain;
... fall;
... life in man
... them all.
...re were they made,
... light,
...mest grace,
...night?
...en and low,
...high,
...ness,
...by?
... but you... them not,
...hey birth?
...an,
...o was ...
...tate of ...lisper hope,
...dim;
...he flowers,
...for him.

Catching the Sunbeam.

Tired of playing, tired of toy,
Little Johnnie, our two-year boy,
With his bright blue eyes and golden hair,
Sat on the floor by his mother's chair.

'Twas just as the day was beginning to die,
And the sun, ere descending the Western sky,
Threw a parting glance through the open door,
In a golden beam upon the floor.

Quickly he seized his little white hat,
And scrambling away as fast as a cat,
He held it firmly upon the floor,
So that the beam should escape no more.

Clapping his hands with a joyous glee,
While his laugh rippled out so merrily,
He looked with beaming face into mine,
Saying, "*Auntie, I've caught the shine.*"

My prayers are with you, Davy dear,
Upon the rolling deep;
With weeping eyes, when storms arise,
I watch while others sleep;
For you are tost upon the sea,
With danger lurking near—
Would I could fly, and be with thee
Those moments, Davy dear.

I daily turn my gaze upon
The dancing waves of blue,
When they are bright my heart is light,
And dances with them too;
But when above the troubled sea
The dark, grim clouds appear,
I long to fly and be with thee
Through danger, Davy dear.

I tremble when the sounds of waves
In anger reach my cot;
For though I know that I am safe,
You, Davy dear, are not.
Would I had wings to breast the gale,
And brave the ocean drear,
And I would fly and be with thee
Forever, Davy dear.

O, in the wildest storm that stirs
The depths of foaming brine,
You, Davy dear, have less to fear
Than she whose heart is thine;
For should you in the darkling waves
Of ocean disappear,
She too must die to be with thee
In death, fond Davy dear.

How cheery are the mariners,—
Those lovers of the sea!
Their hearts are like its yesty waves,
As bounding and as free.
They whistle when the storm-bird wheels,
In circles, round the mast;
And sing when, deep in foam, the ship
Plows onward to the blast.

What care the mariners for gales?
There 's music in their roar,
When wide the berth along the lee,
And leagues of room before.
Let billows toss to mountain heights,
Or sink to chasms low;
The vessel stout will ride it out,
Nor reel beneath the blow.

With streamers down, and canvass furled,
The gallant hull will float
Securely, as on inland lake
A silken-tasselled boat;
And sound asleep some mariners,
And some with watchful eyes,
Will fearless be of dangers dark,
That roll along the skies.

God keep these cheery mariners!
And temper all the gales,
That sweep against the rocky coast,
To their storm-shattered sails;
And men on shore will bless the ship
That could so guided be,
Safe in the hollow of His hand,
To brave the mighty sea!

...ce was ...
...how we ...
...found no
...farmer," said the
...as a
...less game there is, the
...more hunting you have."

"Annette ... Monday is odoo-

CAPT. JOHN RODGERS, U.S.N.

CAPTAIN JOHN RODGERS, of the *Weehawken*, whose portrait we give on page 525, is the son of that gallant and distinguished officer, Commodore John Rodgers, one of the fathers of the American navy. A native of Maryland, he entered the navy at an early age, in 1828, and from the first exhibited that zeal and ability for which he has since been so distinguished. He saw much service in the grades of Midshipman and Lieutenant; and for two years was engaged in active boat service on the coast of Florida against the Seminole Indians, and in the Coast Survey. In 1852 he was appointed second in command of the North Pacific and Behring Straits Exploring Expedition, and succeeded to the command on the return to the United States—in consequence of severe illness—of his superior officer, Captain (now Commodore) Ringgold. He performed the arduous duty that devolved upon him in a manner creditable to himself and to the entire satisfaction of the Government, taking his vessel, the *Vincennes*, farther into the Arctic region than a ship of war had ever before penetrated. On the return of the expedition, in 1856, Commander Rodgers, who had been promoted during his absence, was engaged in preparing the charts and report of his explorations. When in 1858 we had a threatened difficulty with England, in consequence of the boarding and searching of American vessels in the West Indies and Gulf, Commander Rodgers immediately applied for active service, and was appointed to the *Water Witch*, and proceeded to the Gulf. The difficulty, however, was arranged, and Commander Rodgers returned to his Arctic charts. When the rebellion broke out he again promptly applied for active service, and, with other officers both of the army and navy, was sent to Norfolk, to attempt saving the vessels there. Too late for that, Commander Rodgers, with Captain (now General) Wright, of the Engineers, was assigned to the difficult and dangerous duty of blowing up the Dry Dock. After making the necessary preliminary arrangements, the detachment that had accompanied them was sent back to the boats, and the two officers, with a single sailor, remained to apply the match on the appointed signal. Commander Rodgers told the Lieutenant who took back the men that he thought there was but little chance of escape for those that remained, owing to the distance from the boats and the intervention of the ship-houses, which, when in flames, would cut off their retreat. The event justified this opinion, but the two officers escaped by the land-gate, and with their solitary seaman seized a small boat and attempted to pull down the harbor, but a heavy fire of musketry from the shore compelled them to surrender, and they were sent to Richmond as prisoners; where, however, they were kindly treated and soon released, as Virginia had not then passed the secession ordinance.

On his return to Washington Commander Rodgers was appointed to the important and highly responsible duty of creating a naval force on the Western rivers. Every thing in the way of buying, building, arming, equipping, and organizing had to be done, and he entered on this duty with all the zeal of a man whose soul was in his work. The purchased gun-boats, properly prepared, were already in active service, and the iron-clads rapidly progressing to completion, when he was relieved by Captain (the late and lamented Admiral) Foote. This change was made at the request of General Frémont, who subsequently expressed great regret, saying it arose from error, from false representations of contractors, and he urged Commander Rodgers to accept the place on his staff of executive officer for naval affairs connected with his movements. This was declined, and on his return East he was appointed to the steamer *Flag*, then off Charleston, and sailed in Admiral Du Pont's flag-ship, the *Wabash*, on the Port Royal expedition. He commanded a flotilla sent up to reconnoitre the harbor before the action, which was engaged with Tattall's mosquito fleet. In the attack on Port Royal the services of Commander Rodgers were alluded to by Admiral Du Pont in the warmest terms; and as a mark of distinction he was sent ashore to ascertain if the forts had surrendered, and with his own hands hoisted the Union flag on the soil of South Carolina for the first time since it had been torn down at Sumter.

Proceeding in the *Flag* to Savannah River, he ascertained the rebels had left Tybee Island, and landing there he took possession of it, and handed it over to the army, again himself hoisting the Stars and Stripes on the soil of Georgia, for the first time since the act of secession. Several hazardous and daring night boat expeditions placed Commander Rodgers in possession of much valuable information connected with Fort Pulaski, and the data he furnished greatly aided General Gillmore in the capture of that important fort.

The *Flag*, needing repairs, was ordered to the North; and while there went on, rather than be idle, Commander Rodgers, at the request of General M'Clellan, joined his staff to assist in embarking and landing his troops for York River. He was then appointed to the *Galena*, an iron-clad on a new model, but which proved to be a lamentable failure. In command of the James River flotilla, composed, among other vessels, of the original *Monitor*, he was ordered to proceed to Richmond. After attacking and silencing several forts on his way he reached the obstructions just above Fort Darling, on Drury's Bluff, consisting of three rows of sunken vessels, secured by piles and chains. The *Monitor* could not elevate her guns to reach the batteries, and had to drop down for nearly a

[illegible] three concentrated on the [illegible] and the unequal fight for three [illegible] and when she retired had but [illegible] for her great guns, and not a [illegible] of the severest, if not [illegible] In the late capture [illegible] five shots; but [illegible] of those heavy [illegible] fifteen [illegible]

AND—

[illegible]VED HIS W[illegible]

[illegible]ean and Sea

[illegible]ned in [illegible]ern Hill [illegible]gal among [illegible] most essential [illegible]dged by General [illegible]itches.

[illegible]ew iron-clad *Weehawken*, [illegible] the rank of Captain, he, on his [illegible] from New York to Fortress Monroe, encountered one of the most severe storms ever experienced on our coast. Fearing for the safety of his tow, a side-wheel steamer, he cast her off, and ordered her to make a harbor at Delaware Breakwater, which she reached with difficulty; but the *Weehawken*, though having the same place of refuge, continued on, and came safely into Hampton Roads, to the agreeable surprise of all who knew she was out in that storm. This proof of the seagoing qualities of that class of vessels gave great satisfaction to the Navy Department, being considered of as much importance as a naval victory; for it restored the confidence of officers and men in those iron-clads as sea-going vessels which had been destroyed by the then recent foundering of the *Monitor* in a much less violent storm.

Attached to the squadron of Admiral Du Pont, he was selected to lead the iron-clads in the attack on Forts Sumter and Moultrie and the other batteries at Charleston. The little squadron, with the *Weehawken* in the van, was allowed to proceed unmolested until that vessel reached a certain buoy, on which point all the rebel guns had been trained; and then, at the same instant, three hundred of the heaviest cannon opened upon the devoted vessel. Such was this furious attack that the spray thrown up hid the hull of the *Weehawken* from the sight of the spectators, who at one moment thought she was sunk; but she bore it all, and with her consorts continued to return the fire, calmly and steadily progressing on till she reached the sunken obstructions, through which he vainly attempted to find a possible passage. The general fight was continued until the recall signal was made, and as the *Weehawken* was bringing up the rear while retiring Fort Sumter complimented her by two or three parting shot; and, not to be outdone in courtesy, the *Weehawken* was slowly turned round, and approaching nearer, gave the fort a 15-inch solid shot, which was the last gun fired on either side. Never before were any vessels exposed to such a fire; and what that little fleet of iron-clads sustained would have utterly destroyed in half the time the immense fleet that Nelson had at Trafalgar.

The next service of Captain Rodgers was the recent capture of the iron-clad *Atlanta*. This vessel of 2000 tons, formerly the *Fingal*, had been prepared with great care and at immense expense, on the plan of the *Merrimac*. For months she had been a thorn in the side of Admiral Du Pont, fearing a raid upon our wooden blockaders. Hearing she was positively coming out, the *Weehawken*, Captain Rodgers, and the *Nahant*, Commander Downes, were sent to watch her. The *Atlanta* came out in full belief and expectation of capturing both vessels, and suddenly appeared upon them in the first gray of the morning, and at once opened her fire. The *Weehawken* did not return it till within 300 yards, when, as the *Atlanta* rounded to to fire her broadside, the *Weehawken* opened with her 15-inch gun, throwing a solid shot of 440 pounds. Only five shots were fired when the *Atlanta* surrendered, before the *Nahant*, who was gallantly trying to get close alongside, had fired a shot. The first shot from the *Weehawken* virtually settled the result. Though her iron-plated roof presented an angle of only about thirty degrees, the shot did not glance, but penetrated it, and threw an immense quantity of iron and wooden splinters among the crew, prostrating forty men, some by the splinters, and some by the mere concussion; another shot killed one man and wounded seventeen.

This capture was one of the most important of the war; for not only was the vessel a most damaging loss to the rebels, but, had she got out and joined the two iron-clads in Charleston harbor, there is no estimating the consequences that might have resulted by the necessity of keeping our iron-clads concentrated, and leaving our wooden blockaders, or even some of our Northern sea-ports, exposed to their ravages.

We close this notice with the following extract from the highly complimentary letter addressed to Captain Rodgers by the Secretary of the Navy:

"Your early connection with the Mississippi flotilla, and your participation in the projection and construction of the first iron-clads on the Western waters; your heroic conduct in the attack on Drury's Bluff; the high moral courage that led you to put to sea in the *Weehawken* upon the approach of a violent storm, in order to test the sea-going qualities of those new craft, at the time when a safe anchorage was close under your lee; the brave and daring manner in which you, with your associates, passed the iron-clads under the concentrated fire of the batteries in Charleston harbor, and there tested and proved the endurance and resisting power of those vessels; and your crowning successful achievements in the capture of the *Fingal*, alias *Atlanta*, are all proofs of a skill, and courage, and devotion to the country and the cause of the Union, regardless of self, that can not be permitted to pass unrewarded. To your heroic daring and persistent moral courage, beyond that of any other individual, is [illegible] the country indebted for the development, under enormous [illegible] and varied circumstances on the ocean, under enormous [illegible] batteries on land, and in successful rencounter with a [illegible] formidable floating antagonists, of the capabilities [illegible] qualities of attack and resistance of the Monitor class of [illegible] vessels and their heavy armament. For these [illegible] and serviceable acts I have presented your name to the President, requesting him to recommend that Congress give you a vote of thanks, in order that you may be advanced to the grade of Commodore in the American Navy."

RUSE DE GUERRE.

So, Phillip, it seems you're offended—
I'll own I've not acted quite right;
But is the occasion sufficient
To stir up your wrath in its might?
If you hadn't appeared so excited,
If you were not so easily teased,
I should never have gone off with Charlie—
But you know I would do as *I* pleased!

Great Mogul! am *I* your Sultana,
To come and to go at command?
How you could imagine I feared you
Is a thing that I don't understand;
If you hadn't assumed *le dictateur*
With *such* an imperial air,
I should never have thought of offending—
But your look—it said, "Go if you dare!"

Shall I own that the mirth and the music
Of that night were all lost upon me?
Even Charlie's low tones were unheeded—
Ah! I thought of one dearer than he!
While you were resolving to cast me
Beyond the confines of your heart,
I sighed in the midst of rejoicing
That you in the scene had no part.

One kind look—my heart would have softened
One whisper—my tears had burst forth!
But your words in their bitter upbraiding—
Ah! they stifled regret at its birth;
And my spirit, all tameless, rose proudly,
Indignation gave strength to each nerve:
I knew I was wrong, but, oh, surely,
I'd done nothing such wrath to deserve.

Now, Phillip, you know that I love you,
In spite of the *notions* you take;
And my poor heart is aching right sadly,
But I don't think 'tis likely to break.
'Tis a pity, I'll own—and *reads* badly;
But I fear the material's *tough*—
I'm not going to die, *mon cher* Phillip,
Because—you don't love me *enough!*

You know you are perfectly killing!
Addie Bell is aware of it too;
She's tender and timid and clinging,
And then—she is dying for *you!*
If you love her, I'm perfectly willing
To let her slip into *my* place;
I never had half so much sweetness,
Nor half so much languishing grace.

So, Phillip, you're welcome to dangle
Around that "dear amiable girl;"
You're welcome to praise in *my* hearing
The tint and the twine of each curl;
You're perfectly welcome to whisper
The sweetest of things—when *I'm* by.
I'm content if you find your elysium
In the light of her pretty blue eye.

You can't make *me* jealous, *cher* Phillip
There's no use in trying *that* [illegible]
You might die of spontaneo[illegible]
'Twould be hard to put [illegible]
So I think you had better [illegible]
Don't be rash, but come ba[illegible]
For I think—and am I mistake[illegible]
That you are a sensible mam[illegible]

My position at present is trying;
Poor Charlie but lives in my sig[illegible]
And that handsome, distinguished Lie[illegible]
Was very attentive last night!
And Addie told Lou, in a whisper,
She really preferred him to you.
Ah, Phillip, he's terribly handsome,
And his eyes are so tenderly blue!

So you see how the matter stands, Phillip,
'Tisn't Addie with whom you've to deal;
You can't work on me by your trifling—
I can cleverly hide what I feel;
So if you're pretending, you'd better
Be wise, and come back while you can;
For I think—and am I mistaken?—
That you are a sensible man.

[*Variations to the shape of a shower of tears.*]

Come back if you love me, dear Phillip,
I'm willing to own I was wrong!
I give up, for my spirit is broken—
I'm missing you all the day long.
So Phillip, now, won't you consider,
And decide to come back while you can?
For I think—and am I mistaken?—
That you are a sensible man.

MASSACHUSETTS.

The following tribute to the honor of the Old Bay State is but a part of her history. Whether it is true or not, she and the world know. If it is, she ought to own up to the use of a dangerous nuisance, and let the negro alone, as decreed [illegible]

land of perfect day.
touched by angel finger
raptured ear;
fingers

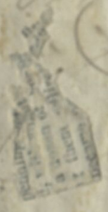
several
tened
silent. We
time since
nn, under c
s beating up the
stock, the mat
According to his
ner was getting too
ay along the larboard
s to the captain, and
one side, says, "Cap
getting rather close to
you better go about?"
n Spooner replied, "Mr.
u go forward and attend t
f the schooner; I'll attend to
r. Comstock "mizzled" forward
eon. "Boys," said he, "see
mud-hook all clear for letting go."
ay, sir; all clear." "Let go," said
own went the anchor, rattled the
chain, and like a flash the Sally Ann came
luffing into the wind, and then brought up
all standing. Mr. Comstock walked aft, and
touching his hat very cavalierly, "Captain
Spooner," said he, "*my part* of the schooner
is at anchor!"

Transcript

Ships Name

Ship Name

Ship Name



Ship Name Lat Long

Bound Name

Ship Name Lat Long Bound for the coast of Africa

Ship Name Lat Long Bound for the coast of Africa

Mr Henry B Folger Mr Mark Folger

Mr Henry B Folger H. Bunker Folger

Mr Henry B Folger H. Bunker Folger

Mr Henry B Folger

Mr Peter Folger

Folger

Mr Mark Folger

Mr Chas H Rand Esq Gilbert Seaggins Esq

Mark 1845

Nantucket

Chas H Rand

Mr Peter Folger Nantucket

Nantucket P Peter Folger

Nantucket

Chas H Rand Esq

Nantucket Peter Folger

Mr Peter Folger 649

Geo Starbuck 649 649

Henry B Folger Henry

H

On Board of the Ship Martha

Monday Dec 3rd A.D. 1849 Lat 49.45 S Lon 108-48 W

Again with the old Routine Day dawns along with
Sman angel and his hymn & time Clocks set & the
wind SSW blows & fit 39 mast with 600 Spermm
bound for the coast of Chile to see if we cannot
pick up one or two more whales and then shape
course not that I am sure home but look & see
& clear what ships & land distant from home a
long long time and when once get that again we old
Sol Isley suggest I work round to round it
It was about the Cricket remove the say there it
a Jack pot every pull and I thought so when I
heard of Charles 6 Bad been invited in the holy
bonds of matrimony to Eliza H Gifford nothing more
remarkable this day saw many Sperm Whales Ships & Barks Respectfully W & Folger Esq

Ship Martha off Nantucket
Jan 12 A.D. 1849 3 1/2 months
out 600 Sperm for home doors
went a Fishing to day and caught
Plenty went ak got 2 old Bulls Good
William & Folger
Nantucket
Mass
1849

List of Ships at Lahaina, Maui from July 1st 1844

Arrived	Names of Ships	names of Masters	
	Ship		Mr Peter Folger
	Massapoit	Capt Geo W Gardner	Nantucket
	Nantucket	Mr Peter Folger	Peter F
Sarah & Ann		Mr Chas W Bunker	Edgartown
		Chas W Bunker	
		Mr	Capt Frederick Arthur
		Mr	
		Mr Peter Folger	Henry
		Nantucket	
		Folger	
		Henry B Folger	
John Shaw		Henry B Folger	Sarah C Folger
		Nantucket	
Elizabeth			Sarah C Folger Emeline
		Sarah C Folger	Ann Maria Closey
Eliza	15 Folger		
		Sarah C Folger	
Ann & Columbia		Henry B Folger	Sarah C Folger
		Henry B Folger	Mary Jane Allen
		Sarah L Hersey	
		Cynthia M Allen	Elizabeth Allen
		Cynthia Folger	William Austin
		Henry Swift	Folger
		Caroline Folger	
		Eliza Bunker	Folger
		Mary C Ray	
		Henry Austin	Folger

Mr Peter Folger
Nantucket

Mr Chas W Rand
Nantucket

Mr. Peter Folger

Mr. Peter Folger

Mr. Peter Folger

Mr. Peter Folger Esq
Nantucket

Mr Chas W Rand Esq

Henry B Folger

Mr Peter Folger Esq

Mr Chas W Rand
Esq

Nantucket Mass

Mass Esq

Mr Chas W Rand Esq

Mr Peter Folger
Esq

Nantucket

Yours with respect

Henry B Folger

Esq

Pacific Martha Coast of New Zealand March 8th 1835

Respected Sir

I O U P Peter
after a passage

John D Mitchell
Esq

D Peter Folger

J B P

Charles
P

Folger Esq
Esq

Mr. Chas W Rand
Nantucket

Mr. Peter Folger Esq

Nantucket Mass

Henry B Folger

Henry B Folger

Mr. Peter Folger

Received

John D Mitchell

Lemuel P Jones

Mr P

For Value Received I promise to pay to J. Mc[illegible] or order the Sum of Thirty two dollars and [illegible] cents on demand

32 60 July 10th 1844 Henry B Folger

For Value Received I promise to pay to G. W. Gardner or order the Sum of Thirty two dollars and ten cents on demand

32 10 July 10th 1844 Henry B Folger

Nantucket July 10th 1844

Please pay to William B Thompson or order Seventeen Dollars and thirteen cents and place the same to my account

17 13 Henry B Folger

Nantucket March 18th 1844

Geo. W Gardner to Henry B Folger Dr

			$	¢
1844 March 23d	to	cash received at Pasta	18	10
Do 27th	to	10 pounds 2nd Chaces at 3/ per lb	5	00
April 18th	to	2lb 9ozs Colucca at 1/6 per Doz		

Received Payment Henry B Folger

Ship Master Bound West

George F Coffin to Capt Holley Dr 2 00

April 12th to cash received at Coquimbo 17 20

Whales taken on Coast

Dec 27th	got a large whale		60
Dec 28th	got a large whale		75
Jan 19th 1838	got a large whale	Do Do	90
Feb 1st	got three large whales		145
Feb 2d	got one whale		25
March 5th	got one sperm whale		50
March 8th	got two sperm whale	Coast of New Zealand	115
April 9th	got one sperm whale		25
May 7th	got one sperm whale		78
July 2d	got four sperm whales		50
July 9th	got two sperm whales		90
Sept 9th	got a sperm whale		75
Oct 3d	got a sperm whale		25
Nov 1838	got two sperm whales		100
March 9th	got a sperm whale		50
March 11th	got a sperm whale		35
March 26th	got a sperm whale		74
April 1st	got a sperm whale		86
June 2d	got a sperm whale	off Tongoes Isles	25
August 11th	got a sperm whale		60
January 15th	got two sperm whales		80
January 16th	got one sperm whale		40
April 4th	got six sperm whales	Marys Isle. Lone	72
April 18th	got one sperm whale	Do Lone	75
May 3d	got one sperm whale		25
June 2d	got one sperm whale	off Tongoes Isle	18
June 16th	got six sperm whales	Lat 17.00 Long 111	130
June 20th	got five sperm whales		70
June 28th	got one sperm whale		25
July 2d	got two sperm whales		45
July 3d	got one sperm whale	Mayes Islands	75
August 9th	got one sperm whale	Lat 7.30 Long 177.15	75

Sydney N.S.W. Feb

Sydney in cove

Sept Pantechet of Nantucket

Ca Ship Caroline Master

Cruising on the N. West coast of

America Henry Barstow

America

Nantucket

Massachusetts

Ship Montezuma of

Cant

Montezuma

Capt H Barstow master

Cruising on the Line in

Saturday

Sydney

the Ship Hero bound on a cruise

[illegible]

the

Ship Hero Commanded

for Ireland

for Lt G

[illegible]

[illegible] George Holtzapffel

Purser

[illegible] George Holtzapffel

Purser

[illegible] George Holtzapffel

Purser

[illegible] Purser